THE BOOKMAN

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SPIRITISM IN ENGLAND

BY ROBERT MOUNTSIER

To LIVE a life of shattered hopes during a moment's sudden frenzy of the imagination at the coming of the postman or postwoman; to look upon every boy or girl in the blue uniform of the telegraph service as a bearer of death tidings; to turn instinctively to the page in the morning paper containing the latest list of the nation's dead—that is the lot of the English people to-day. Not an English home can be found which is not mourning quietly the life tax exacted from it in making up the total, mounting now, after more than three years of war, into the hundreds of thousands.

In the minds of those remote from the war these losses tend to be little more than mathematical symbols; to those directly concerned they are the facts of death, from which it is impossible to escape. For instance, what does a list of the men lost on H.M.S. *Invincible,* which went down in the great naval battle off Jutland, mean to you? The list of a thousand names begins:

Navy Roll of Honour
Killed

Rear-Admiral the Hon. Horace L. A. Hood
Secretary Harold R. Gore Brown
Lieutenant Frank P. O'Reilly
Assistant Paymaster Lewis R. Tippen

And this record of death ends:

Worters, L. G., London Z.1942; Wright, J., Tyne, Z.6863; Wright, SS.104319; Wyatt, A. H., 181053.

To you this list of names may mean in the abstract nothing more than a company of brave men as indefinite in its physical make-up as any gallant crew mentioned in one of your old history text-books. To thousands in England it meant and still means tears, suffering, desolation, loneliness. One person overcome with grief by the destruction of the *Invincible* is my friend, Mrs. Stuart—to give her a name other than her own, which I am not at liberty to use. Her seventeen-year-old son Edward, an only child, was one of the midshipmen lost with the *Invincible.* When the newspapers and a telegram from the Admiralty removed the hope that her son might have been saved, she gave herself up to a consuming grief. Nothing could console her. Friends enlarged upon the theme, "He went to a gallant death, dying for you and England." The vicar came with these words, "Comfort yourself with the thought that his death is God's will, that he awaits you in heaven."

Mrs. Stuart's reply was always the same: "I am a mother who wants her boy above everything else, and what you say is to me nothing but words, mere words. If I only knew where he is!"

Now Mrs. Stuart has the knowledge she longed for. Having gone to a private séance, attended by a small group of people, Mrs. Stuart was startled by hear-

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ing the medium give a description that fitted her son.

"A young man, a boy, has a message for some one here. I see a uniform; it is the blue of the navy. The boy is tall, stands very straight. Has black hair and eyes softly luminous. Nose long and delicate. His lips are thin and sensitive. When he smiles there is a dimple on his right cheek."

"It's my boy," interrupted Mrs. Stuart, without realising that she had spoken until the medium said, "He wants to talk with his mother."

"You must not grieve so for me, mother. Again and again I have come to you when you have been weeping for me. But you haven't been able to know that I was there. Really, I am quite happy, and there is no reason why you should make yourself so unhappy. You are like so many others; you will not believe that there is such a thing as my talking to you. At first I did not know this myself, but now I understand."

Up to this point in the séance there is nothing extraordinary, except the description of Edward Stuart. Later the medium solemnly swore to Mrs. Stuart that before the spirit of Edward Stuart appeared she had never heard nor read of either the mother or her son. As to the beginning of the message it is not unfair to assume that any medium or any person who has studied the messages so frequently communicated by mediums should be able to utter the same words without any connection with the "other side."

The voice of the medium continued: "You should not think, mother, that I suffered when the ship went down. You are always picturing to yourself my last hours as horrible torture. Those hours are the most wonderful I ever had on your side. When we were going down Weaving came to me. He was very calm. He said: 'You and I are going to leave all this. Let us go.' And we came over."

Immediately upon returning home Mrs. Stuart went to a list of those lost on the *Invincible*. There was the name of Weaving, a name which was in a part of the list she had never looked at before and which her son had never mentioned in his letters. The day following the séance she secured from the Admiralty the address of a member of Weaving's family. By correspondence she learned that Weaving, a man of education, had been interested in spiritualism, but had never consulted a medium. Weaving's letters to his family had contained no references to Edward Stuart by name.

After carefully investigating those features of the case that were susceptible of fraud, Mrs. Stuart was convinced that she had been in communication with the spirit of her departed son. Spiritualism has brought her consolation.

But there are the other mothers and the wives, the fathers and brothers, who mourn not only the men carried to their death by the *Invincible,* but the armies of dead that constitute England's losses. Before the war the English people were brought face to face with losses no more serious than railway accidents and disasters at sea. The occasional and incidental loss of life of pre-war days has become normal and universal in their every-day life. Victims are daily numbered by the thousands. The scale makes a vast difference.

Shaken to the foundations are the churches and creeds of England as well as its political and social institutions. This war, the most appalling agency of death and suffering in the world's history, challenges, as no philosophy has ever done, Christian beliefs and Christian ethics.

When the clergy is assailed as the "prey of Edwardine High Church influences, of rabid Puritanism, of Caroline class partisanship, of Georgian stagnation," when high dignitaries of the Church of England themselves admit that the Church has failed as a spiritual influence, when the Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Gore, declares in an address to prelates of the Church that "democracy is an enemy we have to contend with,"

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that "the working classes are determined not to have Christianity at any price," it is not to be wondered at that Sir Oliver Lodge's book of spiritualistic research, *Raymond,* is to-day more popular in England than the Bible, that spiritualism, with its frank attempt to offer something tangible as to survival after death, has taken so great a hold on death-stricken England, that people are flocking to spiritualistic séances as they did to the churches at the beginning of the war.

This crowding of the churches was born of emotionalism, and emotionalism, no matter whether it is in the wooden tabernacle of a coatless Billy Sunday or in St. Paul's with the pomp of royalty and vested clergy, is never sustained. Germany has suffered a similar ebb and flow, but there is no indication of this change in the German uniform; "Gott mit uns" is still on the German soldier's helmet and belt buckle. On the other hand, the French and Russian peoples have risen to the heights of a superb faith. The French soldier is fighting with the sword of Joan of Arc; the Russian peasant goes to battle with ikon and priest.

With the English soldier it is different, not that I would have it thought that I deny the existence of religious faith among England's fighting men. Without doubt there is religion on the British front, some of it based on conviction, some of it the outgrowth of emotionalism. But there is also much agnosticism. No matter what his convictions the English Tommy has the finest religion of comradeship that I have seen anywhere from the Irish Channel to the Bosphorous. The religion of comradeship does not, however, supply an answer to the constant why? why? why?—where? where? where?

The soldier says: "Gawd! There ain't no Gawd. If there was a Gawd 'e wouldn't let us be killed for something we don't understand."

The man of God answers: "God has not forgotten; He awaits in silence the hour of His greatest victory, when we as children, who have found in warfare our limitations, will come back very humbly to the feet of God." And the soldier is not satisfied.

Sorrowing mothers, wives, fathers ask: "Where is he, and how is it with him?"

The Bishop of Birmingham, the Right Rev. Dr. Wakefield, answers: "He passed hence for the sake of the world's righteousness. Were there no hereafter, still he has lived to make better and nobler the ideals and the methods of mankind. He will live, therefore, in the future he has helped to create. Love is life, and death cannot kill love. So be comforted and—wait."

Confronted with the same question day after day, the Rev. R. J. Campbell makes the reply that we here on earth are but dreamers tossing in uneasy slumber, that we shall wake by-and-by to a golden morning upon which night shall never more descend; and Father Bernard Vaughan, voicing the answer of the Catholic Church, tells the bereaved wife or mother that the dead soldier is gone to God in heaven, where he awaits her home-coming, full of joy and hope. The soul is invulnerable and wings its flight to God, becoming like Him as He is. In heaven he partakes of the duration of God's eternity, of the wealth of His knowledge, of the raptures of bliss, as well as of the spotlessness of His sanctity.

To the great mass of sorrowing wives and parents none of these answers gives the satisfaction the bereaved seek. Their grief demands that their friends, laymen, make some attempt to lessen it. And what does the layman say?

Time and time again those who have felt it a duty to offer consolation have found themselves unable to point to any other source of comfort than the high heroic memory the dead have left the living. Israel Zangwill, Jewish novelist and playwright, has confessed his inability to do more than this. "To suppose," he says, "that this tragic butchery could be circumvented by immortality would be to deprive death of its reality,

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heroism of its substance and war-makers of their guilt."

When words of consolation are expected of him, John Galsworthy, the novelist and playwright, finds it impossible to send to people holding accepted views of life and religion any message that he considers would be comforting. Confronted with the same problem the pacifist also is in a predicament. Ramsay MacDonald, the most active pacifist in England, does not attempt to conceal that his faith in everything good is sadly shattered and that he is tired of cheap consolation. According to his view, it is turning religion into a desert and calling it peace.

Mrs. Desmond Humphrys, the novelist, best known as "Rita," declares it at once a problem and a fact that Christianity does not satisfy the intense agonising desire to know what really happens after death. "We ask, 'Where are our dead?' It is the passionate demand of this question that has placed the Church in its present dilemma. It can only reiterate the doctrine of the Atonement and the Resurrection. But to-day men have learned to demand more than the acceptance of miracles, deeper truths than texts or doctrines. Death has become so constant a visitor, is so close to all that means love and joy of life, that the heart demands fuller explanation than the pulpit seems able to give.

"The Church seems to ignore the ability of the laity. It has not reckoned with the force of an advancing tide of criticism—criticism born of the Church's own supine stupidity, its belief in its own supremacy over the minds and souls of mankind, its blind adherence to proved errors, its long and tacit acceptance of unprovable facts, its aggressive attitude toward Science."

In this indictment of the Church lie the reasons for its opposition to spiritualism. The Church resents the experiments of those engaged in psychic research to establish by scientific means that life after death is an absolute fact, that we of this world have the power to know what the "dead" are doing, thinking, saying. Despite this opposition of the clergy and the disinclination of the public to accept anything smacking of spiritualism, those who believe in psychic phenomena feel that spiritualism offers the only real consolation to the multitude of the sorrowing.

Among well-known Englishmen who believe that spiritualism can satisfy the bereaved where religion has failed are Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir Oliver Lodge and General Sir Alfred Turner, with whom I have considered the various phases of spiritualism, especially its relation to religion and the conditions that have brought the subject so prominently before the public.

To these men, each with a scientific training, spiritualism is a science—a science which has reached a point after many years of investigation and research where further proof of its basic truth is superfluous, where the weight of disproof lies upon those who deny. All three believe the knowledge gained through the phenomena of spiritualism supplements, but does not undermine, the essential tenets of Christianity.

Spiritualistic séances are no longer in the parlour-game stage. They are emerging from that of debatable scientific novelty. The phenomena underlying them are taking shape as the foundations of a definite system of religious thought, which confirms as well as corrects established systems of religion.

They are confirmatory as to all those moral laws which are common to most human systems. They are confirmatory as to life after death, which has been taught by most religious systems but denied by many intelligent men. They are confirmatory as to the existence of higher beings and an ever-ascending hierarchy culminating in God.

As to points of correction: Death makes no abrupt change in the process of development, nor does it make an impassable chasm between those who are on either side of it. No trait of the form and no peculiarity of the mind are changed by death, but all are continued in that spiritual body which is the coun-

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terpart of the earthly one at its best and contains within it that core of spirit which is the very essence of man. Apparently the spirit's surroundings, experiences, feelings, even foibles, are not very different from this world. Spirits claim that they are happier than we. They have no more force of intellect than they took over with them, and they have the same difficulties in solving the question of communication as their friends and relatives on earth.

On both sides of the "partition" the vast majority would appear to be absolutely indifferent and ignorant upon the subject. But also on both sides there are bands of pioneers who comprise some of the best minds in this world and the more advanced spirits. For communication there are many methods—clairvoyance, clairaudience, the direct voice, automatic writing, spirit control—each depending upon that inexplicable thing called mediumship. All are imperfect, but some are fitfully and wonderfully successful—at least so say the exponents of spiritualism.

"The situation may be summed up in a simple alternative," said Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in going over the subject with me. "The one supposition is that there has been an outbreak of lunacy extending over two generations of mankind on two continents—a lunacy that assails men and women of character and intellect who are otherwise eminently sane. The alternative supposition is that the world is now confronted with a new revelation from divine sources which constitutes by far the greatest religious event since the death of Christ—a revelation which alters the whole aspect of life and death. Between these two suppositions I can see no solid position. Spiritualism is absolute lunacy or it is a revolution in religious thought, giving us as by-products an utter fearlessness of death and an immense consolation when those who are dear to us pass behind the veil."

As a part of the enormous amount of evidence on which this view of spiritualism is based Conan Doyle and others, among them General Turner and the noted scientists, Sir William Crookes and Sir William Barrett, consider Sir Oliver Lodge's book, *Raymond,* an epoch-making work. Conan Doyle acclaims the book as one of such value that its true place in the development of human convictions can hardly be measured by contemporaries: "It is a new revelation of God's dealing with man, and it will strengthen, not weaken, the central spirit of Christianity. It is one of the few books of which it can be said that no one can read it with care and understanding and be quite the same man or woman afterward. If you are a believer in such things already it will have left that belief wider and more definite. If you are not a believer you will find opened up to you a new world which you cannot lightly dismiss from your philosophy of life."

On the other hand, Sir Oliver Lodge's book, which for months has been a "best seller" in England, has had to encounter all sorts of attacks in the press, ranging from the statement of the London *Sunday Times* that "the regrettable circulation of Sir Oliver Lodge's *Raymond* has helped to increase the spiritualist craze not a little" to the *Daily Mail's* violent words, "Sir Oliver Lodge's spook book, outrageous, balderdash, half a guinea's worth of rubbish."

If *Raymond* itself does not sway the conviction, it is impossible to talk with Sir Oliver Lodge without realising the courage and sincerity of this man of science who has exposed the privacy of his family life in the cause of truth. He is frankly and unselfishly trying to help the many who have suffered a bereavement similiar to his own in the death of his son Raymond at the front. The sanity of his mental attitude cannot be better defined than by this portion of his illuminating talk: "Communication with the departed can be abused like any other power. It can be played with by the merely curious, or it can be exploited in an unworthy way for selfish ends. But it can also be used reverently and seriously for the very legitimate purpose of

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comforting the sorrowing, helping the bereaved and restoring some part of the broken link between souls united in affection but separated by an apparently impassable barrier.

"From the scientific point of view progress is being made, and anyone with a real desire to know the truth need not lack evidence, if he will first read the records with an open mind and then be patient until an opportunity for first-hand critical observation is vouched him. An opportunity may occur at any time; the readiness is everything. Really clinching evidence in such a case is never in the past. A *prima facie* case for investigation is established by the records, but real conviction must be attained by first-hand experience in the present.

"Under other circumstances," continued Sir Oliver Lodge, "it would not be desirable that general belief in the facts of communication should spread too quickly, for it is a pity when new truth is exploited by uncritical and injudicious people. Indeed, if it were not for the shocking amount of bereavement, and the consequent suffering and desire for reunion on both sides of the partition, there would be no need to hasten any perception of the possibility of communication. As it is, we must run the risk. I hope that the gravity of the occasion will lessen the danger inevitably incurred by learners in a comparatively new and difficult subject, in which mental balance and common sense are supremely required."

England's unprecedented interest in the phenomena of communication with the dead has been accompanied by the dangers Sir Oliver Lodge deprecates. Fraud on the part of alleged mediums or dishonest ones and the ignorance and idle curiosity of many uninitiated have had unfortunate results, tending to increase the scepticism of doubters and supplying critics with material for attacking all spiritualists and their tenets.

Men and women who for the first time have turned to spiritualism as a result of the war have had two methods of approach—attending public séances and lectures on psychical phenomena or going direct to a medium for a sitting. The first is the course that people for the most part are following in England. In the larger cities numerous lectures, especially on Sundays, and classes for instruction in the many phases of psychic thought are open to the beginner as a means of preparing himself for private séances with a medium. In addition, various organisations hold informal gatherings for the purpose of making acquainted those interested in spiritualism so that they may help one another by the exchange of ideas and experiences.

Most popular of all is the public séance. It is to spiritualism what the Church service is to established religions, and it partakes of the nature of a religious service when the medium prays at the request of relatives for the spirits of certain persons who have passed over. The communications received from the other side at these public séances are rarely satisfactory when viewed from a scientific standpoint, if only because of the lack of time for individual attention and concentration.

For private séances too many of the bereaved depend on chance in the selection of a medium. Advertisements are numerous, and many are the alleged mediums whose power of deceit gets the better of them and their clients. It is their custom to have the client divulge information which they "communicate" later in the trance stage with the addition of vague messages and questions suggesting acquaintance with matters of which the dead are supposed to have some knowledge. Frequently this sort of medium creates an exotic atmosphere for his séances by Oriental hangings, burning incense and flowing robes.

England's leading psychic organisations attempt to eliminate the fraudulent from spiritualism, but present conditions are such as to make this sometimes difficult, especially in London, now the spiritualist capital of the world, whose ever-increasing opportunities have attracted many impostors. Each week London's authoritative journal of psychic research,

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Light, announces at the head of a column of advertisements, under the title "The Personal Investigation of Spiritualism," that "while adopting every reasonable precaution to ascertain the bona-fides of advertisers, the proprietors do not hold themselves in any way responsible, either for the qualifications of such advertisers or for the results obtained by investigators."

In addition this advice is given: "Try the results you get by the light of reason. Maintain a level head and a clear judgment. Do not believe everything you are told. Do not enter into a very solemn investigation in a spirit of idle curiosity or frivolity."

Then follow two columns of advertisements, of which these are typical:

Miss Chapin (Blind) (of New York). Sittings daily; hours from 2 o'clock to 6 P.M. Select séance, Tuesday afternoon, at 3, 2s.; Friday evening, at 8, 2s.—60, Macfarlane-road, Wood-lane, W. (close station). (Ring Middle Bell.)

Dr. S. G. Yathmal, B.A., Ph.D., educated Hindoo, native of India, Scientific Investigator, Hindoo Seer, Indian Psychic, gives Readings. Fees moderate. 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. Correspondence invited; short visits.—62, Edgware-road (near Marble Arch), W.

Mr. A. Vout Peters now in London. Appointments can be made by letter only addressed to c/o 16, Tavistock-square, W. C.

The honest investigators are agreed that there should be a more efficient system than exists at present for checking charlatans. Recently the Spiritualists' Education Council appealed to the Government to allow them to form their own committee to give certificates to qualified mediums. Speaking for the mediums, Mr. Horace Leaf said that the Council could supply a committee capable of judging whether or not a person is a true medium. Why, he asked, permit anyone to practise as a psychic unless he had received a certificate from the authority appointed to decide on his ability any more than permit a person to practise as a physician unless he had received the sanction of an accredited body?

General Sir Alfred Turner, who in more than twenty-five years of psychic research has had séances with numerous mediums of various nationalities, tells me he has come in contact with very few who are not genuine. Recently he has had a number of sittings with three mediums in whose powers and integrity he has the utmost confidence because of repeated tests and communications.

At one of these sittings, with a medium known as Mr. Craddock, a distinguished general officer, who died in the Sudan thirty-one years ago, appeared to the medium and General Turner, "as clearly as in his physical life," said General Turner in telling the details. He asked the spirit what had happened to his son, who was an officer in the Guards and who had been reported "missing, believed killed." The father replied that his son is a prisoner in Germany, and that owing to shell-shock his memory is completely destroyed, and he cannot recall his name to give to his captors.

When sitting with X, a medium of more than ordinary powers, there came a voice calling General Turner "uncle." He could not identify the source of the communication until the spirit gave his Christian name; then General Turner recognised him as a boy of nineteen, an officer in the Guards, who although not a nephew had always addressed him as uncle. General Turner knew that the boy had been brutally murdered by a German officer. The battalion of the Guards to which the boy belonged was being pressed back by the Germans in greatly superior numbers when he was wounded by a piece of shrapnel. His comrades, unable to carry him, saw him shot by a German officer. Later this German was captured, identified, tried by court-martial and shot.

At this séance the boy told General Turner that he was perfectly happy and had no wish to return to earth. He said that since his spirit had left his body he had been helped by other spirits.

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At a subsequent séance General Turner was in communication with the boy a second time, but with a different medium, Mrs. Susannah Harris. Through one of her control spirits, called Harmony, General Turner addressed a question to this nineteen-year-old officer of the Guards relating to the fellow-officer "reported missing, believed killed" and said by the spirit of the father to be a prisoner in Germany.

"Is Captain ——— with you?"

"No," came the reply, "he is still on your side. He was made a prisoner. The people around him cannot learn who he is. He is suffering from shell-shock, and he knows nothing about the past."

"Does he know his name?"

"No, he has forgotten everything."

As yet no information has been received from Germany verifying these corroborative communications from different spirits through different mediums. But the spiritualist is just as firm in his belief of the truth of these communications as the Christian, who does not demand material proof of his religious beliefs.

During the same séance with Mrs. Harris, General Turner was in communication with Lord Roberts, who died on November 14, 1914, after the English people and government had realised their mistake in not following his advice in regard to preparations to offset Germany's military strength. This was uppermost in General Turner's mind, and he addressed a question concerning it to Lord Roberts: "Do you feel that the refusal of the government to listen to your warnings will have a disastrous effect on the outcome of the war?"

"I am convinced England will be victorious," replied Lord Roberts. "If the government had only met Germany's activities with the proper military preparations everything on your side would be very different from what it is to-day. Everything will be well in the end."

"Can you see what will happen before the Allies are victorious?"

"I only know that there is a terrible, dense veil of darkness before you reach the glorious light of peace and happiness."

Extraordinary communications, but prove that they are true, is the attitude of the sceptic. Extraordinary, yes, as we of this world view things, but prove that they are not true, is the position taken by the spiritualist.

The sceptic, however, is no more able to disprove them than he is able to prove that Mrs. H——— did not see the spirit of her son upon four different occasions at her home in Lancashire. On a Wednesday evening the mother was sitting alone at tea when she heard the door open and saw her boy enter and lean against the wall just inside. With an exclamation of delight at his return, she got up to greet him, when to her surprise he went out again and shut the door. Thinking that he had gone to buy cigarettes, she hurried out to two shops nearby and made inquiries. No one had seen her son. She decided that he had met friends and would return later, so she left the door open all evening and sat up till eleven o'clock waiting for him.

The next afternoon while sewing she happened to lift her eyes and there sitting on a stool was her son. She approached to kiss him, but again he disappeared without a word.

Friday evening, after having tea, she was standing, tea-pot in hand, when again she saw him appear at the door.

"My boy," she cried, "don't leave your mother this time! Come in and sit down and have a cup of tea."

"I can't, mother," came the reply, "I'm done. I want to go to bed."

Then she noticed for the first time that there was blood on his breast. "Go up to your room, and I will come and wash you and bring you a cup of tea."

She heard him go up. Within a few minutes she followed and found him standing by the bedside. Suddenly he fell on the bed. He rolled over on his back, and the mother saw the bed covered with blood. With an exclamation of dismay she caught up the sponge and turned again to the bed. No one was

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there, and the bed was spotless and undisturbed.

For the first time she realised that it was not the actual physical presence of her son that had been before her. The next day, Saturday, the son appeared for the fourth time, telling her not to fret, for everything was all right with him.

The next morning when the postman came to the door she said, "You have brought me bad news." A letter he gave her contained the news of her son's death at the front. He had been killed on the previous Wednesday, the day on which he had first appeared before his mother.

What can the sceptic say that will make this woman believe she did not see her son? Or how can the sceptic prove to the satisfaction of over one hundred officers and men that they did not see Col. ——— on the day that he died several hundred miles distant from the trenches where they were stationed?

This is the story. Col. ———, of one of England's most famous regiments, was idolised by the officers and soldiers under him. There was no sacrifice they would not make for him, and he was equally devoted to their interests. He shared their dangers in Flanders for a year, until one morning he was wounded by a hand grenade which caused the loss of his right arm. When after a number of months he was fitted with an artificial arm he used all the influence possible to get back to his old regiment. The War Office was obdurate. He could not return to fighting in Flanders. However, if he wished he could have the command of a garrison battalion that would first be landed at Lemnos.

He accepted, but his heart was with his old regiment. They heard of his new command, but all of them, officers and men, believed that the colonel would succeed in getting back to them. Shortly after landing at Lemnos the colonel became ill with dysentery. He was put aboard a hospital ship which reached a channel port on a Tuesday. At noon the next day the colonel was placed on a hospital train, but he never reached London, for he died just half an hour later.

At the hour of the colonel's death a company of his old regiment saw him in their trench in Flanders. The company sergeant-major turned to the company commander, "Beg your pardon, sir, here's Colonel ——— coming round; didn't know he was back again."

The officer looked up, and there stood the colonel, with his cap just a little on one side as he always wore it and with a pair of binoculars, familiar to all the men, slung around his neck.

The company commander started toward him, dropped his stick and stooped to pick it up. When he straightened up again the colonel was gone. Down a communication trench rushed the officer to company headquarters. The officers there had also seen the colonel. "We looked at him for fully a minute, then suddenly he was not there. We can't make it out either, for we thought he was in the Dardanelles. Besides all the men saw him, and he had both his arms."

Not until the next week did the regiment learn of the colonel's death. Not one of the hundred and more men who had seen him even knew until then that the colonel had left the Mediterranean.

No matter what you and I believe, no matter what arguments we might put forward in attempting to prove that the colonel or his spirit did not appear, that company saw its former colonel. They know they did.

Such knowledge, such conviction as that of these soldiers, of the lonely Lancashire woman, of Conan Doyle, of Sir Oliver Lodge—knowledge and conviction now multiplied innumerable times in England and the other warring countries, with their millions of dead and their tens of millions of bereaved—all this constitutes a collective psychological experience that has produced the germ of the most remarkable, perhaps, of the possible results of the war. For the first time in modern history a result in its

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essence, psychological or spiritual, may be found to have subordinated every other.

But there remains a world to convince. Does England's unprecedented interest in spiritualism represent a psychological reaction or the belated awakening to a divine revelation—the belief, long held a truth by many minds, that "there are no dead"?

THE BLACKSMITH

BY HENRY BRYAN BINNS

WHAT have you in your stithy, Thor,
That now you make your bellows roar
So terribly within?
What is there hidden in the heat
That now you snatch it forth and beat
With such huge din?

He shouted—for he would not cease
Hammering—"What I make is peace!
Amid this clang of war
I shape to't—I who have the skill—
The stubborn steel of all men's will."
—So I heard Thor.

The metal rimed the word he spoke
As though each awful hammer-stroke
Gave freedom and release:
Under the blacksmithing of Thor
Anvil and steel together swore
World oath of peace.

He took me also, and his blast
Roared, as through all my being passed
The permeating heat:
Within the fury of the flame
I, that had stood apart, became
For forging meet.

Snatched forth and on the anvil laid,
With sudden heavy strokes he played
On me his music well:
"Death! Death! Death!" was the hammer clang
And "Faith! Faith! Faith!" the answer rang
Clear as a bell.

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AUGUSTE RODIN

BY JULES BOIS

I

"No, I will not let my works leave this place. I do not want to exile them. If the barbarians must come, let my statues perish where they were born. Let them perish together with me, for I will never abandon them."

These were the words that Rodin spoke to me in his garden at Meudon, several days before the victory of the Marne. At that time Von Kluck's army was nearing Paris. The government was at Bordeaux. The marvellous treasures of the museums of the Louvre and Luxembourg had been sent off to the provinces. We learned afterward that the danger incurred had been great. Our enemies had everything prepared to denude Paris of its valiant men as well as of its monuments and art objects. But Joffre and Galieni, with their "poilus," saved both Rodin and Paris.

I cannot without emotion recall that afternoon in August, 1914. How completely *en famille* Rodin appeared here in the midst of his sons and daughters in plaster, in marble, or in bronze. He jealously defended his offspring even against the buyers, who had great difficulty to obtain them. The future counted for little. It hurt him to part with these living parcels of his soul.

We were strolling along the cool footpaths of the master's rustic abode, he and I. Statues blended naturally with groves and fountains, and lived quite in harmony with some dogs, a cow, doves and swans. Age, instead of bending his frame, had rather made it straighter and stronger. He was of robust build, though not very tall, and he had marked features, a strong nose with sensitive nostrils, a flowing beard like that of Michael Angelo's Moses. At times, his keen eyes peered into mine, restless, piercing, profound.

Below, the Seine meandered between rows of poplars; the hills of Sèvres, Suresnes, Saint-Cloud, still green, lay lovely in the delicate light of the setting sun. A landscape of Ile de France as clear as those of Greece and more finely shaded than those of Italy! Afar off, beneath wandering plumes of smoke, Paris stretched the immensity of its roofs, domes and belfries. Here was the happy home, rich in inspiration, where worked the French Michael Angelo, face to face with Nature's serenity, but with ears open to the stirring din of the most intellectual of the world's capitals.

II

In fact, never since the Greeks has a sculptor more intimately combined nature and intellectuality with a surer instinct. As the painter Monet discarded the light of the studio, so Rodin repudiated the atmosphere of the museum. He wholeheartedly dedicated his creations to the open air; he subjected them to the test of sunlight and shadow. He liked them to be polished by the wind, the rain, the falling leaves, and the birds as they brushed past. Thus, *The Thinker* occupies at present a place in front of the Pantheon and decorates a nook in a beautiful park of San Francisco. He was the first to make his figures walk naturally, their feet firmly planted on the soil. He hated the pedestal, made to emphasise the artificiality of a work of art. He would have one meet a statue in a garden, just as one crosses paths with strangers.

"I remember," he confided to me, "having asked that the various types composing the group of *The Burghers of Calais* should be engraved on the slabs of the public square before the City Hall of Calais. Thus they would become part and parcel of the daily life of the

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city. The official commission thought I was mad. . . . I had to yield and allow a pedestal."

Rodin had no patience with the useless, conventional detail. His clear mind and his insight urged him to extremities of simplification.

"I abhor tinsel," he told me. "I ruthlessly discard all that is not *expressive*. Hence, I thought, I had the right to present Hugo as an antique deity. My Balzac has neither arms nor feet. He disappears in the vague and elusive folds of a dressing gown which makes him look like a phantom. Why not? What I had to render was the anguish of the creative literary effort. I have emphasised the contortions of his face, for even the importance of the features is secondary to the hidden fermentation of the brain of my model, the patron saint of all novelists."

I halted before one of the most impressive compositions of this ultra-synthetic kind, namely, *Maternity*. Here the work of the sculptor is reduced to the essential. From the block of marble rises the head of the mother, in which the intensity of emotion trumphantly asserts itself; then there is the pretty movement of the child's head toward the faintly discernible shoulder; finally the mother's foreshortened arm with the delicate curvature of the embrace. That is all. The rest lies dormant within the virgin matter. . . . The busts of Puvis de Chavannes, of Mozart, not to mention others, suppress the very possibility of dress. There is not even the neck, hence the absence of the hideous collar. These statues are merely isolated heads, emerging from a shapeless rock, similar to deathless visions stripped of all that is not an intimate part of their peculiar genius.

III

With that self-forgetfulness which is characteristic of the greater artist, Rodin led me to his collection of pagan bronzes and marble statuary.

"I have spent on them," he remarked, "the largest part of what I have earned, and I shall bequeath them to the state, together with my own works."

The quiet, the serenity of these masterpieces of antique art, set off the anguish and the passion which characterise the figures shaped by Rodin. Nevertheless, his intensely modern æsthetic creed preserves a bond of sympathy and common intention with the art of the antique world.

"The Greeks and the Egyptians," I said to him, "had the same starting-point as you, namely, the principle of truth without anything useless or affected; but the pagan art, confining itself as it did to the love of life, knew but little the tribulations of the spirit and the anxieties of the Beyond. You, on the contrary, you are profoundly Christian. Your works, scattered here all around us, what impressions have they perpetuated of remorse, and tenderness, and ecstasy, and the eternal duel of the higher and lower nature! Your most poignant productions, such as *Ugolino, The Weeping Woman, Fugit Amor, The Eternal Idol, Eve After the Fall,* are alive with this duel, which lends nobility to modern life."

Rodin smiled in silence. It was, he knew well, by shearing sculpture of false idealisation and of the frigid and pompous poses of the Schoolmen that he had reformed the art after Rude, Carpeau, and Barye. He returned to the freedom and spontaneity of an age when the habit of nudity allowed the body its natural expansion and when the gestures, to quote Rodin, had "the youth of eternity."

And the master added:

"Good sculpture, my friend, consists in rendering movement with sincerity. The *inexpressive* alone is *ugly*. False classicism 'feigns beauty,' while true beauty is in the manifestations of life. They stuffed the antique art and made this distorted image the idol of the Schools. I have been an iconoclast. Like the sculptors of the time of Phidias, I daily spend several hours in the midst of my models in my studio flooded with daylight. I do not force upon them any

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preconceived pose, but when they find one that strikes me, I immediately endeavour to set it down. And if the pose continues to please me, I embody it in a statue. My sole merit is to have rediscovered some of the infinitely varied aspects of the human flower."

IV

Rodin's death has not taken us by surprise, although it has grieved us deeply. The north wind of last winter, which was fatal to Mme. Rodin, had gravely affected him, too. The war has brought about a shortage of coal, and Rodin found it difficult to heat his house at Meudon. No detail is too humble in the history of a great life. Aged and deprived of the loving care of his life-companion, Rodin took cold. He, too, has been caught in the hurricane of devastation which is at present raging in the world. . . .

I made Rodin's acquaintance at the beginning of my literary career in 1890, and we became friends at once. He readily welcomed young writers, who, on their part, did not stint him their enthusiasm, and worked to spread his glory. He was one of our masters not only in the plastic arts, but in general æsthetics. He led us away from conventions, nearer to nature, to a point equally distant from too vague an idealism and too narrow a realism. He helped us grasp and express the complexities of modern life, with its contradictions and surprises, its grandeur and mystery. We ranked this sculptor with Balzac, Tolstoy, Ibsen, Walt Whitman. He taught us, after a fashion of his own, the same lessons.

Like these great writers, he was in turn exasperated, lyrical, brutal, luminous —he had perplexities, obscurities, and deficiencies, which only swelled our love for him. Was he not thus more ourselves? The shadows which went with his splendour, in rendering him truer and more human, made him nearer to us.

While the moralist transcends his time in order to transform it, the artist, on the contrary, dominates merely to give expression. Now, no other period in history—I mean that which preceded the war—has been more stormy, more restless, more disquieting, but also none has been more abundant in magnificent soaring flights followed by the aftermath of appalling depression. Like the typical writers I have just mentioned, Rodin was filled with the fervour of his age; together with his own temperament, he embodied it in bronze and in marble.

Visit one of the numerous Rodin museums, scattered all over the world—particularly in France and in America, at Meudon and in Paris, in New York and in San Francisco. The humblest among us will have the feeling of finding himself face to face with his own soul, dismembered, and embodied in masterpieces or fragments of masterpieces. These heads, arms, hands, busts, unfinished bodies, forms, tottering, or triumphantly sturdy, springing from unformed rocks: they are the thought, the sensibility, and also the will of modernity, with its efforts, impetuous, incomplete, distracted—until the war came and gathered these scattered fragments into a stupendous *ensemble,* a magnificent and formidable group, which the sculptors of the future, the Rodins of the Society of Nations, will in later times translate into the language of plastic forms.

I remember having seen, in 1897, the rough sketch of *The Gates of Hell* at the studio which Rodin kept at the "Depot des Marbres," Rue de l'Université, Paris.

Among the privileged visitors was Octave Mirbeau, the celebrated novelist, who died several months ago. He was an enthusiast, and a man given to excesses of sensibility. Not only did he congratulate Rodin on the beauty and the picturesqueness of his groups of the damned, but he admired what others criticised, namely, the hollows, the gaps, all that had remained unfinished in this "Gate of Hell," and which thus lent it something of what is unexpressed and inexpressible.

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Such a eulogy smacked of the paradox. But after all, why not? Do not rests count in music? The poetry of a strophe is made up not only of what the words express, but also of what is merely suggested. This art, seemingly so material, so limited, Rodin strove to make render the mysterious and the impossible. And he often succeeded in it. Do you know Harriman's bust in the Museum of New York? Here the triumphant power of the glance is expressed precisely by the hollow of the eyes, by all that they seem to lack, but which is nevertheless there.

V

This singular, æsthetic doctrine inevitably attracted obstacles and hostility. It was a thorny, heroic path to fame. Poverty, failure, ostracism—he knew them all before he reached his goal.

Rodin's first studio was a plain stable, which he rented for one hundred and twenty francs a year. At the age of twenty he lived there, drunk with the wine of creation, like a young god. But this god saw his worlds vanish one by one, without being able to finish them. He lacked the money necessary to have his works cast! The moulded clay fell to pieces, in winter because of the cold, in summer because of the heat.

It was there, however, that he completed his *Man with the Broken Nose,* a work revealing already surprising qualities of truth and audacity. Naturally, the bust was rejected at the Salon.

The Man with the Broken Nose was a challenge to the graceful and the pretty. Rodin proclaimed the rights of what the common people call ugliness. Nor are *The Burghers of Calais* or *Saint John* "beautiful" in the bourgeois or fashionable sense of the word. *Ugolino* is terrible; *She Who Was the Fair Helmet-Maker* is a monster of horror. But in art everything is beautiful when inspiration and life are hallowed by the skill of the artist.

To keep body and soul together, Rodin was forced to work as a "manual worker," a nameless studio assistant to other sculptors, who were more moneyed than he, but surely less talented. Later, he found hospitality in Belgium. There he modelled his *Age of Bronze,* so intensely real and glowing with life that he was accused of having cast it from nature!

After having obtained this time a modest third medal at the Salon, Rodin returned to Paris, where he lived till the end of his days. His existence is identical with the succession of his works. Most of them made a considerable stir, precisely because of the stubborn opposition which they met.

The envious sought to crush his growing reputation under the weight of ridicule. Instead of being intimidated by his enemies, Rodin set them at defiance. He asserted his personality without making the slightest concession to the tastes of his day or to the æsthetic canons of the academies. If there is anything to reproach him with, it is that as he grew older he exaggerated his manner, made it more violent and aggressive—which is a reproach redounding to Rodin's credit. Some of his works, for instance *Balzac,* are not unlike provocations. He conquered where others, less gifted or less persistent, would have lost themselves.

His fertile old age, which ceaselessly renewed itself and refused to shut itself up in a rigid formula, brings to one's mind Hokusai's radiant wane of life. The illustrious Japanese impressionist, far from being affected by the burden of years, would exclaim laughingly, "Mark my word, when I will be one hundred and ten years old, it will be even better. Not a single line, not a single stroke will come from my brush which will not express life!" Owing to the continuity of labour, Rodin's extended maturity was an unbroken ascent. Age is powerless against such men. Their brain, instead of growing weaker, gains in strength. Michael Angelo, Titian, Poussin, and especially Rembrandt and Victor Hugo, belonged to this race. In growing simpler Rodin's art rose to loftier heights.

Of course, he could not subdue all his

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adversaries. This circumstance came clearly to light when, several months before his death, there arose the question of founding at the Hotel Biron a state museum reserved for his works. But what did it matter? He had won not only those whose opinions count, but also the majority of the public. Rodin witnessed his own apotheosis. Great artists, aristocrats, politicians, diplomats, financiers, all paid him a visit with an admiration which a certain snobbishness tinged with fanaticism.

His admirers wrangled over his most trivial sketches, to the point of contending for his drawings of the last hour, which are at times little more than dreams or whims. He came pretty near being proclaimed a prophet. Some people he inspired with a feeling bordering on religious reverence. His slightest utterance was received as an oracle. Back of this sometimes too excessive enthusiasm, which, after all, did not counterbalance the injustice of former reviling, there was the consciousness of the radiant personality of this man, so completely possessed of his art that he had become its priest and hero.

VI

In 1915, between two trips to the United States, I saw my friend. We spoke of America. I am glad to have come upon a few hasty notes taken after a conversation which, alas! will never be resumed:

"America," Rodin declared to me, "is the only country which I should like to visit, if I were not already too old, if France were not so dear to me, and if I were not detained here by my 'children,'" he pointed to his statues. "It would be a pilgrimage of gratitude; for that great country befriended me before all the other countries. Americans understand; more than that, they have foresight. This wealth of expression which pervades my bronze and marble, this perpetual desire with which my statues glow, this eager taste for action—that is what, they told me, attracted them from the first. Had I consented, the United States before long would have formed a trust for my works! They would have monopolised them. I am proud of this appreciation. I also believe that in America the human body is recovering its harmony and freedom. Through outdoor exercises and various games, both modern and ancient, girls and boys have regained possession of some of the elements which constituted Hellenic beauty and Hellenic health. I know I have there disciples or, rather, young brothers who have before their eyes splendid specimens of the human race to inspire them. But, I repeat, what moves me most deeply is that the sympathy of the Americans has many a time sustained me in the trials through which I have gone. If all I am I owe to France, my mother, America has often come to me as a messenger of hope. And in hours of depression I heard her generous voice calling to me: 'Forward, Rodin! If the present is forbidding, the future smiles on you from afar.'"

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AUSTIN DOBSON ONCE MORE

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

I

IT IS just forty years since Mr. Austin Dobson published his second volume of verse, *Proverbs in Porcelain;* and since the delighted perusal of this collection of lilting lyrics sent me back at once to its predecessor, *Vignettes in Rhyme,* which I had not earlier seen and which revealed itself as an elder brother to the younger book, with the same air of distinction and the same atmosphere of unconscious grace. I fell captive then to the charm of the poet who had put forth these two modest tomes; and I am still a thrall to him. In two score years the potency of his magic has not weakened; and his latest lyrics have all the fascination of his earlier songs and madrigals, even if they now strike only the notes with which we have long been familiar and if they lack the novelty which first arrested attention. With renewed and unfailing pleasure has the lover of poetry welcomed the new lyrics that have flowered from the old roots, year after year, finding in them ever the same fragrance. The lyrist himself may have grown older, but his eyes are not dimmed to beauty and his hand has lost none of its cunning. The fruit of the tree may not be as abundant as once it was but its flavour is as delicious and its aroma as delightful.

If we seek to catalogue the qualities which give to Mr. Dobson's lyrics their perennial charm, we cannot do better than to quote once more the copy of verses written by the late Andrew Lang on the occasion of the publication of his friend's *At the Sign of the Lyre.* With his customary felicity Lang rimed this review more or less in imitation of the manner of the author he was eulogising:

A little of Horace, a little of Prior,
A sketch of a Milkmaid, a lay of the Squire—
These, these are on draught *At the Sign of the Lyre!*

A child in Blue Ribbons that sings to herself,
A talk of the Books on the Sheraton shelf.
A sword of the Stuarts, a wig of the Guelph,

A lai, a pantoum, a ballade, a rondeau,
A pastel by Greuze, and a sketch by Moreau.
And the chimes of the rhymes that sing sweet as they go,

A fan, and a folio, a ringlet, a glove,
'Neath a dance by Laguerre on the ceiling above,
And a dream of the days when the bard was in love,

A scent of dead roses, a glance at a pun,
A toss of old powder, a glint of the sun.
They meet in the volume that Dobson has done!

If there's more than the heart of a man can desire,
He may search in his Swinburne for fury and fire;
If he's wise—he'll alight at *The Sign of the Lyre.*

To "a little of Horace" and "a little of Prior," we may add a little of Landor and a little of Locker, a little of Praed and a little of Herrick; and even then we noted only half a dozen of the elder lyrists whose strains we seem to recover now and again in the varied verse of Mr. Dobson. But what we find in this verse, insistent and unmistakable, is the strain of Austin Dobson himself. He studied under many early masters that he might find himself and disengage his own originality, personal to him, pungent with his own indisputable individuality. Every poet who wins to the front is the heir of the ages, the inheritor of the lessons

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of the past, the bearer of a torch lighted long ago.

It was the kindly and acute Stedman who declared that "there is an English Horace in every generation, and Mr. Dobson is unquestionably the present holder of the title—if not of the Sabine Farm." It was the fastidious Aldrich who asserted that Austin Dobson had "the grace of Suckling and the finish of Herrick, and is easily the master of both in metrical art." It was the cautious and discriminating Brownell who dwelt on the certainty of Mr. Dobson's technique and on "the admirable combination of ease and elaboration in virtue of which his verse seems to have been conceived as it was written."

Probably the poems by which Mr. Dobson is best known, the *Ballad of Beau Brocade,* for example, the ballades of *Prose and Rhyme* and of the *Pompadour's Fan* and the *Proverbs in Porcelain,* are to be classified under the misleading name of *vers de société.* The name is misleading because the best in this kind is far better than mere "society verse." More appropriate is the name that Cowper gave it,—"Familiar Verse." It is the verse which is brief and brilliant and buoyant, and which is always clever but never for the sake of its own cleverness. It is the verse which is blithe and debonair on the surface and tender beneath its finish and its polish. It is the verse in which humour and pathos play hide-and-seek, and in which the smile never broadens into the laugh and the sigh is never followed by the tear. It is the verse which is sustained by sentiment and which never relaxes into sentimentality. It is the verse in which the humour is always good humour and always devoid of buffoonery.

It is verse which may seem easy because of its hidden art and its strictly controlled inspiration; but it is verse achieved with difficulty, only on occasion, and only by those who have the native gift for it,—a native gift denied to not a few of the major bards of the language. In one of the papers of the *Rambler* Doctor Johnson, often a shrewd critic even of poetry, declared that it is "less difficult to write a volume of lines swelled with epithets, brightened by figures, and stiffened by transpositions, than to produce a few couplets graced only by naked elegance and simple purity, which require so much care and skill that I doubt whether any of our authors have yet been able for twenty lines together nicely to observe the true definition of easy poetry."

I have told elsewhere how Frederick Locker, a most loyal adherent of Dobson's poetry, once pointed out to me that the best of this poetry is not strictly Familiar Verse, since Dobson was too richly endowed to be content to express himself within the narrower limitations of this ever enjoyable but always restricted subdivision of the lyric. Dobson himself recognised the justice of this criticism and did not in any way object to it. Indeed, he had earlier expressed to me what might almost be termed a protest against a too rigorous insistence upon a too rigid classification. "Why should Familiar Verse, if worthy of permanence be parcelled off at all?" he asked. "Why might it not be called poetry at once? Why, because it looks at life sportively, and laughed, like Figaro, to avoid crying, should it be ticketed as trifling? Why should it be thought a thing for grave readers to avoid, while any bardlet who writes Stanzas to Melancholy or Sonnets to the Moon may call his lines poetry?"

Nevertheless I was able to persuade him, more than thirty years ago, to draw up for me the "Twelve Good Rules of Familiar Verse." This clever code for the governance of all who may essay *vers de société* (falsely so called), has been printed more than once; but it cannot be published too often. Since none of its laws have been repealed it is as valid to-day and as valuable as it was when it was promulgated. Here are

THE TWELVE GOOD RULES OF FAMILIAR VERSE

I. Never be vulgar.

II. Avoid slang and puns.

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III. Avoid inversions.
IV. Be sparing of long words.
V. Be colloquial but not commonplace.
VI. Choose the lightest and brightest of measures.
VII. Let the rimes be frequent but not forced.
VIII. Let them be rigorously exact to the ear.
IX. Be as witty as you like.
X. Be serious by accident.
XI. Be pathetic with the greatest discretion.
XII. Never ask if the writer of these rules has observed them himself.

II

Austin Dobson is Horatian in his reserve, in his unfailing felicity of phrase, in his detachment and self-control, in his preservation of the attitude of a man of the world. He is also to be paralleled to the most friendly of the Roman bards because he was able to enrich English verse with poetic forces captured from the foreigner as Horace had enriched Latin verse. The metres of Horace's lyrics are taken over from the Greek poets, but with delicate modifications and modulations to adjust them aptly to the ruder accents of the Latin tongue. So Austin Dobson, borrowing the ballade and the rondeau and the triolet, found for these French forms the most appropriate English rhythms. In fact, only those familiar with the fixed forms in French are in a position to recognise the full value of the British bard's taste and tact in translating his metrical exotics.

Just now, when the poetry which is most prevalent,—if not most popular,—in the United States is a lax and negligent *vers libre,* a sort of Free and Easy verse, which seeks to uncover the darker and more mysterious recesses of the human soul and to focus attention upon the discomforts and the discords of life, there may be advantage in setting up over against it the vernacular terseness, the metrical integrity, and the moral soundness of Austin Dobson's cheerful lyrics. They will serve again as models when at last the inevitable reaction comes against these sombre and cruel libels upon humanity and when the idols of the hour crumble upon their clay feet and are cast down in the dust.

Perhaps the next generation of versifiers will not echo the vaunt of the bardlings of the moment who boast that they owe nothing to their predecessors in the art of poetry and who—if this claim is justified—are therefore reduced to the barren imitation of their contemporaries; they are a little like the fabled inhabitants of the Scilly Isles who were said "to earn a precarious living by taking in one another's washing." Goethe once rimed three couplets in witty derision of those who wilfully renounce the privilege of apprenticeship to the past; and Austin Dobson has rendered them into six English lines as sharply pointed as those of Goethe's satiric stanza:

> Saith one: "To no school I belong:
> No living Master leads me wrong;
> Nor do I, for the things I know,
> A debt to any dead man owe."
> Which means, in phrasing less polite:
> "I am a Fool in my own Right."

This sextain is one of more than a score of epigrams scattered through the pages of *A Bookman's Budget,* composed and compiled by Austin Dobson (Oxford University Press, 1917). I confess to what the physicians call "a predisposing condition" which for two score years has stimulated me to write about the author of *Vignettes in Rhyme* whenever occasion offered; and it is this new book of his which is the "exciting cause" of these rambling remarks. It is not only a new book, it is a book of a new kind,—except in so far as it may have found its model in the equally readable volume entitled *Patchwork* which Frederick Locker published in 1879. *Patchwork* is a thing of shreds and patches, and so is *A Bookman's Budget.* Each of them is a medley of prose and verse, original and borrowed. Each of them abounds in anecdote and epigram and apt quotation. Each of them is enriched by lyrics from

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the pen of its compiler, not collected into his own volumes of verse. Each of them is truly a bedside book, to be taken up and read for a few minutes at a time, to be tasted and not to be devoured, to be dipped into at odd moments.

In other words, *A Bookman's Budget* and *Patchwork* both belong to that department of literature which used to be popular under the name of Commonplace Book and which often deserved to be dismissed as specimens of the books that Charles Lamb declared not to be books. In the preface to *Patchwork* Locker lightly admitted the plentiful lack of interest which such a compilation was likely to possess: "I do not know whether a reference to Dr. Johnson's dictionary would show that a Commonplace Book is a book kept by a commonplace sort of person, but I should not be surprised if the Doctor had thought so, and certainly, there is a very general opinion that collections of such scraps are mighty poor reading,—in sustained and coherent interest not a whit better than the Doctor's own lexicon."

Yet when a Commonplace Book is made not by a commonplace person but by a person of an individuality as outstanding and as engaging as that of Locker himself, or that of Austin Dobson, then the compilation may have an interest of its own, even if this is not "sustained and coherent." The quotations are apt and apposite as we find them here in Austin Dobson's pages; and they are often ingeniously capped by pertinent comments. For instance, he cites Aldrich's wise and witty quatrain on "Originality":

No bird has ever uttered note
That was not in some first bird's throat;
Since Eden's freshness and man's fall
No rose has ever been original.

Then he finds in a line of Théophile Gautier's the hint for a quatrain of his own as sharply phrased as the American poet's epigram which has served as his text:

The green trees never aim at blue.
They want no change. And why should you?
(Nothing betrays a poor vitality
Like straining for originality.)

Sometimes the epigram is borrowed entire from another tongue, generally French, but sometimes Latin. Here are four lines very closely Englished from an anonymous French epigram of the eighteenth century:

When Dick his wife doth Venus call,
We pass it—in a madrigal;
But all the same (though that's between us)
'Tis no great compliment to Venus!

Here is a couplet amplified from a familiar line of Boileau's:

You need never lack praise, if you stoop to acquire it,
For folly finds always its fool to admire it.

Here, again, is a quatrain extended from a couplet rimed by the same shrewd critic:

Go your own pace. No showy action
Can do the work of honest traction;
And those who hurry most may find
More than they think is left behind.

and it is from a Latin prose motto that this couplet is derived:

Who, without books, essays to learn,
Draws water in a leaky urn.

III

Although Austin Dobson is willing now and again to levy on the alien the best of his epigrams are minted from his own ore with no foreign alloy. What could be neater in its playfulness than this quatrain?

SILENT CRITICISM

I read my rimes to Jack, who straight
Slips off to Sleep's dominion;
Then yawns, when I expostulate—
"Why, sleep is . . . my opinion!"

Here is another bit of lyric wisdom, addressed to unduly hortatory bards:

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Parnassus's peaks still take the sun,
But why, O lyric brother!
Why build a pulpit on the one,
A platform on the other?

When he penned the following eight lines and called them *Advice to a Poet,* Austin Dobson was probably thinking more particularly about the writers of Familiar Verse, and yet the counsel he gives might well be needed by lyrists of a loftier ambition:

My counsel to the budding bard
Is "Don't be long" and "Don't be hard."
Your "gentle public," my good friend,
Won't read what they can't comprehend;
And what they really like the best,
Is something short and well-expressed.
Therefore, if you would hold their ear,
Be brief, above all things, and clear.

This advice, proffered to other poets, Austin Dobson has always himself acted upon. He is ever brief and ever clear; he is never long and never hard. The direct thinking and the firm statement that we find in the lighter trifles just quoted, are to be found also in his longer lyrics and more especially in those more ambitious poems in which he rises nobly to an opportunty for a larger utterance upon a more exalted theme. For the commemoration of the tercentenary of Shakespeare's death, eighteen months ago, he contributed a poem which he called *A Riddle* and for which he took as a text Arnold's "others abide our question":

What like wert thou, O Riddle of our Race!
Whose intent eye the minds of men could see,
And, by excess of intuition, trace,
In the dull germ its full maturity?

Thou, "of imagination all compact,"
Alone among thy fellows, couldst ally
The thought and word, the impulse and the act.
Cause and effect, unerringly. But why?

None can make answer! To our ken a shade
Thou—for whom souls lay open—art as dark
As formless phantoms of the night, that fade
With daybreak and the singing of the lark.

We may explore thy Secret still, yet thou
Serene, unsearchable, above us all,
Look'st down, as from some lofty mountain-brow,
And art thyself thine own Memorial.

To all those who have joyed in the poetry of Austin Dobson for now these many years, these sonorous lines will not seem less characteristic than his deft and dextrous epigrams or his brisk and brilliant ballades. In hours of idleness he may murmur with the shallows but when the minute comes to find words for the depths that are dumb, his lyre is ready to strike the fuller and more resonant chords. In this medley of his, which sometimes dons the motley and which sometimes arms itself in steel he has gathered together the half-dozen rondeaus he has contributed to one and another of the many volumes issued to raise funds for the sufferers by the war. By most readers the rondeau is esteemed fit only for "society" themes and for the more frivolous aspects of life; but in at least two of these martial rondeaus Austin Dobson has revealed its larger possibilities. Here is a rondeau to Belgium, written for King Albert's book:

For Right, not Might, you fought. The foe,
Checked in his wild World-overthrow,
Ravaged with his remorseless band,
Your ancient fanes and peaceful land,
Thinking to crush you at a blow.

You are not crushed, as well we know.
If you are trodden, 'tis to grow;
Nor can they fail at last who stand
For Right, not Might.

God speed you, Belgium. Time will show
How large a debt to you we owe.
To you—through all reverses grand—
Men stretch to-day a grateful hand . . .
God speed you still—in weal or woe—
For Right, not Might.

Even more vigorous is the rondeau which looks forward, as the rondeau to

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Belgium looked back, and which is entitled *When there is Peace.*

"When there is Peace our land no more
Will be the land we knew of yore."
Thus do our facile seers foretell
The truth that none can buy or sell
And e'en the wisest must ignore.

When we have bled at every pore,
Shall we still strive for year and store?
Will it be Heaven? Will it be Hell?
When there is Peace.

This let us pray for, this implore;
That all base dreams thrust out of door,
We may in loftier aims excel
And, like men waking from a spell,
Grow stronger, nobler than before,
When there is Peace.

Although it has seemed best in this discursive disquisition to quote Austin Dobson's own contributions in verse to his compilation, this may be dangerous, since it might mislead the reader into overlooking the fact that most of the contents of the book is taken from others and is in prose. There is an aptness in quotation as there is in composition; and mere juxtaposition may have an unexpected effectiveness. It was a skilful touch to place just before the war-lyrics a stirring passage from a sermon preached by Sydney Smith, more than a hundred years ago, when the little isle set in the silver sea was in danger of invasion by a formidable foe. This passage of prose is as pertinent for us here and now in these United States as it was and as it is for the British. Indeed it may fitly bring to an end this straggling paper of citation and comment:

Be not deceived, there is no wall of adamant, no triple flaming sword, to drive off those lawless assassins that have murdered and pillaged in every other land. Heaven has made with us no covenant, that there should be joy and peace here, and wailing and lamentation in the world beside. I would counsel you to put on a mind of patient suffering and noble acting; whatever energies there are in the human mind, you will want them all. Every man will be tried to the very springs of his heart, and those times are at hand which will show us all as we really are, with the genuine stamp and value, be it much or be it little, which nature has impressed upon each living soul.

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LE THÉÂTRE DU VIEUX COLOMBIER

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

In the now-forgotten period before the war, not even the most civilised of nations escaped entirely that taint of decadence which comes from long-protracted leisure and a consequent excess of lassitude. In France, the flag of art had been nailed to the mast for many centuries; but it began at last to droop, and to seem a little sullied, when no vivifying wind had blown upon it for more than forty years. Paris was becoming wearied of its own distinction, as the citadel of "those who know." Even the French theatre, which had led the world since 1830, was beginning to grow dull.

Something had gone wrong with France, and with the world at large. The wreaths that decked the statue of Strasbourg in the Place de la Concorde had almost begun to shrivel up and be forgotten; and then. . . .

But we are talking now of the time before the war, and of the condition of the French stage in a period of leisure and of lassitude. The theatres of Paris —unbelievable as it might seem—had almost descended to the level of the tedious. There were two reasons for this sad condition,—two antithetic tendencies which account, together, for the dearth of living drama in the somnolent and easy-going Paris of the light and laughing years before the war.

In the first place, more than half the energy that was expended in the French theatres of the time was devoted merely to a meaningless continuance of the traditions of the past; and, in the second place, the only relief from this incubus of ponderous conventionality was offered by a wild and whirling group of anarchists and "lesser breeds without the Law." French art—to talk in terms of politics—was languishing between a formal past of Louis Quatorze and a formless future of the Bolsheviki,—between an overemphasised respect for Law and an exaggerated tendency to take a gambling chance on Lawlessness. Hence, those mixed and indigestible *Salons* of painting and of sculpture, which seemed bewildering at the passing moment, but which are easy enough to understand in retrospect to-day.

In that recent but now-superseded period, when the great art of the drama seemed destined either to die of old-age or to perish still-born in expectancy, an ambitious actor by the name of Jacques Copeau decided to establish a little, unpretentious theatre which should seek to light a vivid torch from the dying embers of the inspiration of the past. M. Copeau was neither a Reactionary nor an Anarchist: he was merely a lover of the maxim that Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty: and he had a vivid feeling that there is nothing either new or old in that eternal region where Truth and Beauty join hands and dance together, to the music of melodies unheard.

M. Copeau assembled a little group of co-operative actors and founded a new theatre in Paris on October 22, 1913. This theatre took its title from that mediæval street in the Quartier Latin, leading somewhat vaguely westward from the Place de Saint Sulpice, which might be named, in English, the Alley of the Ancient Dove-cot. Between October 22, 1913, and May 31, 1914, more than three hundred performances of fourteen plays, both classical and modern, were exhibited, to ever-growing audiences, at Le Théâtre du Vieux Colombier. Among the many authors represented were Shakespeare, Molière, Thomas Heywood, Alfred de Musset, Dostoyevsky, Paul Claudel, and Henri Becque. Before the end of his first season, M. Copeau had received "golden encomiums" from Eleanora Duse, Igor Strawinsky, Claude Debussy, Henri Bergson, Paul Claudel, Emile Verhaeren, and many other leaders

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of the art-life of Europe. In the spring of 1914, M. Copeau was regarded, by the court of last resort, as the *régisseur* of that one theatre in the world which seemed manifestly most alive.

The principles of Jacques Copeau were very simple. He was neither a Reactionary nor an Anarchist. He neither respected the past for the insufficient reason that it was the past nor revered the future for the insufficient reason that it was the future. He freed his mind at once from traditions and from fads, and devoted his attention to the lofty task of "drawing the Thing as he saw It for the God of Things as They Are." One theory he clung to, absolutely:—that the drama is essentially an art of authorship, and that the purpose of the theatre is to recreate and to project the mood and purpose of the dramatist. In adhering to this theory [with which—it might be said in passing—the present writer utterly agrees] M. Copeau seceded not only from the immemorial tradition of the Comédie Française, which sets the actor higher than the author, but seceded also from the heresy of Mr. Gordon Craig, by which the actor is suppressed in order that the decorator may be almost deified. M. Copeau has little use for scenery or decoration. He does not believe, like Mr. Craig, that the drama is essentially a pattern of lines and lights and colours. Neither does he believe, like Mr. David Belasco, that the drama is a mere accumulated and assorted hodge-podge of properties and accessories. He believes that the *idea* of the dramatist is the only thing that counts, and that this idea may be rendered lovingly—without extraneous assistance—by an eager company of co-operative actors.

In the gospel of M. Copeau, "the play's the thing," and the purpose of the acting is to vivify and recreate the play. This gospel—simple as it seems—appeared exceptional in Paris in the year before the war; for, at that time, the reactionaries claimed that acting was the thing, and the anarchistic revolutionaries claimed that decoration was the thing. Between the shade of Talma and the shadow of Gordon Craig, the theatre was obfuscated by a twilight that was doubly deep. Then came M. Copeau, with his very simple *dictum:*—Molière wrote plays intended to be acted; Molière acted plays intended to be seen; therefore, the only purpose of the theatre is to convey, through the fluent medium of acting, the creative purpose of the author. Decoration, after all, is nothing more than decoration. The idea of the play is the only thing that is eternal.

With this formula, M. Copeau succeeded; and, before the advent of the month of May in 1914, Le Théâtre du Vieux Colombier was already known and celebrated throughout Europe. Shakespeare, Molière, and a dozen other dramatists were enjoying, once again, a vivid life in the Alley of the Ancient Dove-cot. Then fell the war. . . .

Most of the actors were immediately mobilised. The theatre ceased to be. For many months, it seemed that Art itself was being shelled and shattered by the Hun, together with that symbol of all that is, in art, most Christian and, in consequence, most sacred,—the church of Joan of Arc,—*la cathédrale de Rheims*. *Le patron du Vieux Colombier* was—like Othello—a hero with an occupation gone. This artist of the stage—a man of more than military years—was suddenly divested of his theatre, or, in other words, his spiritual home. What was he to do? . . . The question was answered by the Minister of Fine Arts, who advised him to come to the United States, in order to deliver a series of *discours*.

In the now-forgotten days when this country still pretended to be "neutral" between Right and Wrong, many emissaries were sent over to our shores by the antithetic nations. The Germans and the Austrians sent over a small army of assassins, bomb-planters, artists in arson, and inciters to *sabotage*. The French sent over Jusserand, Brieux, and many other gentlemen instructed to do nothing and to say nothing, but to leave us quite religiously alone until we had had time to consult our own underlying conscience. Brieux, when he landed in New

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York in the fall of 1914, said to the reporters:—"I am coming as an emissary from the French Academy to the American Academy; I am coming from a free people who can think to a kindred free people who can think; and, so long as I enjoy your hospitality, I shall say no word about the war."

Jacques Copeau, when he came to America a year ago, was similarly tactful. He talked to us of art and Molière, and said no word about the war. We know, now, that France was bleeding at the time; but this artist—sent over by his government—talked to us only about Truth and Beauty,—eternal matters, in the midst of many things succumbing momentarily to death. We welcomed Jacques Copeau,—because he wore the face of Dante, because he had the voice and the demeanour of one "having authority," because of any of a multitude of reasons that are trivial and real. We asked him, naturally, to remain among us; and this request was backed by a guaranteed subscription, collected in support of the occasion by Mr. Otto Kahn and some of his associates in the directorate of the Metropolitan Opera House.

In consequence of this support from a friendly nation overseas, the French Government was easily persuaded to encourage a transference of Le Théâtre du Vieux Colombier from Paris to New York. Such actors of the company originally chosen by M. Copeau as had not already been killed in action were de-mobilised, for the specific purpose of carrying the torch of art from Paris to New York; and a re-constituted theatre, wearing as a sort of proud *panache* the name of Le Vieux Colombier, was sent overseas to the fellow-countrymen of Mr. William Randolph Hearst, as an item of friendly and disinterested propaganda.

Meanwhile, Mr. Kahn and his associates had leased the old Garrick Theatre and caused the auditorium to be entirely rebuilt and redecorated in conformity with the desires of M. Copeau. This new edifice is now as pleasing to the eye as any theatre-building in America. The old top-gallery has been discarded, the boxes have been removed from the proscenium to the rear of the auditorium, and the gilt and tinsel of Broadway have been replaced by the lath and plaster of the sixteenth century. The interior is remarkable for its simplicity and quietude of tone, and suggests a sense of mediæval inn-yards in Warwick or Beauvais.

The stage of the Vieux Colombier more nearly resembles the stage of Shakespeare than the stage of Molière. Before the curtain, there is of course an "apron" devoid of footlights, which is accessible from either hand through a couple of proscenium doors. Behind the curtain, the main stage is spacious, free, and unencumbered. No scenery—in the Belasco sense—is ever used upon it; but sometimes the stage is developed to two levels by the introduction of an elevated platform, about five feet high, which is accessible by steps from every side; and sometimes the acting-space is contracted with enclosing screens or curtains and localised by the introduction of certain set-pieces of "property." At the rear of the stage, there is a balcony, borne aloft by columns, which may be used, when needed, as the "upper room" of Shakespeare or, when not needed, may be curtained off by an "arras" and employed merely as a decorative background. This free and easy stage may be entered from any angle and from a multitude of levels. As in the Globe Theatre on the Bankside, the main purpose is to get the actor on and to allow him to deliver the lines of the author. The lighting, of course, comes entirely from overhead, like the natural sunlight of Shakespeare.

The "fluency" of this neo-Elizabethan stage [for "fluency," I think, is the only word that is appropriate] was amply illustrated at the opening performance, on November 27, 1917, when *Les Fourberies de Scapin* was offered as the *pièce de résistance*. This farce, though written so late as 1671, represented a return to the earlier manner of Molière, inherited from the acrobatic antics of the Italian *commedia del arte*. The scene is said to be a public square in Naples; and Molière, no doubt, used the fixed

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set that is summarised and still exemplified to students of the stage in the theatre of Palladio at Vicenza. But M. Copeau thinks rightly that the scene is really any public place accessible from all sides by actors unimpeded by an obligation to account for their exits and their entrances. He projects the piece upon two levels,—before, beside, beyond, and [more especially] atop, the portable platform with which he is enabled to adorn—as by a plinth of statuary—an otherwise empty and unfocussed stage.

M. Copeau's performance of Scapin may be described as a reminiscence and a revelation. It showed the acrobatic grace and rhythmic, keen agility that have been ascribed by history to Molière's own teacher,—that immortal Scaramouch who came from Italy to Paris to remind the modern world of the grandeur that was Rome. Plautus seemed alive again when this actor snaked and floated through his many *fourberies,* and belaboured the minds or bodies of his victims with literal or figurative slapsticks. M. Copeau was ably aided by M. Louis Jouvet, who projected a memorable character-performance in the *rôle* of old *Géronte.* Jouvet's bewildered repetition of the famous line, *"Mais que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère,"* is a thing to be remembered always and laid away in lavender, together with one's memories of the greater and the lesser Coquelin. The rest of the company is adequate to the occasion. M. Copeau has organised a group of players who have learned to speak and learned to act and learned a proper reverence for the authors who have written down the lines assigned to them.

As an induction to this inaugural performance of *Les Fourberies de Scapin,* M. Copeau composed an *Impromptu du Vieux Colombier,* which was modelled on the *Impromptu de Versailles,* and which repeated many of the most pertinent comments on the art of acting which were made, in 1663, by Molière himself. This playful skit served the purpose of introducing quite informally to the American public the associated actors of the company. One passage is especially noteworthy, because it summarises in a few words the attitude of those who come to us from France toward the cataclysm that has overwhelmed the world. A young actor, fresh from the trenches, M. Lucien Weber, says to the Director,—*"Il faut aussi nous laisser le temps, Patron, de nous ressaisir, d'écarter de nos yeux des images trop affreuses.—Moi, je suis de Rheims . . .";* and M. Copeau replies,—*"Ces images, mes amis, ne les écartez pas de vos yeux. Il faut qu'elles nous inspirent. Mais gardons-les secrètes. Nous n'exploiterons jamais des émotions sacrées. Nous ne parlerons pas de nos souffrances. Nous ne déploierons pas sur une scène de théâtre le drapeau des combats. Nous ne chanterons pas d'hymne guerrier. Nous ne ferons pas applaudir un acteur sous l'uniforme bleu. Celui qui représente ici la France, qui est l'ami de Ronsard, de Shakespeare et de tous nos vieux auteurs, nous a donné l'exemple de la délicatesse et de la dignité. Mais dans toutes nos actions, dans tous nos gestes, dans la moindre intonation du beau language qu'il nous est donné de parler, nous tâcherons d'être reconnus pour de véritables Français. . . ."*

These exalted people are our friends. Let us try to take advantage of the present opportunity to climb to that great height of civilisation from which already they "throw little glances down, smiling, and understand us with their eyes."

MADAME YVETTE GUILBERT

The Théâtre du Vieux Colombier—with its moody intermixture of the Latin Quarter and the world at large, the mediæval and the modern—affords a sympathetic setting for the finest and most perfect artist who is living in the world to-day; and it seems almost a stroke of poetry to print a simple record of the fact that Madame Yvette Guilbert is now appearing, for a series of Sunday evenings and Friday matinées, at this new French theatre in New York.

There is nothing new to say about

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Madame Yvette Guilbert. The world already knows what she does and what she is. She is Art itself, incorporated in a Woman, and sent—as a special emissary from Olympus—to remind the world of that ideal of Beauty [which is Truth] recalled by Plato from that dim, eternal pre-existence, out of which mankind is born. She is the only artist still living in the world [for Auguste Rodin forsook us for fresh woods and pastures new, a little while ago] about whose work it is impossible to speak except in terms of absolute superlative.

Madame Guilbert is now repeating many of the features of her former programmes; but the one point which calls for special comment is the new addition to her repertory. This is a recitation—without music—of a long passage from *Les Soliloques des Pauvres,* of Jehan Rictus. This passage—which is rendered by Madame Guilbert in the costume of a tragic Pierrot [a Pierrot in black and white, whose face is pale, not from rice-powder, but from suffering and sadness] —recounts the meeting, in the streets of Paris, of a starving and demented workman with an imagined vision of the resurrected Christ,—emaciated, suffering, and poor, and homeless in the midst of many homes. The piece records the colloquy between these spectres—two ghosts arising from the very cesspool of a modern world that seeks, too cruelly, to lay its ghosts, and endeavours vainly to forget what can never be forgotten.

By means of this performance, Madame Guilbert has managed to convey the message of a poet heretofore unknown on the hither side of the Atlantic. Jehan Rictus appears to be a younger brother of François Villon. He writes of rogues and scamps and vagabonds and thieves, and of those millions of the inarticulate that must be classed, by custom, among the despised and the rejected of this world. The inspired poems of Jehan Rictus are difficult to read and hard to understand by any people but the French,—even by Americans who have explored the very nooks and corners of contemporary Paris; for this poet writes habitually in the slang that comes most easily to the lips of that un-noted and un-celebrated tenth of the entire population that suffers and obscurely dies in the factories of the *faubourgs.* He interprets the life and death of the common labourer in the very dialect of the common labourer. The subject and the mood are easily receptible; but, of course, the local language opposes obstacles to even the most sympathetic foreigner.

These obstacles, however, are swept away summarily by the great interpretative art of Madame Yvette Guilbert. She reveals Jehan Rictus as a great poet giving voice to a great class that, for centuries, has been condemned to the outer darkness of the inarticulate. Rictus, assuredly, is more than a mere poet: he has become an apostle,—an apostle of the poor. Born of an aristocratic family, endowed with wealth and gifted undeservedly with leisure, he renounced his easy heritage and assumed the *rôle*—to state the matter in the simplest language —of a sort of Tolstoi of *les faubourgs.* He lived the life of an ordinary toiler of the submerged tenth, absorbed and exhausted the emotions of the down-trodden and oppressed, and rendered these emotions vocal in the crude and vital language of the common people. The art of Rictus is, as has been said, in some way comparable to the art of François Villon; but his mood and subject-matter approach more nearly the intention of the greatest man and greatest poet that has ever yet been born on the hither side of the Atlantic. It is not unfair to say that Jehan Rictus has become to modern Paris what Walt Whitman has been, for half a century, in relation to the inchoate and teeming life of these United States. To Madame Guilbert we owe a lasting debt of gratitude for introducing us to one of the great poets and apostles of the modern world.

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MY "LORD JIM"*

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

WHEN this novel first appeared in book form a notion got about that I had been bolted away with. Some reviewers maintained that the work starting as a short story had got beyond the writer's control. One or two discovered internal evidence of the fact which seemed to amuse them. They pointed out the limitations of the narrative form. They argued that no man could have been expected to talk all that time, and other men to listen so long. It was not, they said, very credible.

After thinking it over for something like sixteen years I am not so sure about that. Men have been known, both in the tropics and in the temperate zone, to sit up half the night "swapping yarns." This, however, is but one yarn, yet with interruptions affording some measure of relief; and in regard to the listener's endurance, the postulate must be accepted that the story *was* interesting. It is the necessary preliminary assumption. If I had not believed that it *was* interesting I could never have begun to write it. As to the mere physical possibility, we all know that some speeches in Parliament have taken nearer six than three hours in delivery; whereas all that part of the book which is Marlow's narrative can be read through aloud, I should say, in less than three hours. Besides—though I have kept strictly all such insignificant details out of the tale—we may presume that there must have been refreshments on that night, a glass of mineral water of some sort to help the narrator on.

But, seriously, the truth of the matter is, that my first thought was of a short story, concerned only with the pilgrim ship episode; nothing more. And that was a legitimate conception. After writing a few pages, however, I became for some reason discontented and I laid them aside for a time. I did not take them out of the drawer till the late Mr. William Blackwood suggested I should give something again to his magazine.

It was only then that I perceived that the pilgrim ship episode was a good starting-point for a free and wandering tale; that it was an event, too, which could conceivably colour the whole "sentiment of existence" in a simple and sensitive character. But all these preliminary moods and stirrings of spirit were rather obscure at the time, and they do not appear clearer to me now after the lapse of so many years.

The few pages I had laid aside were not without their weight in the choice of subject. But the whole was rewritten deliberately. When I sat down to it I knew it would be a long book, though I did not foresee that it would spread itself over thirteen numbers of *Maga*.

I have been asked at times whether this was not the book of mine I liked best. I am a great foe to favouritism in public life, in private life, and even in the delicate relationship of an author to his works. As a matter of principle I will have no favourites; but I do not go so far as to feel grieved and annoyed by the preference some people give to my *Lord Jim*. I will not even say that I "fail to understand. . . ." No! But once I had occasion to be puzzled and surprised.

A friend of mine returning from Italy had talked with a lady there who did not like the book. I regretted that, of course, but what surprised me was the ground of her dislike. "You know," she said, "it is all so morbid."

The pronouncement gave me food for an hour's anxious thought. Finally I arrived at the conclusion that, making due allowances for the subject itself be-

*This article is the preface to the new edition of Mr. Conrad's book, which will be issued shortly by Doubleday, Page and Company.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

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ing rather foreign to women's normal sensibilities, the lady could not have been an Italian. I wonder whether she was European at all? In any case, no Latin temperament would have perceived anything morbid in the acute consciousness of lost honour. Such a consciousness may be wrong, or it may be right, or it may be condemned as artificial; and, perhaps, my Jim is not a type of wide commonness. But I can safely assure my readers that he is not the product of coldly perverted thinking. He is not a figure of Northern Mists either. One sunny morning, in the commonplace surroundings of an Eastern roadstead, I saw his form pass by — appealing — significant — under cloud—perfectly silent. Which is as it should be. It was for me, with all the sympathy of which I was capable, to seek fit words for his meaning. He was "one of us."

MY LIBRARY

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

Upon the west my library should look;
And through the boughs of ancient apple trees,
Hearing in May the burden of the bees,
Red sunset gleams should rest on shelf and book,—
Parchment or vellum; and with cushioned crook
A settle there should be deep-built for ease
Before a cavernous hearth whence harmonies
Of warmth should shine on every shadowy nook.

Here should come Chaucer in his gaberdine,
And vagrant Villon clad in guise to suit,
Twinkling Boccaccio, Rabelais with his grin,
Dante grave-browed, Petrarch with pensive mien;
While Marlowe should with Shakespeare saunter in,
And Parson Herrick thrumming on his lute!

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THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

BY THE EDITOR

THE President's message to Congress, delivered on December 4th, may be summarised under these divisions:

1. We are in this war to win it. The President recommended certain definite and admirable steps toward this objective.

2. We must know when we may consider the war won—our "war aims." Autocracy must be shorn of its power, justice must be done to friend and foe alike, the rights of every people, great and small, must be preserved, there must be no retaliations or punitive measures.

3. We fight for a permanent peace and it is to be a peace of peoples rather than a peace negotiated by governments.

4. We stand for a partnership of peoples that shall preserve peace in the world.

5. This is a war of high principle, based on a just and holy cause, and the settlement must be of like motive and quality.

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The most striking feature of this address, the one that will make it of permanent value in history, is contained in the last count above mentioned, though its spirit permeates the whole of the message: that America is battling wholly without selfish motive and entirely for principle. We have no objectives that are not consistent with the ultimate welfare of all peoples, friends and foes; we seek only the establishment and maintenance of the known principles of social righteousness that condition the liberty and peace of democratic peoples. We mean, of course, no interference in the lives of other peoples. If the German people wish to retain their Imperial Dynasty they shall do so, but a people so governed cannot be taken into the partnership of democracies that shall police the world. The wrongs that Germany has committed cannot be righted by the commission of similar wrongs against her; Germany must make reparation for her crimes, but she must be made to suffer no retaliatory or punitive measures—the German people must be allowed to work out their own destiny as long as they engage in no disorderly conduct endangering the peace of the world. Austria-Hungary will not be interfered with, and our only interest in the Near East is that its peoples shall have the opportunity to "make their own lives safe and their fortunes secure against oppression and injustice." There must be no territorial aggrandisements or acquisitions contrary to the wishes of the people involved—no selfishness or greed on the part of any government. There must be a "partnership of peoples" to establish and apply, by force if necessary, those principles of right conduct by which a permanent peace may reasonably be looked for.

• • •

It is unnecessary, and under the circumstances it would be invidious, to compare these war objectives with those of our European allies. Europe has been accustomed to think in terms of nationalism—a continuous and envious comparison with neighbour states—and its only conception of national development involves protective tariffs, trade extension and colonial expansion *at the expense* of other states; and the aim of nationalism is, of course, superior strength. Such motives of national action brought into play the idea of the "balance of power," the innumerable treaties that have been mere legal fictions to patch up truces to the greatest advantage possible of the governments concerned, and the Machiavellian theory

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of international "unmorality." Of course the maintenance of the diplomatic intricacies of such a system has afforded amusement, a good living and an outlet for the energies of the privileged classes. And equally, of course, such a top-heavy system had to be paid for, and it was the common people who footed the bill—willingly enough, to be sure, because a false patriotism kept them in harness, although of recent years, before the war, voices of protest began to be heard where little groups of internationalist thinkers were gathered together.

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But it has been reserved for the Western Continent to proclaim the passing of the old order and the inauguration of the new conception of social relationships. The day of the plain people has come—not of the proletariat as it so unfortunately appears in Russia, but the day of the men who work and who know how to organise and handle the tools of production. These men have simple, homely standards of right and wrong based on a sound sense of nature's demands in the struggle to master her; they have a natural respect and tolerance for each other, and they have an *intolerance* of any form of privilege or "paper" claim against them. They live in a world of stern fair-play, and they demand fair-play for all. And, as President Wilson observes with great perspicacity, the atmosphere of this world of the plain people is that which every government must breathe that wishes to live henceforth. So it is that the President's message to Congress becomes of the utmost moment in history, because President Wilson has become the spokesman of the plain people. For them he has declared a crusade for democracy, a fight for the people everywhere against privilege and oppression, a battle where the motives are unselfish, and where the aims include the welfare of friend and foe alike. The President's message lifts the war out of a squabble of nations for territory and aggrandisements on to a plane of unselfish aspiration for the common good. It marks an epoch in social progress, a new state of social relationships; it acclaims a revolution in social thinking and in the motives of human action. For the first time in history the most powerful nation in the world has taken, officially, an embattled position in behalf of progressive Christian ethics—a phenomenon that is perhaps some nineteen hundred years belated.

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And now can we achieve our aims? Can we overcome the forces of aggression and mediævalism? We shall "battle until the last gun is fired," no doubt, but will it avail? Are we going to beat Germany? This is a land of faith, faith in ourselves and in our destiny, and it would be treason to the genius of this country to doubt our triumph. We shall win, Germany's power will crumble before us—there is not an American who doubts that it is so written. But there are not a few of us who, looking ahead, see something of the intensity and pervasiveness of the readjustments that face us and who would earnestly implore that those who have the direction of our energies under their control would do all in their power to hasten the coming order. Two considerations, two aspects of the situation, seem to obtrude themselves for immediate attention. The first is a very definite and practical step, and the time would seem to be ripe for it.

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President Wilson has defined the principles for which we fight, and the press and statesmen of our allies have accepted them with almost extravagant favour. Now is the time to consolidate this sentiment throughout the world. The president's ideals and "war aims" should be formally adopted by all the Allies, assembled by their representatives in a world parliament—and fortunately this country is in a position to insist upon their acceptance even though the President's message had not been so favourably received. These principles of justice and international comity are permanent, they

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are not conditioned by a state of war or of peace. A world parliament could officially declare them and apply them in the form of an ultimatum, to all the territories, peoples, economic and other questions involved in this war; and it could at the same time formulate the terms by which the "partnership of peoples" will police the world. Then Germany will continue to renounce these principles and terms at her peril! Such a declaration of Allied war aims, based on just principles, would invite acceptance by all democratic peoples and would put outside the world-organisation all peoples who reject them.

• • •

On the military side such an ultimatum might prove of incalculable service. Russia, now dominated by sentimentalists, whose dreams, nevertheless, have aroused the admiration of the world, hangs in the balance. But were her people aware of the spirit of America's influence there is little doubt that the two countries would find themselves side by side in aims and in effort. It is not yet too late, Russia may be saved to the Allied cause, but she will never be saved by the diplomatic methods and aims of the Old World scheme of things. Russia looks to America—if we fail her, she will fail the world. An official announcement, at America's instigation, of the common Allied objectives would simplify the Russian situation.

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Then we must not overlook the possible effect upon Germany of such an official declaration. Germany would know then exactly what to expect by surrender—a contingency far from pleasing to her military overlords, but possibly not so foreign to the minds of her common people. For surely some element of insubordination in the Fatherland there must be—the Germans are not all barbarians and slaves—and any disaffection would be comforted and strengthened by the solemn assurance that the Allies do not intend to dismember Germany, that they will not parade down Unter den Linden shooting Germans, nor even that they will ravage the countryside and carry off the German women! Were the German people once convinced that the Allies mean no interference in their affairs and that they stand only for a permanent and democratic peace, the war would take on a different character with a possibly failing support for their military leaders. And the way to convince them is to believe it ourselves, we and our allies. In this respect the Russian revolution with its exposure of the secret diplomatic treaties might not unreasonably prove the greatest step in hastening this consummation, for the Russian revolution must be doing much to teach them the new spirit of the world outside of Germany. None of us could want in any way to impede or hamper military preparations—we demand a military decision—but it would surely not be unwise to unite in putting our joint war aims on an irreproachable plane of humanity and justice and in declaring them for all the world to know and believe; and the victory will inevitably be ours, and sooner, perhaps, than we dare to hope.

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The second consideration for the prosecution of the war refers to the mobilisation of our own resources. Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, the president of the National City Bank of New York and now on Secretary McAdoo's staff for the duration of the war, made a very significant statement to the press recently. The government had planned to spend one billion dollars a month on war materials; it is actually spending about half that amount. This discrepancy is not due to lack of money—we have enough gold to pour it molten down the German trenches. Our expenditure is limited because, as everybody knows, we cannot produce goods fast enough to take up the surplus in our national bank balance. We have heard much of the power of money and of how it would win the war—but here we are, money-rich and not far from goods-bankrupt! Money

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will by no means win a modern war—the mobilisation of productive power (with an effective military establishment, of course) alone will do it. Modern warfare necessitates compact industrial organisation and high-speed technology—it is said that for every man in the trenches, twenty effective workers are needed at home. We have the men for the trenches and the workers for the industries, but nobody is so rash as to claim for us an effective organisation at home. The truth is far from that goal and the evidences are these: strikes breaking out in all parts of the country, continual demands for higher wages, "profiteering" in every possible business that can take advantage of the disturbances of the markets, the rapidly rising cost of necessities, the declining credit strength together with operative disorganisation of the railroads, a falling stock market denoting among other things the lessening value of private capital, "pleasure as usual" among the non-producing classes, knitting in the theatres while a great army of domestic flunkies eat their heads off at home. This is far from organisation—to the geologist it would suggest undifferentiated protoplasm. It is unquestionably an appalling dilemma which the war has precipitated in our national consciousness, the solution of which we must achieve if we do not want the conflict to drag out into untold misery and destruction.

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We want to win out in this war and not to muddle through it. And this means an honest facing of our difficulties, a frank discussion of them and a united effort to overcome them. A vast multitude of voices is heard suggesting price regulation, food and fuel cards, government control of markets and of distribution, government ownership of the means of production and even the endowment of single united industries in the spirit of the university. But at the basis of every scheme of adjustment lies the necessity, if we would obtain our results, of a change in human motives, of a new orientation of character. The motive of productive effort to-day is *profits* and it has resulted, inevitably of course, in the competitive system by which Big Business "charges what the traffic will bear" and exploits the labour and the natural resources of the country to the utmost—a system that has given us an inverted social order with the privileged owning class in control of the tools of production and having at their mercy the vast class of producers who really understand and manipulate the machines. The world will have to discard the cult of profiteering if for no other reason than that it does not work. And in place of the lust of profits as a driving force to effort we will have to substitute the much more natural, normal and human motive: the will to serve; instead of competition to produce excess profits we will have a competition to produce increased social values. To-day we esteem a man by the money he has gathered, the future will judge him by the quality of the service he can perform. When each and every one of us workers aims to make his own identity mean the utmost for co-operative power, the difficulties of organisation will melt away; when each one of us feels the inspiration of his necessary function in the common adventure of life, society will be mobilised for strength, either in war or in peace. But it is probable that it will be only through suffering that we shall learn. It has always been so.

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Chronicle and Comment

Arthur B. Maurice His New Book

Arthur Bartlett Maurice, for many years editor of The Bookman and who resigned just a year ago to go to Belgium for work with the Relief Commission, has just brought out his account of the three months he spent inside the German lines. *Bottled Up in Belgium* is the title of his book. Mr. Maurice left New York on January 7th last year, and was the last delegate actually to get into Belgium; others started later, but were returned. His adventures began at landing at Falmouth dock—he had failed to obtain the necessary papers from the commission to account for his business in England. It looked like a serious *impasse,* but Mr. Maurice was saved from a possible detention by a lucky incident. Before leaving New York Frederick Palmer, the American war correspondent, now official censor with our expeditionary forces, had given him the manuscript of his *My Second Year of the War* for delivery to the British War Office for censorship before publication in this country. This manuscript saved the day. A royal messenger from the War Office was there in response to a cablegram from Mr. Palmer and took all responsibility for Mr. Maurice's proper conduct while in the United Kingdom.

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And His Bottle

But this was a mild annoyance to the events that followed. In Holland he was deprived of everything of a suspicious nature, even of a pack of cards with which he had provided himself with an eye to solitaire in the dull hours, and, of course, binoculars and a camera joined a pile of other such *impedimenta* left for "safe keeping" by previous delegates—we wonder if Mr. Maurice ever recovered the various pieces of luggage he "discarded" *en route* to Belgium! An automobile dash took him to the neck of the Bottle: a great double gate across the road with a thin ribbon of steel stretching to right and left—the famous electric wire stretched across Northern Belgium to prevent the Belgians from escaping into Holland. Mr. Maurice tells us that the system of search conducted by the Germans was "childish compared to the system that I had encountered in England and the system that I was later to encounter in France. . . . One day crossing the frontier will mean being stripped and having your back painted with acid to be sure that you are not carrying any secret writings; the next you could carry a message of military purport from the British War Office to every able-bodied male subject in Belgium."

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He Tells of Hoover

The work of the commission in Belgium aroused Mr. Maurice's highest admiration, although he seldom mentions his own part in it, and that only to develop the story he has to tell of Belgium under Germany's kultured guidance. One anecdote in particular of the work there is well worth describing because of the interesting sidelight it throws on the character of Herbert Hoover. Let us use Mr. Maurice's own words:

> To the helm a great man had been called. I have never met Herbert Clark Hoover. But it was not necessary to meet him to know him. . . . The evidence of the C. R. B., the organisation's unswerving loyalty, profound belief, deep-seated admiration, were enough. If they were not I would accept the verdict of the Belgian, Émile Francqui. Once the wrangling over agreements and concessions was more than usually acute. The occupying military authorities felt that theirs was the whip hand, and they were not gentle in pushing their

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advantage. The Chief bided his time. One day, like a bolt from the blue, came his sweeping order: "Stop the work. Disband the commission. Send the men home." He had seized upon the exact moment, the one hour above all others when the Germans stood in greatest need of our work for the Belgians. Panic-stricken, they yielded upon all points. When Francqui heard what had happened his hands were tossed skyward in astonished tribute. The equivalent in Americanese of his comment was: "Some diplomat!"

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An Ancient Quarrel

We have one quarrel with Mr. Maurice, a little one, but an ardent one. Mr. Maurice went to Princeton (we never knew why) and since that time he has faithfully attended every Princeton-Yale football game and with an almost equal regularity he has sacrificed good coin of the realm on the altar of Sport. Now, it so chances that Yale's college song, *Bright College Years,* is set to the music of *Die Wacht am Rhein,* which implies nothing in any way derogatory either to the German song or to Yale University. And, of course, it was inevitable that the German bands in Brussels should indulge in the strains of their ancient hymn. Once, says Mr. Maurice, across the Place Royale came the tramp of the grey column and the flash of the bayonets and directly opposite to him the band leader turned, waved his baton, and lo, *Die Wacht am Rhein!* It is impossible to explain, says Mr. Maurice: "The moment, the scene, the green-grey column against the trees of the opposite park, passed from the vision and from the mind" and in their place came "the green turf and the chalk lines and the teams running on the field for the beginning of the second half, and in the great stand opposite the swinging hats of the cheering sections," and "the music was moulding itself into the words of *Bright College Years.*" It is a pretty conceit of happier days—may they come again soon. And when they come, as come they must, it is our hope that when Mr. Maurice again sits among the orange and black stands he may hear *Bright College Years* to as good purpose as ever, but may he never mar his enjoyment by a thought of that *Die Wacht am Rhein* in the Place Royale during the Great Devastation!

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As He Writes

Mr. Maurice writes with charm and vivacity—he would be sure to be entertaining no matter in what unfortunate surroundings the chances of war—or peace—might throw him. His book abounds in anecdote, in "colour," in that precious sparkle of the perennially happy mood. We wish he had seen more—we even wish he would go back to the Europe he used to know so well and tell us of all the changes, of the human changes especially, that war has brought over the country and over the spirit of life. We venture the prediction that when peace comes again the call of the Old World will prove too strong for him and that again he will cross and we shall have more accounts from his bright pen of those interesting salients of life that the bizarre "war" reporters never see. But in the meantime Mr. Maurice is staying in New York, engaged on the literary staff of the Boston publishing house of Little, Brown and Company.

• • •

From the Letters of Mark Twain

In the just published *Mark Twain's Letters* two interesting commentaries are found concerning Rudyard Kipling and the great American humourist: "Rudyard Kipling wrote to a friend that 'I love to think of the great and godlike Clemens. He is the biggest man you have on your side of the water by a damn sight, and don't forget it. Cervantes was a relative of his.'

"And when this was transmitted to Mark, he wrote: 'It makes me proud and glad—what Kipling says. I hope fate will fetch him to Florence while we

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MODERN ART CRITICISM: NOW THERE'S SOMETHING AWFULLY BIG, AWFULLY BROAD, AWFULLY VIRILE, IN THE HANDLING OF THIS ONE. FROM "AMONG US MORTALS," DRAWINGS BY W. E. HILL, COMMENTS BY FRANKLIN P. ADAMS ("F.P.A.")

are there. I would rather see him than any other man.'"

• • •

"F. P. A." Scores Again

Mr. Franklin P. Adams (he of the New York *Tribune's* Conning Tower, known as "F. P. A.") is a good Samaritan. For many months, even running into years, his regular and thoughtful criticisms, appearing in his "Conning Tower," of THE BOOKMAN'S typography did much to maintain the *morale* of our proof-readers, whom, let it be whispered, we suspect of conducting a little pool on the number of errors "F. P. A." would catch each month. Be that as it may, Mr. Adams has again proven his worth by showing that it is possible to write both intelligent and clever captions to those inimitable cartoons, *Among Us Mortals,* that W. E. Hill has been drawing for the Sunday *Tribune*. We had about given up hope in the matter of the captions in the *Tribune* when a little volume appeared under the same title, *Among Us Mortals,* a collection of Mr. Hill's drawings with the one touch of brilliance to make them immortal: Captions by "F. P. A." We give a sample herewith. Mr. Adams is now "somewhere" in Washington on some kind of war work (variety unknown), but he left behind him, among other memories, a book of verses, *Weights and Measures,* of which Arthur Guiterman has evolved the following:

The Minstrel-Boy to the war has gone
  And left his chief of treasures,
A parallelepipedon,
  Entitled *Weights and Measures.*

"Little Book," said the Warrior-Bard,
  "Go Forth! my blessing speed you!
I have no time to drop a card
  To all who ought to read you."

The Boy that wrote the book whereof
  We carol, Sirs and Madams,

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The Bard alluded to above,
  Is Captain F. P. Adams!

So if you have the slightest taste
  In gay and winsome verses,
You'll surely draw, in blissful haste,
  One dollar from your purses.

For now that you have Bought your Bond,
  You need not stint your pleasures
Before you've likewise bought and conned
  The book called *Weights and Measures.*

The folks who print this Work, aglow
  With thought both wise and witty,
Are Doubleday and Page and Company,
  Of lovely Garden City.

• • •

The Art and Romance of Manhattan

It was that solemn periodical, the *Unpopular Review,* which described the breakdown of a young bride who, living with her husband in Greenwich Village, had finally to confide the fact of her honourable state to relieve her feelings, but under pledge of secrecy, and weepingly, "For," said she, "if Freedom Club knew we were really married, they would—would thi-ink we were nar-row-w." This with practically all the other good things ever said about any section of New York Helen W. Henderson has collected in her volume *A Loiterer in New York,* just published. The book is, however, very much more than a repository of such plums. The sub-title of the volume reads: "Discoveries Made by a Rambler Through Obvious Yet Unsought Highways and Byways." It traces in an intimate way, and most certainly not in the spirit of the soulless *savant,* the history of Manhattan Island from its earliest white settlers. And in this procedure it upsets some of our hallowed traditions, though with amiable sympathy it at the same time recognises that sweet are the ways of error. Henry Hudson, for instance, as the author points out, was an English explorer, in the service of the East India Trading Company of Holland. The Dutch were just as human as the people of other nationalities with regard to their treatment of heroes and heroines. After Hudson was, presumably, dead and gone, they not only named the river and bay that he had discovered after him, they claimed him bodily and ancestrally for their own, pretending that he was a Dutchman, and changing his name to Hendrick in their annals and descriptions.

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Dutch Memories

It is interesting, too, to be reminded that the Delawares and Mohicans called the island where they received the Dutch visitors *Manahachtánienk,* which, in the Delaware language, we are assured by Bishop Heckewelder, the Moravian missionary to the Indians, means "the place where we all become intoxicated." From the initial step in the settlement of the island by white men, the author passes through the story of Dutch dominion and English rule. Folk-lore, creative literature and geology are all grist for her mill. She records all the interesting facts, such as that geologists tell us that the trap-rock under the streets of New York is the oldest part of the surface of the earth. She illustrates the significance of the nomenclature of the streets of the old town; and illuminates the origin of the most characteristic architectural features of the city. One important heritage of the old Dutch town, she shows, persists in the high "stoop" (stoep) which the colonials built from force of habit, to protect the best rooms from the dangers of inundation, a necessary precaution in the old country; and thus fastened upon our vernacular an amusing Dutch derivation purely local in its usage.

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A Delightful "Loiterer"

After getting her historical foundation well in hand, the author begins at the Battery and "loiters" her way uptown. Great highways and queer byways, historic churches, old and new public buildings, parks and "squares" and plazas, avenues and

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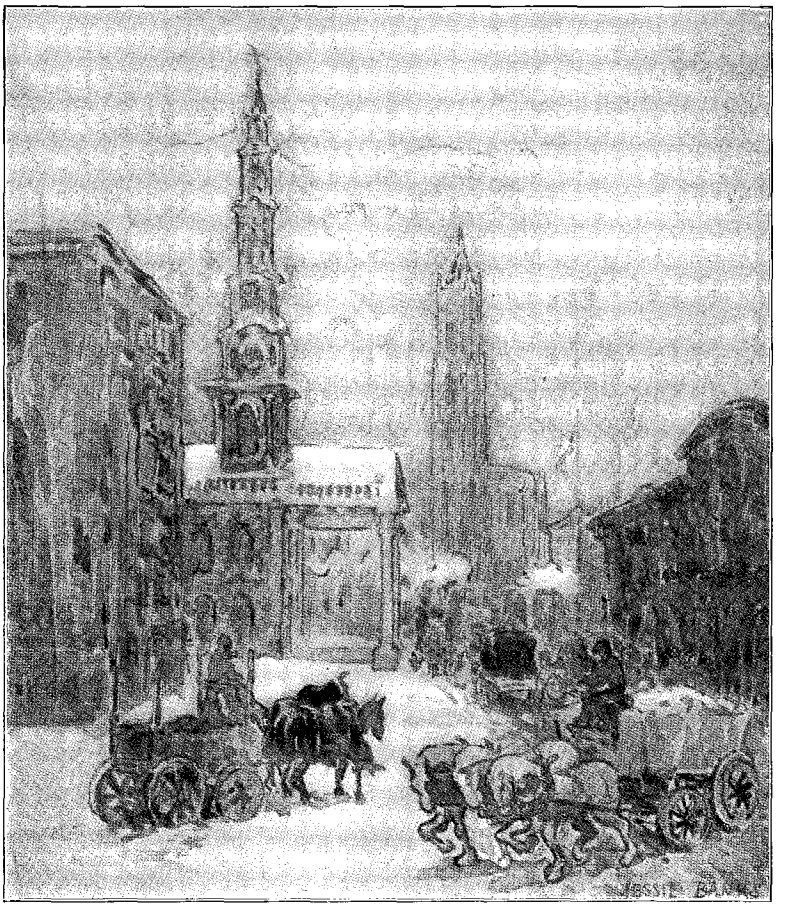

THE DELICATE SPIRE OF ST. JOHN'S. FROM A WATER COLOUR SKETCH BY JESSIE BANKS, REPRODUCED IN HELEN W. HENDERSON'S "A LOITERER IN NEW YORK"

bridges, palatial hotels, theatres, museums and statues—she has them all on her list. Half-forgotten mysteries and neglected beauties are disclosed all along the way. And the author writes with both charm and erudition. Her book is at once a history of the romance and the art of Manhattan. At the upper tip of Manhattan she turns back, and becomes a wanderer in Brooklyn, which she "covers" from the sculpture of Frederick MacMonnies to Brooklyn's battle marks. The illustrations to this volume would make by themselves an album of considerable and enduring worth. There are eighty-six pictures, most of them full-page, all handsomely reproduced. The book has a preface by Paul W. Bartlett.

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A Disputed Passage in Garland's Book

A passage in Hamlin Garland's *A Son of the Middle Border* has aroused some discussion among his readers. Knowing Mr. Garland's sturdy patriotism and his loyalty to the government, some of his admirers were unable to explain the reference to the flag which occurs in the first chapter. Mr. Garland, in describing his father's departure for the Civil War, says:

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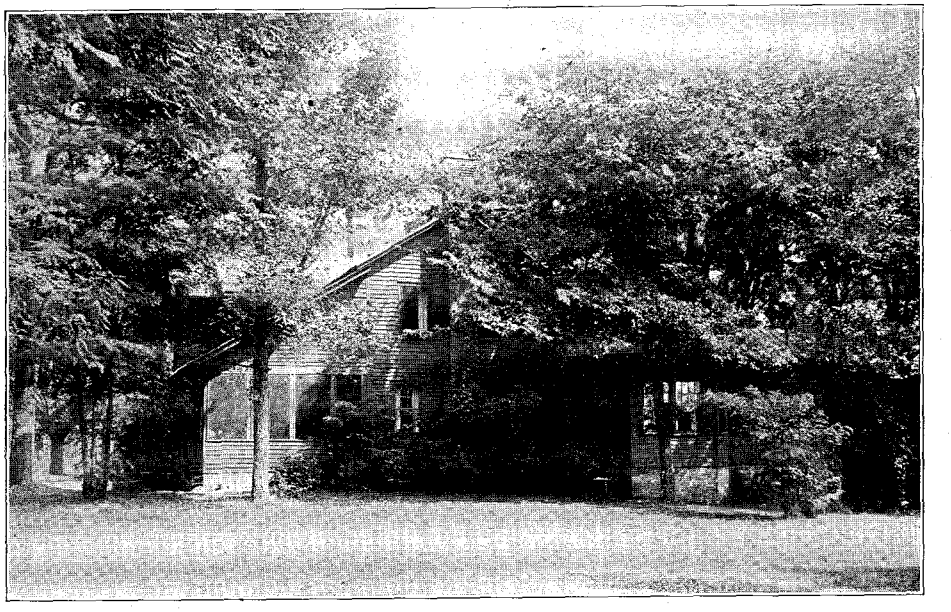

THE GARLAND HOMESTEAD, WEST SALEM, WISCONSIN. THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT HAMLIN GARLAND PURCHASED FOR HIS "FOLKS"—IT WAS THE CLIMAX OF HIS DREAMS FOR THEM—AND THE STORY OF IT IS ALL TOLD IN HIS "A SON OF THE MIDDLE BORDER"

. . . Therefore he went away to join Grant's army at Vicksburg. What sacrifice—what folly! Like thousands of others he deserted his wife and children for an abstraction, a mere sentiment. For a striped silken rag—he put his life in peril. For thirteen dollars per month he marched and fought, while his plough rusted in the shed and his harvest called to him in vain.

When the fact that these sentences were being misinterpreted was brought to Mr. Garland's attention, he gave out the following statement:

Of course the lines referring to my father's action in volunteering are ironic and I am surprised to learn that they have been misinterpreted. I have the highest admiration for the spirit of the men of '61 and '62 who went to the defence of their country at great personal sacrifice, and I had in mind as I wrote the tepid patriotism of present-day pacifists who consider love for a flag—any flag—a kind of national selfishness, a primitive and atavistic emotion soon to be replaced by the "Internationalism" of the advanced thinkers of to-day. From their point of view it was foolish for my father to enlist, leaving his girl wife with three children, all under five years of age, to suffer in his absence, but to me it was heroic and I so intended my readers to feel. We must consider the time, the place and the man. There were plenty of his neighbours in Wisconsin in those days to say, "What does it matter? Let the South secede if it wants to do so." But my father was not of that way of thinking. He came of a long line of ancestors who believed that this nation was, as Washington conceived it to be, a Union, an organic unity which could not be divided and live. The flag was to him not a silken rag, it was a symbol which blended a heroic past with the assurance of a glorious future—and so he went away to fight for its supremacy. He left a concrete personal obligation for an abstract national duty, just as our boys to-day are giving up ease and security and the family circle to battle for a lofty conception of international justice. My father lived long enough to rise to this new conception and to express the wish that he might be of service in the new and grander army.

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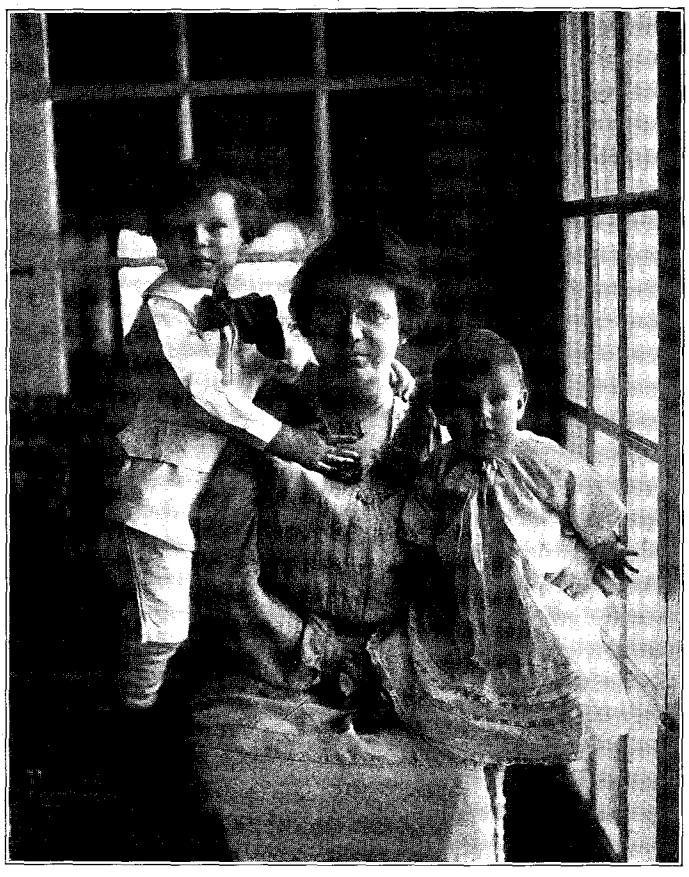

NORMA BRIGHT CARSON AND HER TWO CHILDREN. BESIDES BEING A HOME BUILDER, MRS. CARSON IS THE EDITOR OF "THE BOOK NEWS MONTHLY," AND SHE HAS JUST HAD PUBLISHED HER FIRST NOVEL, "TRUEHEART MARGERY," A STORY OF CHILD LIFE. MRS. CARSON IS A "MODERN" WOMAN OF THE RIGHT SORT

A Suffrage Argument

The picture of Norma Bright Carson and her two children reproduced here affords an effective pictorial answer to those dissenters who fear that "women's work" is going to ruin the home—and the country! Mrs. Carson has a husband who "takes care of her," she manages a home and is bringing up two healthy, sturdy youngsters. Mrs. Carson is also the editor of *The Book News Monthly,* and she has just had published her first novel, *Trueheart Margery,* making in all an enviable record—a splendid career—for any woman! Mrs. Carson has some decided ideas on the wholesomeness of fiction—her own story deals with a most wholesome subject, child life. "The whole matter is simply a question," she said recently, "of mental health. Though novelists labour tremendously upon their books, and give them the maximum amount of concentration, I am inclined to doubt sometimes if they realise the extent to which a well-constructed novel grips and influences the mind of a reader. They sometimes fail to realise the power of the art in which they are dealing. My experience is that the reader who sticks

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to a book through the three hundred or three hundred and fifty pages which go to make up the average novel has been giving it considerable attention. He is certain to be influenced, more or less, in his point of view; and I don't wish to be responsible for perverting it. Certainly there are subjects which cannot be called wholesome, but which it is legitimate to treat in fiction. No one would deny that. But it isn't around such books that the controversy centres. Most of the unwholesome books are simply that and nothing more. They have no special high purpose to serve. The question of their legitimacy depends almost entirely upon their subject. Of such books we have quite enough. We can well afford to dwell, particularly at times such as these, upon refreshing, regenerating topics, upon things which will give a new impulse of encouragement to life and inspire a greater humanity on the part of all."

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Mrs. Carson's Book

Of her own book, *Trueheart Margery*, Mrs. Carson explained: "The idea of writing a novel which would have a child for one of its central characters and at the same time have an element of romance which could give it an adult appeal was in my mind for some time before I actually began to utilise it. I will admit that I was originally inspired by something of the missionary spirit. The great humanity of such a theme impressed me and I wanted the largest audience I could possibly obtain. It was this thought which made me determine first that whatever form I used I should aim at the utmost simplicity. I believe in letting all the people get acquainted with all ideas.

• • •

Conrad's Birthday

Joseph Conrad gives some most interesting information, and in his delightfully characteristic manner, in this issue of THE BOOKMAN regarding the writing of his *Lord Jim*, the novel that is probably his most widely read book. Mr. Conrad passed his sixtieth birthday anniversary on December 6th, last. An interesting theory regarding Conrad's work is propounded by H. L. Mencken in his recently published *A Book of Prefaces*. Mr. Mencken, by the way, is one of the editors of the *Smart Set* of whom we had occasion to make mention in these columns touching upon that scurrilous (and entertaining) little volume *Pistols for Two*. Mr. Mencken says of Conrad:

> He is an inquirer, not a law-giver; an experimentalist, not a doctor. One constantly derives from his stories the notion that he is as much puzzled by his characters as the reader is—that he, too, is feeling his way among shadowy evidences. The discoveries that we make, about Lord Jim, about Nostromo or about Kurtz, come as fortuitously and as unexpectedly as the discoveries we make about the real figures of our world. The picture is built up bit by bit; it is never flashed suddenly and completely as by best-seller calciums; it remains a bit dim at the end. But in that very dimness, so tantalising and yet so revealing, lies two-thirds of Conrad's art, or his craft, or his trick, or whatever you choose to call it. What he shows us is blurred at the edges, but so is life blurred at the edges. We see least clearly precisely what is nearest to us, and is hence most real to us. A man may profess to understand the President of the United States, but he seldom alleges, even to himself, that he understands his own wife.

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William McFee Enlists for Duration of the War

William McFee, engineer and author of *Casuals of the Sea* and a new novel to be published by Doubleday, Page and Company in the spring, who has been doing transport service in the Mediterranean since the beginning of the war, is now in London. He had been there only five days when he received a commission as Engineer Sub-Lieutenant, R. N. R. Therefore Mr. McFee has enlisted, so to speak, for the duration of the war, which he declares in a recent letter to an

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American friend "to be very dimly in the future."

"I have postponed my home-coming until the bells ring for peace," writes Mr. McFee, "if they ever do. We know it will not be soon. We know, we and you, that we will have to strain every muscle in our backs to lift the load.

"I wouldn't reply if you asked me, 'Do you mean to say that the soldiers and sailors believe the war will last forever?'—I wouldn't reply 'Yes,' but I do say they have given up making any arrangements; I do say that they have given up the idea of getting their jobs and their seniority back again; I do say they have given up waiting to be married until the end of the war; I do say they have settled down to war and propose to go on living at war until the end of their lives if necessary."

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Kipling Poems Done in Latin

The past-time pursuits of great men are ever varying. Now comes Shan F. Bullock, the English literary critic, in a recent letter with the following information concerning former Premier Asquith: "Mr. Asquith, when not making speeches and preparing for them, amuses himself by translating modern verse, particularly Kipling's, into Latin. I know another public man who keeps fresh his scholarship by turning advertisement tags and mottoes into Greek hexametres."

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The Leading New Books of 1917

A jury of fifty critics, composed of the literary editors of the principal daily papers and literary periodicals of the United States, ten or twelve professors of literature and an equal number of men of science were asked to check up three hundred titles of the best new books of 1917 for the annual book exhibit of the National Arts Club, New York. *The Life and Letters of Edward Everett Hale,* for which all but seven of the fifty jurors voted, received the largest number of ballots cast for any one of the three hundred books. Ernest Poole's *His Family* received the greatest number of votes in fiction, thirty-two, as compared with twenty-nine each for Kipling's *A Diversity of Creatures,* Eden Phillpotts's *The Banks of Colne* and *Christine* by Alice Cholmondeley. In biography thirty-nine ballots were cast for Mark Twain's *Letters* and thirty-eight for Viscount Morley's *Recollections.* Brander Matthews's *These Many Years* and Garland's *Son of the Middle Border* each received thirty-six votes; Fabre's *Life of the Grasshopper* thirty-seven; Gosse's *Swinburne* thirty-eight and Gorkey's *In the World* thirty-five.

• • •

A Prize War Poem

Recently, in one of the prize competitions, which are a regular feature of the London *Westminster Gazette,* the task set was the production of a recognisable English version (not necessarily a translation) of a poem written by a French officer. In view of the special statement of the sentiment expressed in the poem, both the original and the prize-winning version should be of interest to readers of THE BOOKMAN, and are reprinted below.

BUTS DE GUERRE

A la mémoire du Lieutenant Marcel Mironneau tué à l'ennemi.

L'un déclara:—Moi, je me bats pour le drapeau.
L'autre:—Pour être libre.—Et moi, pour mon troupeau,
Dit un berger.—Et moi, pour garder ma besace,
Dit un pauvre.—Et nous, pour la Lorraine et l'Alsace.
—Moi, c'est pour me venger, car ils ont tout détruit.
—Et moi, dit Chantecler, c'est pour chasser la Nuit,
Car notre chant vainqueur fera lever l'Aurore.
—Moi, c'est pour des galons.—Moi, pour qu'on me décore.
—Moi, je combats pour mon foyer que je défends.

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—Et moi, c'est pour ma mère.—Et moi, pour
mes enfants...
Ainsi parlaient un soir quelques soldats de
France.
Auprès d'eux, un jeune homme, avec indif-
férence,
Un livre en main les écoutait distraitement.
—Et toi, lui cria-t-on, quel est ton sentiment?
Pour qui donc te bats-tu, pilier de librairie?
Quel nom vas-tu donner ce soir à la Patrie,
Et pour quel idéal peux-tu mourir demain?
Mais le soldat montra le livre dans sa main
Et dit, en reprenant la page familière:
—Moi? Je me bats pour La Fontaine et pour
Molière.

CAPITAINE AB DER HALDEN.

From the "Bulletin des Armées de la République."

WAR-CRIES

One, "For the flag"; the next, "In Freedom's
name";
"To guard my flock," a shepherd said, "I
came."
"To keep my beggar's scrip," a poor man
sighed.
"Italia Irredenta," others cried.
"For vengeance: they have left me nothing
else."
"To banish Night," Sir Chanticleer foretells;
"Our Triumph-song shall call the Dawn
awake."
"For my commission." "For a medal's
sake."
"I fight to save my household hearth from
stain."
"I for my mother." "For my children's
gain" . . .
So talked one night some soldiers of the
land.
Beside the rest one younger, book in hand,
Sat unconcerned and heard with careless ear.
"And you," they rallied him, "why fight you
here?
You habitant of bookshelves, tell us true!
What name to-night our country bears for
you,
And for what dream to-morrow could you
die?"—
Showing his book, the soldier made reply,
The while his glance upon the page came
home:
"For Dante's Florence and for Virgil's
Rome."

ON READING THE *NEW REPUBLIC*

By Seymour Barnard in the *New York Tribune*

Ah, pause, Appreciation, here
Sophistication doubly nice is;
See polished paragraphs appear
Anent some cataclysmic crisis.

Note raw-boned, rude, impulsive thought
Arrested here and subtly twitted;
Note youth comporting as he ought,
And naked truth correctly fitted.

Not passion's stress, but aftermath;
Opinion's peaceful realignment;
Here ordered logic takes its path
Along the line of most refinement.

To tune the nation's raucous voice
Be these the accents sorely needed;
A calm, discriminating choice,
By pleasant dalliance preceded.

And here beyond the stir of strife,
Where distant drones the blatant babble,
Ah, tread the promenade of life,
A pace behind the vulgar rabble.

• • •

They Are Now "Crumps"

The "black Maria," known also as the "Jack Johnson," of the early days of the war has now become a "crump." Nicknames, clever though they were, surrendered to the instinct for onomatopœia—though British Tommy might not believe you if you told it to him that way. All the different types of shells have friendly names in the trenches, where they are intimately known, but the high explosives seem to have had the most varied history in this respect. "Crumps" is the latest on account of the sound they make, a sort of *cru-ump* noise as they explode. At least so Captain Louis Keene informs us in his "war experience" book, *Crumps,* and we must confess that we were not sufficiently up to date in trench slang—although this seems to be part of an editor's work to-day—to recognise the significance of the title. Captain Keene's book is not particularly significant, for

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WHAT'S THE USE? FROM "CRUMPS," BY LOUIS KEENE. THE DRAWINGS ARE ALSO BY CAPTAIN KEENE

we have had a number of vivid personal stories of the war, but it makes a valuable addition to our knowledge and feeling about the trenches, and the pictures, drawn by Captain Keene, are particularly striking. His story is that of a Canadian artist who felt the call of the war in the early days, went through it all "over there" and returned, wounded, to tell of his experiences.

AMEN

BY BEATRICE WITTE RAVENEL

SOME day the dawn will fail to break,
  Inert and cold the sun will lie,
  And God will smile along the sky
That one world's heart has ceased to ache,
  And say, "That cosmic butterfly
I always fancied my mistake."

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WOMEN AND NATIONAL DEFENCE

BY LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

WHEN the future historian of the Great War, that important and inevitable individual perhaps not yet born, begins his unenviable task of sifting and choosing material, he will of course have a perspective altogether different from our own. Many of the incidents which are to-day emblazoned on the front pages of our newspapers will seem to him of relatively small importance, while others which, in the turmoil of present events, attract comparatively little attention, will weigh heavily in his scale of relative values. And although predictions are no doubt the outcome of that temerity the angels are said to lack, it may, nevertheless, not be over-daring to suggest that among these latter will be found the events of that April day when the Council of National Defence appointed the Woman's Committee, summoning to its aid and that of the nation a small body of representative women; the first time such a thing had been done in all the history of the world.

For from the moment when Congress declared the existence of a state of war between the United States of America and the Imperial German Government, the authorities at Washington were fairly besieged by women, organised and unorganised alike, women of the North, South, East and West, all asking as with a single voice one solitary question: "What can we do to help?" The women of England and France and other of the belligerent nations had proved their valour and their value; the women of America, equal to those others in intelligence and industry and courage, were not one whit their inferiors in patriotism. Here then was a vast store of energy which only asked to be directed, only asked to be given proper channels through which to flow. And the Council of National Defence, having before its eyes the example of the women of those other countries, almost immediately began to consider the question of how best to utilise this important part of the national resources. No time, indeed, was lost; the Council of National Defence possessed the power to form subordinate bodies, and on April 21, 1917, it appointed a Woman's Committee, bidding ten women—the number on the Committee has since been increased by the appointment of a Resident Director—come to Washington, to advise with the Council and to serve the government.

Promptly the call was answered. There was, of course, no compulsion, but no man summoned by the draft responded more speedily than did those busy women, who put aside their own interests, personal and philanthropical and professional, to give swift fulfilment to their country's request. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that they served and still serve without pecuniary compensation of any kind. Headquarters, an Executive Secretary, clerical help and the franking privilege are provided by the Council; nothing more. Dr. Anna Howard Shaw was elected chairman, and the Committee at once went to work "to co-ordinate the activities and the resources of the organised and unorganised women of the country" so that no fraction of an ounce of good will or energy should be wasted for lack of knowledge or direction, and every woman in the land at least be given the opportunity to do her bit, and do it in the best way. No small undertaking this; but fortunately a certain amount of available machinery was already in running order. A number of women's organisations of national scope existed; the Woman's Committee began work on May 2d, and one of the first things done

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was the summoning of the heads of these organisations to a conference in Washington on June 19th.

And they came, women from all over the Union, women of every kind and class and creed, ready to lay aside every difference that divided them and unite on the one broad platform of their country's service. Very many brief speeches were made; but not one woman of them all endeavoured to insert a plea for the special cause to which, in very numerous instances, she had given years, and sometimes the best years of her life. All partisan questions were ignored; only one thing mattered—helping to win the war. Each of these heads of women's organisations of national scope was made a member of the Honorary Committee. And thus was the first step taken in the work of linking up, so to speak, not merely every city, but also every remote hamlet, with the central committee at Washington. Now each State has its division, with a chairman who is in direct touch with the Woman's Committee as well as with the State Council of Defence, of which she is frequently a member. Working under each of these chairmen is a committee composed of the heads of the state organisations of women; then come the county and town chairmen with their committees and units, units to which any woman who wishes to do so can belong, no matter what her colour may be, or her creed.

Primarily, of course, this Woman's Committee is an advisory committee to the Council of National Defence, and all its plans are submitted to that body before they are put into execution. But it has its own special objects: To eliminate any waste of women's energy; to prevent unnecessary over-lapping of work; to utilise and centralise, so far as may be, every particle of the already existent and available machinery; to standardise women's war work, finding out the best way to do each job, whether it be knitting or canning, clothing or feeding or what not, that no time or strength may be wasted on mistaken or valueless labour, at the same time leaving every organisation free to continue its activities in its own chosen field, every community at liberty to work out its own especial problems in the manner best adapted to its abilities and its needs. In short, to provide a clearing-house for women's war work, a direct channel of communication between the loyal women of the United States and the government at Washington, so that when the demand comes, whether it be for a Food Conservation campaign or a Liberty Loan "drive" or any other of a dozen activities, word may be sent without loss of time from the government to the Woman's Committee, from the Woman's Committee to the State Divisions, from the State Divisions to the local units, and the great army of women thus be enabled to do its part swiftly and efficiently—these are some of the objects of the Woman's Committee.

It is something new in the world, this intentional, immediate mobilisation of women as women, for war service, this network of wires so spread out that the message flashed from Washington can be transmitted in the shortest possible time to every woman willing to receive it, whoever and wherever and whatever she may be. The matter of Food Conservation, one of those earliest considered by the Committee, has been discussed so frequently and at such great length that here it needs but brief mention, though it may be remarked in passing that few among the general public realise how important and extensive has been the work of the Committee on this alone.

But Food Conservation is by no means the only matter with which the Committee has busied itself in co-operation with the Council of National Defence; Liberty Loans; soldiers' insurance; women in industry; child welfare; educational propaganda; maintenance of existing social service agencies; Red Cross work; Allied Relief; registration of women for service—these are among the subjects which most concern the Woman's Committee. Of them all, the last is surely

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not the least in importance. Women's "intuition" has been preached upon and insisted upon until women could scarcely be blamed if they believed themselves competent to do anything and everything at a moment's notice. But; "This is not a war for amateurs: Train!" advises the Committee, insisting that the useful woman is she who knows how to do some one thing well. Women, Dr. Shaw declares, are patriotic instinctively; the question is only one of teaching them how best to use that patriotic instinct. It is good to know that there exists a great multitude of women ready to do what they can for their country in this her hour of need; it is better to know what each one of them actually can do. This the Committee proposes to find out through a systematic registration on authorised registration cards. This registration the United States Government recognises as official, and it will be made on cards approved by the Census Bureau as well as by the Council of National Defence. Thereby will every woman be given an opportunity to offer the service, whatever it may be, that she is best qualified to render. It will, moreover, be altogether voluntary; there has been no draft of the women as yet, and in fact one of the difficulties with which the Committee has had to cope is the over-ardent desire of the women "to do something," and one of its pleas is that they will not be restless nor too anxious, and realise that to keep the country normal, though it may be less picturesque and less exciting than driving an ambulance, for instance, is still one of the most valuable services they can possibly render.

Which, of course, does not imply that work more or less out of the ordinary is not already being done. One of the duties which the Woman's Committee has taken upon its shoulders is the issuing of a news-letter "to suggest means of service and . . . to show the woman in Bath, Maine, what the woman in San Diego, California, is doing," while the Foreign News Bureau of the Publicity Department devotes itself to keeping the American woman informed as to the fields of service her sisters and Allies are finding for themselves in this so-altered world. And they are doing a great deal, they who stand at every possible point in "the far-flung battle line" of the United States army of women, which, as Dr. Shaw reminds us, is "an integral part of the army of the government . . . of as vital importance to the success of the war as is the army in the field." Now that camps are dotting the country, any number of problems have been created, among them what has been called the question of wholesale and retail hospitality. So when the North Carolina Division of the Woman's Committee, for example, learned that in their state there was to be a cantonment of some sixty thousand men, they went to work in co-operation with the city authorities to make that camp what it ought to be, and to surround the men with the friendliest and best possible influences. The Committee Chairman wrote that they were planning to do as much for the men from New England as for their own boys. And the women of New England mean to do as well by the men from the South. Massachusetts has a special committee from the women's colleges to provide club-houses and homes outside the camp to which the men may go for rest and recreation. Apart from the direct and excellent object for which these things are done, they will surely be of value in helping to draw all sections of this huge and diverse country of ours closer together.

A problem perplexing enough in peace times, doubly perplexing now we are at war, is that of our immense alien population. The Nebraska Division of the Woman's Committee has started a Department of Naturalisation, while in other States the Woman's Committee is working on various plans of Americanisation. "Every foreigner in the United States should speak English" has been suggested as the slogan for this department.

All these things are state if not national matters; wherefore it is interesting

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to turn to the concrete example of what has been done by the women in one mid-western suburban town of about five thousand inhabitants. First a War Emergency Union of men and women was formed, with a joint committee of men and women, the men to take certain branches, the women others; and here are some of the things the women did: A local unit of the Woman's Committee was formed and a permanent chairman elected, who became a member of the joint committee of the War Emergency Union; they registered the village women for service; they conserved food, bringing experts in home economics to the village to give lectures and demonstrations—all expenses borne by the Woman's Club; they had actual canning and preserving done in the school-house kitchen under expert direction, the women providing their own materials; they set aside certain days for the members of the Relief and Aid Society to can in the school kitchen such vegetables as were donated from private gardens, to be used in charity work this winter; they did Red-Cross work, making surgical supplies and hospital garments; they had a branch of the Navy League working every day in the Woman's Club-house; they made garments for the women and children of our Allies; they saw to it that all the local charities were maintained; they organised three groups of Camp Fire girls; they joined with others in neighbouring villages to support "A Khaki Teahouse" for officers in the nearby training camp, mended clothes for the soldiers and opened a parish house one night a week for dances, besides providing magazines and newspapers. And besides all this, a joint committee of men and women undertook a complete survey of the village sanitary conditions with excellent results. No wonder the Woman's Committee declares that the people of this village have shown "the finest kind of constructive patriotism," doing well that work which lay directly before their eyes and would therefore have been so very easy to overlook.

The women of this model town conserved food; but they conserved many other things as well, and an important part of women's share in national defence, as directed by the Woman's Committee, has to do with certain of these other things; especially, with the children of the nation. By the middle of August word went forth to the State Chairmen asking their help in making effective the new Federal Child Labour Law, which went into operation on September 1, 1917, and giving them definite and simple information as to what they could do about it. The campaign whose slogan was, "Order ahead and save the bread," began early in August and quickly proved effective, resulting in the saving of many thousands of loaves that would otherwise have gone to the pigs and chickens. Then came the work for the reform of the returned-goods evil, in which the Woman's Committee co-operated with the Commercial Economy Board of the Council of National Defence, the results of which are already apparent here in New York. Release men for the war, appeals Miss Ida Tarbell of the Woman's Committee; eliminate "the vast, unnecessary use of men and horses and trucks and money and time," and place the delivery system on "a rational basis where it is strictly confined to what is necessary."

We Americans have the reputation of being an exceedingly wasteful people; but we also have the reputation, certainly quite as well deserved, of being exceptionally quick to learn. It seems highly probable that one of the benefits resulting from this war to us as an individual nation, apart from those which we will share with all the nations of the earth, will be the acquiring of a certain amount of economy. Parsimonious we will never be—we could not be if we tried—but we may acquire a reasonable amount of carefulness through having the actual cost of our extravagance demonstrated to us with vigour and emphasis. We have long known, for instance, that our food delivery system, though convenient, was expensive; how expensive, the Com-

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mercial Economy Board makes plain when it estimates that "the gross delivery expense of retail grocers in the country is over seventy-five millions of dollars a year." But mere estimates and statistics have little effect upon the average housekeeping woman; she must have her attention called to what they imply, and that in some clear and forcible way, such as Miss Tarbell uses in the bulletin of the Woman's Committee, from which the above quotations were taken. Our women may be extravagant, but they are certainly patriotic. And they can economise when economy is put up to them as a matter of national service.

In the words of Secretary Baker, himself the chairman of the Council of National Defence, and speaking at the Liberty Loan convention: "There is a certain significance, perhaps a certain indication of the extent to which our civilisation has gone, when a Secretary of War can say to a conference of women, that the success of the United States in the making of this war is just as much in your hands and in the hands of the women of America as it is in the hands of the soldiers of our army. Already in many ways the activities of women have been summoned to assist the nation. . . . I find a certain stimulus in the fact that you are coupled up with the financial operation of this war."

Significant indeed. For, with the summoning of those ten women to Washington, summoned as women to co-ordinate the work and the energy and the devotion of women, there came a new responsibility, a responsibility placed upon all the women of the nation. Heretofore, so far as actual war work went, women had been regarded—with, of course, certain notable exceptions—as an exempt class. Regarded as exempt; not actually exempt, for some of the heaviest burdens fell upon their shoulders. When people in general spoke of the war service of women they usually alluded to nurses and those few other women who had direct contact of one kind or another with hospitals and camps. The formation of the Woman's Committee, however, was a direct and official recognition of the importance of women's work in many fields, some of which might, to a careless observer, seem remote from war service, but all of which had in truth a close connection with the one great object that is nearest to all our hearts—a victorious and a lasting peace. And that very recognition implies responsibility; every woman in every unit which forms a link in the golden chain binding the loyal women of the land to their government in Washington, feels herself as never before a part of the national life, a factor in the nation's welfare. This sense of personal responsibility is one of the noblest sources of strength. And if the morale of the army in the field is of enormous importance, scarcely less important is the morale of that other army upon which the welfare of the first so largely depends—the army of the women of America, mobilising for national defence under the leadership of that splendid group, the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defence.

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THE EX-CZARINA

SOME MEMORIES AND AN IMPRESSION

BY FRANCES EVELYN WARWICK
(Countess of Warwick)

IN SPITE of what is generally called the "Popular Press," the instinct of the average English-speaking man is to treat women with courtesy and both men and women with justice. Should a woman have the grave misfortune to be an empress she is entitled to as much consideration as if she were a seamstress or a factory worker. But for reasons hard to understand there has been no fair play for the elder daughter of Ludwig, fourth Grand Duke of Hesse and our English Princess Alice, the favourite granddaughter of Queen Victoria and the wife of Nicholas Romanoff sometime Emperor of Russia. Her younger sister married that Grand Duke Serge of Russia who fell to a bomb that can hardly be said to have been misplaced; she also was greatly beloved by Queen Victoria, and the two girls were very much at Buckingham Palace in their early days and were prepared for their unhappy married lives with all the care and thought that could be lavished upon them.

I rub my eyes when I read that the Czarina is a deeply scheming *intriguante* who had ambiguous relations with Rasputin and aimed at the success of Germany over the country she had adopted by marriage as her own. It is only necessary to cast my memory back to the time when I was just entering womanhood and the Princess Alexandra Alix was a girl some ten years my junior. Certainly I knew the shy, reserved simple child well enough to realise that she had not the mental development for any form of intrigue. Residence at Buckingham Palace under the keen critical eye of an august grandmother, an eye that nothing could possibly escape, did not make for striking individuality, nor did the quiet simplicity of the German home, and the Princess grew up beneath the double burden of surveillance and etiquette, sharing the quiet intellectual life of an adored mother. Yet she had a certain measure of high spirits, loved tennis and dancing, and having tuned her life to play its small part in the great household orchestra, seemed happy enough.

She married Nicholas Romanoff a month after the death of his father, Alexander III, and was plunged into the heart of an entirely new life. Her first duty was to provide the throne with an heir. Although she has been a devoted mother, the disappointments as daughter succeeded to daughter were very deep. Highly sensitive, she felt she had failed her husband and the Empire. The strain of child-bearing was too much for her and she became first depressed and then neurotic. Remember that Russian home life only came to her in a single guise, and that was the official one. "A despotism tempered by assassination" was a description not inept of government in Russia. For all the luxury and pomp surrounding her life the Czarina was a lonely woman, full of the deepest apprehensions. She could not move save under guard. If her husband travelled from place to place there could be no peace of mind until the journey was completed. Every stranger might be an assassin, every day might see a fresh victim to forces she could neither gauge nor fathom. Small wonder that her mind, never a strong one, began to fail.

I have been particularly interested in Russia, partly on account of my intense sympathy with the revolutionary movement and partly on account of the mar-

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riage of the Princess Alix and the Czar. I always wondered how the sensitive, beautiful girl I had known would play her part in that strange country among its various peoples, how she would respond to the curious attitude of the majority, their veneration and adoration of the throne. Friends in Petrograd told me from time to time, first of the Czarina's growing depression, then of the settled gloom of her life. Then I heard that she was retiring more than ever from court functions, that she even dined in her own rooms with one or two maids of honour, and was happiest when spending long hours in her private chapel, that the strain of religious mania that is in her blood was making itself manifest. It did not surprise me any more than I was surprised when, on the assassination of the Grand Duke Serge his widow, the Czarina's sister, retired to a convent. Anxiety about the dynasty, grief at the lack of an heir, the breakdown of a fair constitution through constant child-bearing, these were the causes and, through the medium of an intensely narrow religious outlook, a great interest in mysticism was the result.

I heard of the Czarina endeavouring to get into touch with exterior powers and being responsive to influences healthy minds would have ignored or rebuffed. Of this phase I heard much from the late W. T. Stead, with whom the Czarina corresponded. The son came at last after preparations and ordeals that need not be discussed, and then the overwhelming desire was that this life should be saved for the throne. Nervous, even neurotic, the Czarina needed a strong man to make life endurable, and Nicholas Romanoff was never able to answer to that definition. The fact that the Czarina was a devotee of mysticism was public property; Rasputin was the last and greatest of all the charlatans who benefited by her state of mind. But if the Czarina listened to Rasputin it was to the monk who claimed supernatural power, not to the political intriguer. Not only did she lack the interest but she lacked the subtlety, there never was and there is not to this day the gift that intrigue demands. I have seen enough of life to know what type of woman has the capacity to handle large and difficult situations, and indeed I do not know anyone who knew Princess Alix and is not of my opinion. She was at worst a weak woman who was in the hands of those who sought to achieve all manner of ends through her weakness. Admit that, and the worst that can be said in truth has been laid to her account. I am not so foolish as to suppose that fiction of the kind that appeals to the largest numbers of the unthinking is going to be abashed by plain facts, but none the less I have felt impelled to place these facts on record, for the ex-Czarina is a greatly suffering and distraught woman whose case calls for the pity of all and the hatred of none.

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THE ADVANCE OF ENGLISH POETRY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

PART IV

Two Northumberland Poets—Wilfrid Wilson Gibson—his early failures—his studies of low life—his collected poems—his short dramas of pastoral experiences—"Daily Bread"—lack of melody—uncanny imagination—whimsies—poems of the Great War—their contrast to conventional sentimental ditties—the accusation—his contribution to the advance of poetry.—Ralph Hodgson—his shyness—his slender output—his fastidious self-criticism—his quiet facing of the known facts in nature and in humanity—his love of books—his humour—his respect for wild and tame animals—the high percentage of artistic excellence in his work.—Lascelles Abercrombie.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON—a horrible mouthful—was born in Hexham, Northumberland, in 1878. Like Walt Whitman's, his early poetry was orthodox, well groomed, and uninteresting. It produced no effect on the public, but it produced upon its author a mental condition of acute discontent—the necessary conviction of sin preceding regeneration. Whether he could ever succeed in bringing his verse down to earth, he did not then know; but so far as he was concerned, he not only got down to earth, but got under it. He made subterranean expeditions with the miners, he followed his nose into slums, he talked long hours with the unclassed, and listened sympathetically to the lamentations of sea-made widows. His nature—extraordinarily delicate and sensitive—received deep wounds, the scars of which appeared in his subsequent poetry. Now he lives where John Masefield was born, and like him, speaks for the inarticulate poor.

In 1917 Mr. Gibson collected his poems in one thick volume of some five hundred and fifty pages. This is convenient for reference, but desperately hard to read, on account of the soggy weight of the book. Here we have, however, everything that he has thus far written which he thinks worth preserving. The first piece, *Akra the Slave* (1904), is a romantic monologue in free verse. Although rather short, it is much too long, and few persons will have the courage to read it through. It is incoherent, spineless, consistent only in dullness. Possibly it is worth keeping as a curiosity. Then comes *Stonefolds* (1906), a series of bitter bucolics. This is pastoral poetry of a new and refreshing kind—as unlike to the conventional shepherd-shepherdess mincing, intolerable dialogue as could well be imagined. For, among all the groups of verse, in which, for sacred order's sake, we arrange English literature, pastoral poetry easily takes first place in empty, tinkling artificiality. In *Stonefolds,* we have six tiny plays, never containing more than four characters, and usually less, which represent, in a rasping style, the unending daily struggle of generation after generation with the relentless forces of nature. It is surprising to see how, in four or five pages, the author gives a clear view of the monotonous life of seventy years; in this particular art, Strindberg himself has done no better. The experience of age is contrasted with the hope of youth. Perhaps the most impressive of them all is *The Bridal* where, in the presence of the newly wedded pair, the man's old, bed-ridden mother speaks of the chronic misery of her married life, intimates that the son is just like his dead father, and

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that therefore the bride has nothing ahead of her but tragedy. Then comes the conclusion, which reminds one somewhat of the close of Ibsen's *Lady from the Sea*. The young husband throws wide the door, and addresses his wife as follows:

The door is open; you are free to go.
Why do you tarry? Are you not afraid?
Go, ere I hate you. I'll not hinder you.
I would not have you bound to me by fear.
Don't fear to leave me; rather fear to bide
With me who am my father's very son.
Go, lass, while yet I love you!

ESTHER (*closing the door*). I shall bide.
I have heard all; and yet, I would not go.
Nor would I have a single word unsaid.
I loved you, husband; yet, I did not know you
Until your mother spoke. I know you now;
And I am not afraid.

The first piece in *Stonefolds* represents the tragic helplessness of those newly born and those very old, a favourite theme with Maeterlinck. A lamb and a child are born on the same night, and both die before dawn. The lamb is a poetic symbol of babyhood. Nicholas, the aged shepherd, who longs to go out into the night and do his share of the work that must be done, but who is unable even to move, thus addresses the dying lamb:

Poor, bleating beast! We two are much alike,
At either end of life, though scarce an hour
You've been in this rough world, and I so long
That death already has me by the heels;
For neither of us can stir to help himself,
But both must bleat for others' aid. This world
Is rough and bitter to the newly born,
But far more bitter to the nearly dead.

In *Daily Bread* (1908-09), there are eighteen brief plays, written not in orthodox blank verse, like *Stonefolds,* but in irregular, brittle, breathless metres. Here is where art takes the short cut to life, sacrificing every grace to gain reality; the typical goal and method of twentieth-century poetry. So long as a vivid impression of character and circumstance is produced, the writer apparently cares nothing about style. I say "apparently," because the styleless style is perhaps the one best adapted to produce the sought-for effect. There is ever one difference between life and "art"—between drama and theatre—that Mr. Gibson has, I suppose, tried to cancel in these poems of daily bread. In art, the bigger the drama, the bigger the stage; one could not mount *Götterdämmerung* in a village schoolhouse. But Life does not fit the splendour of the setting to the grandeur of the struggle. In bleak farm cottages, in dull dwellings in city blocks, in slum tenements, the greatest of life's tragedies and comedies are enacted—love, hate, avarice, jealousy, revenge, birth, death—the most terrific passions known to human nature are fully presented, without the slightest care for appropriate scenery from the Master of the show. Thus our poet leads us by the hand into sea-girt huts, into hovels by the mouths of mines, into garrets of noisy cities, and makes us silent witnesses of elemental woe. Here Labour, man's greatest blessing, takes on the aspect of the primal curse, since so many tragedies spring from the simple root of poverty. The love of money may be the root of all evil, but the lack of it is the cause of much pain.

It was a happy inspiration that made Mr. Gibson call these scenes *Daily Bread;* for it is the struggle, not for comfort, but for existence, that drives these men from mother, wife, and child into the thick of the fight. Many novels and plays are written nowadays against "big business," where, among other real and imagined evils, the Business itself is represented as the villain in the home, alienating the husband's affections from wife and children. A particularly good example of this class of books is *The Empty House,* an anonymous novel that appeared in 1917. This is crudely written, but is none the less a powerful indictment against modern conditions. Whatever may be the case with the pri-

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vate soldiers, the Captain of Industry does not, and by the nature of things cannot, confine his labours to an eight-hour day—when he finally comes home, he brings the business with him, forming a more well-founded cause of jealousy than the one usually selected for conventional drama. Mr. Gibson, however, is not interested in the tragic few, but in the tragic many, and in his poems the man of the house leaves early and returns late. The industrial war caused by social conditions takes him from home as surely and as perilously as though he were drafted into an expeditionary force. The daily parting is poignant, for every member of the family knows he may not come back. Perhaps the most dramatic illustration of this corroding worry is seen in *The Night-Shift,* where four women with a newly born baby spend a night of agonised waiting, only to have their worst fears confirmed in the dawn.

The wife, weak from childbirth, sits up in bed, and speaks:

Will no one stop that tapping?
I cannot sleep for it.
I think that someone is shut in somewhere,
And trying to get out.
Will no one let them out,
And stop the tapping?
It keeps on tapping, tapping. . . .
Tap . . . tap . . . tap . . . tap. . . .
And I can sarcely breathe,
The darkness is so thick.
It stifles me,
And weighs so heavily upon me,
And drips, and drips. . . .
My hair is wet already;
There's water all about my knees. . . .
As though great rocks were hanging overhead!
And dripping, dripping. . . .
I cannot lift my feet,
The water holds them,
It's creeping . . . creeping . . . creeping. . . .
My wet hair drags me down.
Ah, God!
Will no one stop that tapping. . . .
I cannot sleep. . . .
And I would sleep
Till he comes home. . . .
Tap . . . tap . . . tap . . . tap. . . .

These poems were, of course, composed before the war. In the greater tragedy, some of the lesser ones disappear. For example, Mr. Gibson represents young, able-bodied, healthy and temperate men as unable to find work of any kind; their wives and children starve because of the absence of employment. Surely, since August, 1914, this particular cause of suffering has been removed.

In *Womenkind* (1909), dedicated to Rabbi and Mrs. Wise, we have a real play, not only dramatic in character and situation, but fitted for stage representation without the change of a word. The theme is just the opposite of Middleton's old drama, *Women Beware Women.* Here the two young women, one the mistress-mother, and one the bride, join forces against the man, and walk out of his house on the wedding-day. They feel that the tie between them is stronger than the tie which had united them severally to the man, and depart to live together. The play closes on a note of irony, for Jim, his blind father, and his weary mother repeat in turn—but with quite different emphasis—the accusation that women are a faithless lot.

The long series of poems called *Fires* (1910-11) differ in matter and manner from the earlier works. The form of drama is abandoned, and in its place we have vivid narrative, mingled with glowing pictures of natural scenery, taken at all hours of the day and night. These verses are in rime, though there is no attempt at singing melody, an art to which Mr. Gibson has contributed little. Perhaps he does not know how to write music; perhaps he does not care to try. Each of his poems must be taken as a whole, for each poem strives for a single effect. This effect is often gained by taking some object, animate or inanimate, as a symbol. Thus, in *The Hare,* the hunted animal is the symbol of woman. *The Flute, The Lighthouse,* and *The Money* mean more than their definition. Mr. Gibson is somewhat kinder to his readers in this collection, for the monotony of woe, that hangs over his work like a cloud, is rifted here and there

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by a ray of happiness. In *The Shop,* the little boy actually recovers from pneumonia, and our share in the father's delight is heightened by surprise, for whenever any of our poet's characters falls into a sickness, we have learned to expect the worst. Still, the darker side of life remains the author's chosen field of exploration. Two pieces are so uncanny that one might almost think they proceeded from a disordered imagination. The blind boy, who every day has rowed his father back and forth from the fishing-grounds, while the man steered, one day rows cheerfully toward home, unaware that his father is dead from a stroke. The boy wonders at his father's silence, and laughingly asserts that he has heard him snoring. Then his mirth changes to fear, and fear to horror.

Though none has ever known
How he rowed in, alone,
And never touched a reef.
Some say they saw the dead man steer—
The dead man steer the blind man home—
Though, when they found him dead,
His hand was cold as lead.

Another strange poem describes how a cripple sits in his room, with a mother eternally stitching for bread, and watches out of the window the giant crane swinging vast weights through the sky. One night, half-dead with fear, the great crane swoops down upon him, clutches his bed, and swings him, bed and all, above the sleeping city, among the blazing stars.

Following Mr. Gibson's development as a poet, year by year, as we are doing in this essay, we come to *Thoroughfares* (1908-14). These are short poems more conventional in form than their predecessors, but just as stark and grim as chronicles of life. Everyone remembers the torture inflicted on women in the good-old-times, when they were strapped to posts on the flats at low tide, and allowed to watch the cruel slowness of approaching death. The same theme, with an even more terrible termination, is selected by Mr. Gibson in *Solway Ford,* where the carter is pinned by the heavy, overturned wagon on the sands; while the tide gradually brings the water toward his helpless body. He dies a thousand deaths in imagination, but is rescued just as the waves are lapping the wheels. Now he lies in bed, an incurable idiot, smiling as he sees gold and sapphire fishes swimming in the water over his head. . . . That rarest of all English metres—which Browning chose for *One Word More*—is employed by Mr. Gibson in a compound of tragedy-irony called *The Vindictive Staircase.* Unfortunately the rhythm is so closely associated with Browning's love-poem, that these lines sound like a parody:

Mrs. Murphy, timidest of spectres,
You who were the cheeriest of charers,
With the heart of innocence and only
Torn between a zest for priest and porter,
Mrs. Murphy of the ample bosom,—
Suckler of a score or so of children.

It seems best to leave this measure in the undisturbed possession of the poet who used it supremely well. Yet some of the verses in *Thoroughfares* are an advance on Mr. Gibson's previous work. No reader will ever forget *Wheels.*

Passing over *Borderlands* (1912-14) which, with the exception of *Akra,* is the least successful of Mr. Gibson's works, we come to his most original contribution to modern poetry, the short poems included under the heading *Battle* (1914-15). These verses afford one more bit of evidence that in order to write unconventional thoughts, it is not necessary to use unconventional forms. The ideas expressed here can be found in no other war-poet; they are idiosyncratic to the highest degree; yet the verse-forms in which they are written are stanzaic, as traditional as the most conservative critic could desire. There is, of course, no reason why any poet should not compose in new and strange rhythms if he prefers to do so; but I have never believed that originality in thought *necessarily* demands metrical measures other than those found in the history of English literature.

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These lyrical poems are dramatic monologues. Each one is the testimony of some soldier in the thick of the fight as to what he has seen or heard, or as to what memories are strongest in his mind as he lies in the filth of the trenches. Conventional emotions of enthusiasm, glory, sacrifice, courage, are omitted, not because they do not exist, but simply because they are taken for granted; these boys are aflame with such feelings at the proper time. But Mr. Gibson is more interested in the strange, fantastic thoughts, waifs of memory, that wander across the surface of the mind in the midst of scenes of horror. And we feel that the more fantastic these thoughts are, the more do they reflect the deep truths of experience. Home naturally looms large, and some of the recollections of home take on a grim humour, strangely in contrast with the present environment of the soldier.

HIS FATHER

I quite forgot to put the spigot in.
It's just come over me. . . . And it is queer
To think he'll not care if we lose or win
And yet be jumping-mad about that beer.

I left it running full. He must have said
A thing or two. I'd give my stripes to hear
What he will say if I'm reported dead
Before he gets me told about that beer!

It would appear that the world has grown up, or at all events, grown much older, during the last forty years. It has grown older at a high rate of speed. The love of country is the same as ever, because that is a primal human passion, that will never change, any more than the love of the sexes; but the expression of battle-poems seems far more mature, sophisticated, if you like, in this war than in any preceding conflict. Most of the verses written in England and in America are as different as may be from "Just before the battle, mother," which was so popular during our Civil War. Never before has the psychology of the soldier been so acutely studied by national poets. And instead of representing the soldier as a man swayed by a few elemental passions and lush sentiment, he is presented as an extraordinarily complex individual, with every part of his brain abnormally alert. Modern poetry, in this respect, has, I think, followed the lead of the realistic prose novel. Such books as Tolstoi's *Sevastopol,* and Zola's *La Débâcle,* have had a powerful effect in making war poetry more analytical; while that thoroughly original story, *The Red Badge of Courage,* written by an inspired young American, Stephen Crane, has left its mark on many a volume of verse that has been produced since August, 1914. Of all the poems of Alan Seeger, the one that attracted most attention was that called "I have a rendezvous with death," which expression was taken from Stephen Crane.

What is going to become of us all if the obsession of self-consciousness grows ever stronger?

There is not a trace of cheap sentiment in *Battle.* Even the poems that come nearest to the emotional surface are saved by some specific touch, like the sense of smell, which, as everyone knows, is a sharper spur to the memory than any other sensation.

To-night they're sitting by the peat
Talking of me, I know—
Grandfather in the ingle-seat,
Mother and Meg and Joe.

I feel a sudden puff of heat
That sets my ears aglow,
And smell the reek of burning peat
Across the Belgian snow.

Browning wrote of Shelley, who had been dead eleven years,

The air seems bright with thy past presence yet.

A similar effect of brightness in life and after-glow in death, seems to have been made on everyone who knew him by Rupert Brooke. No young poet of the twentieth century has left such a flaming glory as he. The prefatory poem to Mr.

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Gibson's *Friends* (1915-16), beautifully expresses the common feeling:

He's gone.
I do not understand.
I only know
That as he turned to go
And waved his hand
In his young eyes a sudden glory shone:
And I was dazzled by a sunset glow,
And he was gone.

The fine sonnets that follow strengthen the strong colour, and are among the most authentic claims to poetry that their author has set forth. The second one, contrasting the pale glimmer of the London garret with the brilliant apparition of Brooke at the open door, "like sudden April," is poignant in its beauty. The verses in this volume are richer in melody than is customary with Mr. Gibson, yet *The Pessimist* and *The Ice-Cart* show that he is as whimsical as ever. He has no end of fun with his fancy.

Livelihood (1914-16) takes us back to the bitter pessimism of *Stonefolds* and *Daily Bread;* only instead of being dialogues, these stories are given in descriptive form, and for the most part in regular pentameter rime. The best of them is *In the Orchestra,* where the poor fiddler in the band at the cheap music hall plays mechanically every night for his daily bread, while his heart is torn by the vulture of memory. This poem shows an absolutely firm grasp of the material; every word adds something to the total effect.

Mr. Gibson's constantly repeated pictures of the grinding, soul-crushing labour of the poor seem to say *J'accuse!* Yet he nowhere says it explicitly. He never interrupts his narrative with "My Lords and Gentlemen," nor does he comment, like Hood in *The Song of the Shirt.* Yet the total effect of his work is an indictment. Only, whom does he accuse? Is it the government; is it society; is it God?

An interesting feature of the *Collected Poems* is a striking unfinished portrait of the author by Mrs. Wise; but I think it was an error to publish all these verses in one volume. They produce an impression of grey monotony which is hardly fair to the poet. The individuals change their names, but they pass through the same typical woe of childbirth, desertion, loveless old age, incipient insanity, with eternal joyless toil. One will form a higher opinion of his work if one reads the separate volumes as they appeared, and not too much at a time.

His contribution to the advance of English poetry is seen mainly in his grim realism, in his direct, unadorned presentation of what he believes to be the truth, whether it be the facts of environment, or the facts of thought. Conventional war-poetry, excellently represented by Tennyson's *Charge of the Light Brigade,* which itself harks back to Drayton's stirring *Battle of Agincourt,* has not the slightest echo in these volumes; and ordinary songs of labour are equally remote. Face to face with Life—that is where the poet leads us, and where he leaves us. He is far indeed from possessing the splendid lyrical gift of John Masefield; he has nothing of the literary quality of William Watson. He writes neither of romantic buccaneers nor of golden old books. But he is close to the grimy millions. He writes the short and simple annals of the poor. He is a poet of the people, and seems to have taken a vow that we shall not forget them.

Ralph Hodgson was born somewhere in Northumberland about forty years ago, and successfully eluded the notice of the world until the year 1907. He is by nature such a recluse that I feel certain he would prefer to attract no attention whatever were it not for the fact that it is as necessary for a poet to print his songs as it is for a bird to sing them. His favourite companions are Shelley, Wordsworth, and a bull terrier, and he is said to play billiards with "grim earnestness." In 1907 he published a tiny volume called *The Last Blackbird,* and in 1917 another and tinier one called

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Poems. During this decade he printed in a few paper booklets, which some day will be valuable curiosities, separate pieces such as *Eve, The Bull, The Mystery*. These are now permanently preserved in the 1917 book. This thin volume, weighing only a few ounces, is a real addition to English poetry of the twentieth century.

It is impossible to read the verse of Ralph Hodgson without admiration for the clarity of his art and respect for the vigour of his mind. Although many of his works are as aloof from his own opinions as a well-executed statue, the strength of his personality is an immanent force. He writes much and publishes little; he is an intellectual aristocrat. He has the fastidiousness which was the main characteristic of the temperament of Thomas Gray; and he has as well Gray's hatred of publicity and much of Gray's lambent humour, more salty than satiric. His work is decidedly caviare to the general, not because it is obscure, which it is not, but because it presupposes much background. Lovers of nature and lovers of books will love these verses, and reread them many times; but they are not for all markets. No contemporary poet is more truly original than he; but his originality is seen in his mental attitude rather than in newness of form or strangeness of language. The standard metres are good enough for him, and so are the words in common use. His subjects are the world-old subjects of poetry—birds, flowers, men and women. Religion is as conspicuously absent as it is in the works of Keats; its place is taken by a real sympathy for humanity and an extraordinary sympathy for animals. He is as far from the religious passion of Francis Thompson as he is from the sociological inquisitiveness of Mr. Gibson. To him each bird, each flower appears as a form of worship. Men and women appeal to him not because they are poor or downtrodden, but simply because they are men and women. He is neither an optimist nor a pessimist; the world is full of objects both interesting and beautiful, which will pay a rich return to those who observe them accurately. This is as near as he has thus far come to any philosophy or any theology:

THE MYSTERY

He came and took me by the hand
  Up to a red rose tree,
He kept His meaning to Himself
  But gave a rose to me.

I did not pray Him to lay bare
  The mystery to me,
Enough the rose was Heaven to smell,
  And His own face to see.

It is the absolute object that interests this poet, rather than vague or futile speculation about it. The flower in the crannied wall he would leave there. He would never pluck it out, root and all, wondering about the mystery of the life principle. No poet is more clean-eyed. His eyes are achromatic. He has lost his illusions gladly; every time he has lost an illusion he has gained a new idea. The world as it is seems to him far more beautiful, far more interesting than any false-coloured picture of it or any longing to remould it nearer to the heart's desire. He faces life with steady composure. But it is not the composure either of stoicism or of despair. He finds it so wonderful just as it is that he is thankful that he has eyes to see its beauty, ears to hear its melodies—enough for his present mortal state.

AFTER

"How fared you when you mortal were?
  What did you see on my peopled star?"
"Oh, well enough," I answered her,
  "It went for me where mortals are!

"I saw blue flowers and the merlin's flight
  And the rime on the wintry tree,
Blue doves I saw and summer light
  On the wings of the cinnamon bee."

There is in all this a kind of reverent worship without any trace of mysticism. And still less of that modern attitude more popular and surely more fruitless than mysticism—defiance.

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There is a quite different side to the poetry of Mr. Hodgson, which one would never suspect after reading his outdoor verse. The lamplit silence of the library is as charming to him as the fragrant silence of the woods. He is as much of a recluse among books as he is among flowers. No poet of to-day seems more self-sufficient. Although a lover of humanity, he seems to require no companionship. He is no more lonely than a cat, and has as many resources as Tabby herself. Now when he talks about books, his poetry becomes intimate, and forsakes all objectivity. His humour, a purely intellectual quality with him, rises unrestrainedly.

MY BOOKS

When the folks have gone to bed,
  And the lamp is burning low,
And the fire burns not so red
  As it burned an hour ago,

Then I turn about my chair
  So that I can dimly see
Into the dark corners where
  Lies my modest library.

Volumes gay and volumes grave,
  Many volumes have I got;
Many volumes though I have,
  Many volumes have I not.

I have not the rare Lucasta,
  London, 1649;
I'm a lean-pursed poetaster,
  Or the book had long been mine. . . .

Near the "Wit's Interpreter"
  (Like an antique Whitaker,
Full of strange etcetera),
  "Areopagitica,"

And the muse of Lycidas,
  Lost in meditation deep,
Give the cut to Hudibras,
  Unaware the knave's asleep. . . .

There lies Coleridge, bound in green,
  Sleepily still wond'ring what
He meant Kubla Khan to mean.
  In that early Wordsworth, Mat.
Arnold knows a faithful prop,—
  Still to subject-matter leans,
Murmurs of the loved hill-top,
  Fyfield tree and Cumnor scenes.

The poem closes with a high tribute to Shelley, "more than all the others mine."

The following trifle is excellent fooling:

THE GREAT AUK'S GHOST

The Great Auk's ghost rose on one leg,
  Sighed thrice and three times winkt,
And turned and poached a phantom egg,
  And muttered, "I'm extinct."

But it is in the love of unextinct animals that Mr. Hodgson's poetic powers find their most effective display. His masterpiece on the old unhappy Bull is surprisingly impressive; surprisingly, because we almost resent being made to feel such ardent sympathy for the poor old Bull, when there are so many other and more important objects to be sorry for. Yet the poet draws us away for the moment from all the other tragedies in God's universe, and absolutely compels our pity for the Bull. The stanzas in this poem swarm with life.

From a certain point of view, the poet is justified in calling attention to the sufferings of our animal brothers. For it is the sufferings of animals, even more than the sorrows of man, that make it difficult to believe either in the providence or in the love of God. Human suffering may possibly be justified because of the spiritual gain it (sometimes) brings; and at all events, we know that there is no road to greatness of character except through pain. But what can possibly compensate the dumb animals for their physical anguish? It is certainly difficult to see their reward, unless they have immortal souls. That this is no slight difficulty in the way of those who earnestly desire to believe in an ethical universe, may be seen from the fact that it was the sight of a snake swallowing a toad that destroyed once for all the religious beliefs of Turgenev; and I know a man of science in America who became

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an agnostic simply from observation of a particular Texas fly that bites the cattle. The Founder of Christianity recognised this obstacle to faith in God, as He did every other painful fact in life, when He made the remark about the sparrow.

The villains in the world are those who have no respect for the personality of birds and beasts. And their cruelty to animals is not deliberate or vindictive —it arises from crass stupidity.

STUPIDITY STREET

I saw with open eyes
Singing birds sweet
Sold in the shops
For the people to eat,
Sold in the shops of
Stupidity Street.

I saw in vision
The worm in the wheat,
And in the shops nothing
For people to eat;
Nothing for sale in
Stupidity Street.

Mr. Hodgson would apparently agree with Coleridge that he prayeth best who loveth best all things both great and small. But his attitude toward the lion in the jungle, the bull in the field, the cat in the yard, the bird on the tree is not one of affectionate petting, for love and sympathy are often mingled—consciously or unconsciously—with condescension. There is no trace of condescension in the way Mr. Hodgson writes of animals. He treats them with respect, and not only hates to see them hurt, he hates to see their dignity outraged.

THE BELLS OF HEAVEN

'Twould ring the bells of Heaven
The wildest peal for years,
If Parson lost his senses
And people came to theirs,
And he and they together
Knelt down with angry prayers
For tamed and shabby tigers
And dancing dogs and bears,
And wretched, blind pit ponies,
And little hunted hares.

I confess that I have often felt a sense of shame for humanity when I have observed men and women staring through the bars at the splendid African cats in cages, and have also observed that their foolish stare is returned by the lion or tiger with a dull look of infinite boredom. Nor is it pleasant to see small boys pushing sticks through the safe bars, in an endeavour to irritate the royal captives. One remembers Browning's superb lion in *The Glove,* whom the knight was able to approach in safety, because the regal beast was completely lost in thought—he was homesick for the desert, oblivious of the little man-king and his duodecimo court.

Although the total production of Ralph Hodgson is slight in quantity, the percentage of excellence is remarkably high. The reason for this is clear. Instead of printing everything he writes, and leaving the employment of the cream-separator to his readers, he gives to the public only what has passed his own severe scrutiny. He is a true poet, with an original mind.

As for the work of Lascelles Abercrombie, which has been much praised in certain circles, I should prefer to leave the criticism of that to those who enjoy reading it. If I should attempt to "do justice" to his poetry, I should seem to his friends to be doing just the opposite —the opposite of just.

Professor Phelps's next article on the Advance of English Poetry will deal with Walter De La Mare, Rupert Brooke, and James Elroy Flecker.

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THE MASQUE OF POETS*

EDITED BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

FACTORY-GIRL

WHY are your eyes like dry brown flower-pods,
Still, gripped by the memory of lost petals?
I feel that, if I touched them,
They would crumble to falling brown dust,
And you would stand with blindness revealed.
Yet you would not shrink, for your life
Has been long since memorised,
And eyes would only melt out against its high walls.
Besides, in the making of boxes
Sprinkled with crude forget-me-nots,
One is curiously blessed if one's eyes are dead.

EAST SIDE MOVING PICTURE THEATRE—SUNDAY

An old woman rubs her eyes
As though she were stroking children back to life.
A slender Jewish boy whose forehead
Is tall, and like a wind-marked wall,
Restlessly waits while leaping prayers
Clash their light-cymbals within his eyes.
And a little hunchbacked girl
Straightens her back with a slow-pulling smile.
(I am afraid to look at her again.)

Then the blurred, tawdry pictures rush across the scene,
And I hear a swishing intake of breath,
As though some band of shy rigid spirits
Were standing before their last heaven.

*"*The Masque of Poets" is made up of the following contributors: Thomas Walsh, Witter Bynner, Margaret Widdemer, Amelia Josephine Burr, Anna Hempstead Branch, William Rose Benét, Sarah N. Cleghorn, William Alexander Percy, Christopher Morley, Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Vincent O'Sullivan, John Gould Fletcher, Grace Hazard Conkling, Sara Teasdale, George Sterling, Harriet Monroe, Edgar Lee Masters, Arthur Davison Ficke, Bliss Carman, Alfred Kreymborg, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Lincoln Colcord, William Stanley Braithwaite, Conrad Aiken, Josephine Preston Peabody, Lizette Woodworth Reese, Abbie Farwell Brown, Odell Shepard, Abbie Carter Goodloe, Maxwell Bodenheim, Amy Lowell, Charles Wharton Stork, Edward J. O'Brien. The series has continued throughout the year, and next month, the February number, the poems, given hitherto anonymously, will be listed with their authors' names.*

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I COME AND GO

I come and go
  And never stay.
I pick and choose
  A night, a day,
I find, I lose,
  I laugh along,
I will not know
  Right things from wrong.

I pity those
  Who pity me,
I ask no boon,
  But being free . . .
And so the moon,
  My polished stone,
Shines and shows
  I lie alone.

AN OLD INN BY THE SEA*

All night long we had heard the voice of the Sea
Roaming the corridors.
Across the worn and hollow floors
There went a ghostly tread incessantly.
The walls of our old inn,
By windy winters eaten grey and thin
Trembled and shook, the wild night long,
With resonant, vague, hoarse-throated song,
Like a storm-strung violin.

All night we heard vast forces throng
To onset in the dark, indomitably strong,
An army under sable banners flying.
And then, above the din
Of far wild voices crying
And farther, wilder voices dreadfully replying,
Slowly, far down the unseen mysterious shore,
With fearful sibilance and long unintermittent roar,
We heard another, mightier tide begin!

*Written shortly after America's declaration of war.

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Then our hearts shook, there on the world's wild rim
Fronting eternity and neighbouring the Abyss.
Had we not cowered all night from the face of Him,
The King of Terrors, from the coil and hiss
Of the pale snakes of death
Writhing about our very door?
Had we not borne his clammy breath
Upon our hair
Nightlong, and his stealthy footstep on the stair,
His vast voice everywhere?
Had not each echoing wall and hollow floor,
Worn by his winds so grey and spectre-thin,
Resounded like the shell of a fragile violin
That screams once at its death and never more?
Had He not homage of our fear enough before
He sent this last dark cohort crashing in?

THE PLUME

"Here is a gift!" the Brownie said,
As something fell on the little maid's head;
"A golden feather with silver bars
Of the Faraway Bird who sings to the stars!
A beautiful plume to use as you will,
Fortunate Friend on-top-of-the-Hill!
Fasten it into your curly hair,—
Love will follow and find you fair.
Put it into the Magi's hands,—
They will pay you with gold and lands.
Feather a shaft with the magic thing,
And bring down Fame with a crippled wing.
Other wonders the plume can do,
But I wouldn't bother, if I were you!"

Now the queer little maid on-top-of-the-Hill
Clipped the plume to a scratchy quill,—
The golden feather with silver bars
Of the Faraway Bird who sings to the stars!
Then she wrote and wrote, all night, all day,
The curious things it made her say,—
Wonder-tales and whimsical rimes,
Faraway deeds of Faraway times;
Told for the clamor-ing boys and girls,
With bangs and braids, with clips and curls.
The children laughed and clapped and cried,—
"Tell it again! Tell more beside!"
The queer little maid was proud and glad;
And this was the good of the gift she had,—
The magical plume of the Faraway Bird.

But the Brownie sighed; for never a word
To the busy house on the hill-top came,
Of flattering love, or wealth, or fame.

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CONTEMPORARY POETRY

NOTES AND REVIEWS

BY JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRIZE

WHEN the late Joseph Pulitzer founded the School of Journalism of Columbia University, he left an endowment for annual prizes in all branches of literature save poetry. Mr. Pulitzer could hardly foresee the time when poetry would again take its place as a force in American life and it is not to be wondered at that a practical journalist should have made no provision for it. This fact, however, did not escape the attention of the president of the Poetry Society of America, Mr. Edward J. Wheeler, who took the matter up with Dr. Butler and received the reply that Columbia would be glad to award such a prize had it funds for the purpose. It was not difficult for Mr. Wheeler to persuade a well-known patron of the arts to pledge the sum of five hundred dollars to be used by Columbia as an annual prize for the best volume of poetry published by an American. As the genesis of the idea came from the Poetry Society of America, through its president, and the judges are annually to be nominated by the society, Columbia University has paid the society the compliment of naming the prize in its honour. The judges for the present year are Professor Bliss Perry of Harvard University, William Marion Reedy, editor of the St. Louis *Mirror,* and Jessie B. Rittenhouse. All American poets, whether resident here or abroad, are eligible for the prize, which will be given on the merit of work published in book form in 1917. Those wishing to enter books for the prize should write the Secretary of Columbia University for an application blank, which gives all conditions.

POETRY IN WAR LIBRARIES

We hear from Burton Egbert Stevenson, editor of *The Home Book of Verse* and librarian at Chillicothe, Ohio, that the demand for modern poetry on the part of our boys in camp is out of all proportion to the supply. Mr. Stevenson is assisting in assembling books for cantonments of the Middle West and makes an appeal to the Poetry Society of America to assist him in having poetry more adequately represented in war libraries. Mr. Stevenson says that in the cantonments immediately within his knowledge, and their branch libraries, fourteen copies of each volume of verse could be used to advantage. If this many are needed in one vicinity, it will readily be seen what an opening is presented for poetry, should the board in charge of the selection of books be made to see the necessity of having it more fully represented. The Poetry Society of America has taken the matter up with the proper authorities and hopes to bring about this result.

It is now several years since Vachel Lindsay evolved the distinctive type of poetry which we have grown to associate with him, poetry written primarily for the ear and not the eye, and in these years he has demonstrated his minstrelsy by several poems which stand out as highly original illustrations of his theory. The idea, of poetry susceptible of being chanted after the manner of the primitive bards, came to Mr. Lindsay as a natural outgrowth of his self-elected and picturesque vagabondage, during the period that he tramped the great West preaching the gospel of beauty and tak-

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ing as his only scrip the little sheaf of *Rhymes to be Traded for Bread.*

That he should so have outraged the Middle West tradition in which he was born as to make this vagabond journey at all, proved him of the stuff of pioneers and augured well for whatever theories he might advance. Poets are altogether too respectable in this twentieth century of ours. Where is the Dionysian quality that from the beginning has given to the poet something reckless and splendid, fateful and free? That innate quality that has impelled poets to rush upon disaster, to break themselves upon the wheel, in the attempt to be themselves in a conformist world? Not the intoxication of wine, but the intoxication of life, of beauty, such as embodied itself in the Dionysian symbol, is the need of the poet, and one which the conventions of modern life tend to destroy. The more conventionalised the life of the poet becomes, the more does his art tend to inflexibility and crystallisation. Poetic madness is an irresponsible thing; it bears its possessor to tragedy; but who would shirk the issue were he impelled by the mood that impelled Coleridge, or Byron, or Burns, or Shelley, or Villon, or Poe? To fly in the face of convention will not make a poet. The Dionysian madness is something far deeper than that. The only point at issue is that conformity is stultifying and the poets of an earlier day saved their souls alive by breaking away from it.

Whatever else Vachel Lindsay is, he is a non-conformist; he has approached life from his own angle and expressed himself in a personal way. No one would be rash enough to say that he has always succeeded in producing art, least of all would he say it himself. In fact, time must be the sole test whether he has produced art at all, since there are no standards by which to test the exact thing that he is doing. Much of his work is frankly experimental and must inevitably go the way of ephemeral things, but it is as reasonably certain as anything can be in this uncertain world that such poems as *The Congo* and *The Chinese Nightingale* must hold their place not only as unique experiments in form, but as definite creations of art. In *The Congo* the very temperament and soul of the negro race are made to reveal themselves through the succession of swiftly moving pictures which Mr. Lindsay flashes before us. No method could be more effective, none could suit the theme more perfectly. All the barbaric, colourful, sensuous quality of the negro is in the poem, tempered by the religious quality and a certain prophetic strain of the development of the race.

Whereas in *The Congo* Mr. Lindsay treats an indigenous theme, projecting it for the sake of atmosphere against the background of the Congo and the jungle, in *The Chinese Nightingale,** which forms the title poem of his new volume, the theme is purely exotic and the beauty of the poem is due to the strangeness, to the unfamiliar atmosphere invoked by the bird as he sings of the former life, or lives, of simple Chang, the laundryman. Something hypnotic in the music of the bird entrances Chang in his own dreams, which take shape in the poem, unfolding all his past in a series of exquisite pictures. Nothing could afford a better opportunity for the varied beauty of rhythm and the musical nuances which form the most distinctive feature of Vachel Lindsay's art, than the song of the bird and the words of the joss in *The Chinese Nightingale.* In pure music and colour it is a creation, and one finds himself under the spell of

Life and hurry and joy forgotten,
Years on years I but half remember . . .
Man is a torch, then ashes soon,
May and June, then dead December,
Dead December, then again June.
Who shall end my dream's confusion?
Life is a loom, weaving illusion.

In *The Tiger Tree,* the second poem in the new book, Mr. Lindsay has, to my mind, one of the most imaginative

*The Chinese Nightingale. By Vachel Lindsay. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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poems that he has written, but by no means a work for the laity. When I saw it in manuscript, it seemed to me so cryptic that without the key to the elaborate symbolism it might as well have been written in a foreign tongue; but here is the proof of Vachel Lindsay's own contention that poetry is primarily for the ear—when I heard him recite it the poem was as clear as daylight! It is an indictment of war, of the tiger-hearts that feed on the leaf of the Tiger Tree and contend with the "Mammonths" who may themselves be either the friends or the enemies of the struggle for peace.

The Tiger Tree leaf is falling around
As it fell when the world began:
Like a monstrous tiger-skin stretched on the ground
Or the cloak of a medicine-man.

The wind swirls it down from the leperous boughs.
It shimmers on clay-hill and lake,
With the gleam of great bubbles of blood,
Or coiled like a rainbow shell.
I feast on the stem of the leaf as I march,
I am burning with Heaven and Hell.

The poem is not likely to become a familiar one; it is too difficult; but it is a remarkable illustration of Vachel Lindsay's imagination.

For the remainder of the book there is *Pocahontas,* where the Indian atmosphere is admirably conveyed; *Niagara,* one of the most charming and spontaneous of Mr. Lindsay's recent poems, and the Booker Washington Trilogy, which is racial to the core. No one understands the negro better than Vachel Lindsay, and the blend of humour, superstition and religious fanaticism makes the trilogy as diverting as it is characteristic.

There is much that is ephemeral in the volume, but the poems cited are sufficient to offset the casual work. Whatever Vachel Lindsay does, one feels the sincerity and the strong native impulse back of it. He is a vitalising force in modern poetry, having at once the social vision and the knowledge that it cannot be realised apart from beauty Technically he has widened the outposts of poetry, and we may look to him to annex a still wider demesne.

*Lustra,** the first book by Ezra Pound to appear in this country since 1912, contains most of the verse done by him since he repudiated his earlier manner. The mind of Ezra Pound is a poetic scrap-bag. He dips into Anglo-Saxon, mediæval Italian, Provençal, early Spanish, ancient Greek, Latin, Chinese and Japanese literatures and draws out a bit of brocade woven of the words of some forgotten poet, a scrap of song still holding a faint colour or a bit of tapestry from an antique loom, and from them all he weaves for himself a fabric of song which might be beautiful had Mr. Pound the art to make it so, but which remains merely a patchwork, an incongruous blending of the scraps that he has drawn.

No one challenges the poet's right to draw his materials from any source that he chooses. No one cares how far into the past he penetrates, so that he brings back something of beauty and value, something that he has revitalised and made his own. It is of no moment whether the inspiration came from Charles d'Orleans, or Bertrand de Born, or Lope de Vega, or Propertius, so that Mr. Pound is able to give us something worthy of the inspiration. But when from these excursions into the antique he brings back chiefly what is inconsequent and often repulsive, one sees no particular reason for going so far afield for material. The whole effect of Ezra Pound's work, of recent years, is that of one straining for technical variety, passing from one technical experiment to another, projecting the whole against a background of many tongues as if to obtrude his recondite learning. In all this bewildering medley of tongues and styles, where does Ezra Pound himself come in? What is his own voice, his own style, his own individuality? If

* Lustra. By Ezra Pound. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

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Mr. Pound gave to these many styles a clear-cut definition it would be of less moment that he had evolved from them no distinctive style of his own, but the effect of the fragmentary, the transient and tentative, is over the entire work. One feels that it is all an experiment, and the experiment of a man who conveys but a few phases of life.

Mr. Pound has set a trap for his critics by virtually repudiating his earlier poems, which he avers were accepted by the public because they "were twenty years behind the times." I, for one, walk into this trap with open eyes. I would rather have *Piccadilly, A Ballad for Gloom* and *The Ballad of the Goodly Fere* than a dozen cantos of Italian literature and art jumbled together with the incoherence with which Mr. Pound has jumbled them in the cantos which close the volume, *Lustra.* These three poems would also, for my own taste, far outweigh the entire group of *Contemporiana* with which the volume in question opens.

In the Chinese section, *Cathay,* there is much beauty and the poems amount to creations, since they are expanded from fragments often very slight. They are chiefly from Rihaku, eighth century A.D., and are from the manuscripts of the late Ernest Fenollosa. The *River Song* and *The Lament of the Frontier Guard* are especially fine.

Incorporated with *Lustra* is the volume *Ripostes,* published in England in 1912 and memorable as containing the first Imagist poems, written not by Ezra Pound, but by T. E. Hulme and printed by Mr. Pound for good fellowship. *Ripostes* contained a haunting and lovely poem which I have treasured ever since:

Be in me as the eternal moods of the bleak
wind, and not
As transient things are—gaiety of flowers.
Have me in the strong loneliness of sunless
cliffs
And of grey waters.
Let the gods speak softly of us
In days hereafter.
The shadowy flowers of Orcus
Remember Thee.

A few more poems of this sort would be gratefully received by Mr. Pound's former admirers.

Events in modern poetry have moved so fast that it seems ancient history since *The Lyric Year* appeared and broke the ground for contemporaneous anthologies. We are likely to forget that *The Lyric Year* was the pioneer anthology for strictly modern, or current, American verse, and that the impetus it gave to other work of this sort was more important than any work which it presented—with the exception of *Renascence* by Edna St. Vincent Millay. We are reminded of this volume and its fortunes by the receipt of *Asphalt,** a collection of verse by Orrick Johns, whose poem, *Second Avenue,* won the first prize in *The Lyric Year.*

Second Avenue came in upon the crest of the social wave that swept over American poetry a few years ago, and its theme had much to do with its winning the prize in question. Nothing could afford a better illustration of the fact that poetry which addresses itself to current issues or social conditions will grow *passé,* like a last year's garment, than the lack of interest which one feels now in a poem like *Second Avenue.* At the time it seemed to have vitality, but social conditions in a country like America are of all things most fluctuant; what may be true to-day is untrue to-morrow, and "time-spirit" poetry cannot be otherwise than ephemeral, since the spirit of the times continually changes. The same criticism applies to the opening section of *Asphalt,* to the street ballads, in gutter dialect, through which Mr. Johns hits off social conditions. These poems are clever. No doubt they are true, and anything that is true has a right to be said; nevertheless one cannot but feel the journalistic quality of them. Many poets with a clever pen and an eye to human nature could have done them equally well, whereas Orrick Johns is much more than clever; he is a true poet, a poet of rarely delicate touch and feeling,

* Asphalt. By Orrick Johns. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

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and some of the l[illegible] this volume are among the choice[illegible]ound in recent poetry.

Country Rhymes, [illegible] title must not mislead one into [illegible] they are rustic verses, take one [illegible]rom the start. They are full [illegible] and whimsicality, but somethin[illegible]er is in them, too. They are [illegible] guesses at this enigmatic thi[illegible] life. Now and then the p[illegible] through it or gives us a flash of [illegible] from the eyes of *The River Man, Mad Woman,* or *The Interpreter.* M[illegible] Johns is at his best when he takes th[illegible] thing nearest at hand and most familiar to all of us. Nothing is so strange and rare as the commonplace, when envisaged by a poet. Ezra Pound rifles Provence and Cathay and gives us something that still smacks of the technician; Robert Frost stays on his hillside at Franconia and turns up poetry with the plough. We are steeped in romance, we know all the heroes of literature, but the farmer going out by night with his lantern to feed his stock is as strange to us as a mythical figure. Mr. Johns knows this; he knows that novelty is in the thing we overlook because it is constantly under our eyes, and it is because the *Country Rhymes* give charm and romance to the immediate thing, that they seem the freshest and most vital part of Mr. Johns's book. One of the most delightful is this in praise of *Little Things:*

There's nothing very beautiful and nothing very gay
About the rush of faces in the town by day,
But a light tan cow in a pale green mead,
That is very beautiful, beautiful indeed. . . .
And the soft March wind and the low March mist
Are better than kisses in a dark street kissed.
The fragrance of the forest when it wakes at dawn,
[illegible]he fragrance of a trim green village lawn,
[illegible] hearing of the murmur of the rain at play—
[illegible]e things are beautiful, beautiful as day!
I shan't stand waiting for love or [illegible]orn
[illegible] the feast is laid for a day new-born.
O [illegible]er let the little things I loved when

Retu[illegible]hen the heart finds the great things b[illegible]
And b[illegible] is a temple made of bark and thor[illegible]s
Than a tall stone temple that may stand too long.

We miss from this collection *The Sea-Lands,* a really magical lyric that Mr. Johns wrote several years ago; also some fine things in free verse that have appeared from time to time in Miss Monroe's magazine, but these are doubtless saved for a subsequent book. *Asphalt* demonstrates the fact that Mr. Johns has versatility and a poetic gift of no common order.

SNAP-SHOTS OF AMERICAN AUTHORS: MORRIS

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

More modern than Masters,
More ancient than Blondel de Nesle,
You, born a minstrel,
Have cheated the gold of your songs,
Casting it in odd little idols
Plated with steel and with brass.

But the gold is too hot:
Again and again it burns through
In spite of that cynical self
Which isn't yourself!

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"MAURICE GUEST" AND "RICHARD MAHONEY"

BY EDNA KENTON

HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON'S third novel, *The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney,* has just been issued in this country by Henry Holt and Company. This statement, which should rouse instant interest in the reading world, will fall emptily on most ears. For the name of Henry Handel Richardson, which should be known as widely in Anglo-Saxon countries as it is known on the Continent, means nothing to any but a few in England and America who, through the nine years since the publication of *Maurice Guest,* one of the most remarkable first novels ever written, have held this unknown writer's name as one standing for high-water achievement in first work, and as one of the few English names to be seriously reckoned with in the future.

To those who know *Maurice Guest,* and the English edition of *Richard Mahoney* the American edition of this third Richardson novel seems unnecessarily lacking in informative detail. Its title page is bare of anything but the title and the author's name. The English edition, issued by William Heinemann, who has evident and steadfast faith in this writer, indicates that Henry Handel Richardson is the author of *Maurice Guest* and *The Getting of Wisdom,* and that *The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney* is only the first novel in a series; Book I of *Australia Felix.* Just why this illuminative detail should be withheld from the American reading public lies in the inner ring of the inscrutable, and adds another bit to the general mass of mystery that has so long shrouded the identity and work of Henry Handel Richardson, author of two long and remarkable novels, and a briefer but no less masterful study.

It is to the credit neither of English nor American critics and readers that *Maurice Guest,* published by Heinemann in 1908 and brought out in America the following year by Duffield, failed in both countries. From a few of England's men of letters the novel received high recognition from the beginning. I have sought and I have never found any adequate American reviews of it, and I am assured by its American publishers that critics here gave it the scantiest sort of notice. On the Continent, however, it is widely known, through French and German and Russian translations. When it is remarked that *Maurice Guest* runs well past the quarter-million word length, it may be assumed that the labour of translation was deemed worth while. One of the odd facts gathering about this book is that in the New York Public Library the German two-volume translation may be had, but one may call in vain for an English copy. And the presence of this German translation there seems due not so much to the literary acumen of the purchasing staff as to the kindness of the *New York Evening Post,* whose office stamp lies across the title page. The American edition was limited, and the book is now out of print and unobtainable. To-day only the English edition may be had, by long war-time process of ordering.

But though the book failed partially in England and entirely here, in both countries a small group has grown up about it, keeping green its name and fame, and the fame and name of its unknown author. Henry Handel Richardson, never heard of before the publication of *Maurice Guest,* has remained a name unillumined by "literary notes," devoid of personality. For four or five years after reading *Maurice Guest,* I

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sought in vain for some personal word of its author, and the manner of life and work that had preceded its writing. It seemed an incredible thing that this book, planned on a scale so large, and done with such finished technique, could be a first book. It was only two years ago that, in a Western city, a passing reference to the book brought me into instant touch with a stranger in whom I discovered one who knew the quiet, silent, Australian-English woman who writes under the name of Henry Handel Richardson. Whatever added compliment lies in the fact that admiring critics and readers have read *Maurice Guest* and could read *Richard Mahoney* without a suspicion that the masculine name masked a woman's sex has gone freely to her. She lived her early years in Australia, studied music in Leipzig, and, after a serious break in health, which made the career of concert pianist impossible of achievement, she went back to the avocation of her early life—writing. *Maurice Guest* was her first published novel.

And it is a very great novel. It is the story of Maurice Guest, of Heinrich Krafft, of Eugen Schilsky, and of Louise Dufrayer. In no less complete way it is the story of Avery Hill, of Madelaine Wade, of Ephie Cayhill. It is the story of musical student life in Leipzig, and through the intersecting lives of these main characters a dozen minor characters move, acting and reacting upon them with the abrupt completeness or incompleteness of life. It is also, and marvellously, the story of musical Leipzig of the 1890's. The city like the people throbs with life, music, beauty, ugliness, power to make for love or pain. The story moves slowly through two years of these people's lives in Leipzig with lavish detail of musical background and vital characterisation not only of chance waiters and minor music masters and their wives, but of cafés, houses, little streets and parks and concert halls, every detail working toward fuller intimacy in the final unfolding of the complicated loves of Maurice and Krafft and Schilsky and Louise. Maurice's youthful, ideal, consuming passion for Louise Dufrayer is the theme, involved most tragically with the loves of Krafft and Schilsky, and through it all Avery Hill, Madelaine Wade, and Ephie Cayhill play their poignant, minor parts. From the blowy day in early spring when this young English boy arrives in Leipzig we live with him, through the white light of the author's visioning of his and others' secret lives, day by day, up to the pale grey dawn of another day in spring whose illimitable blue he had willed not to see, and whose brightness fell through the trees of a secret park upon his dead and staring eyes.

But Louise Dufrayer willed to live—and lives. I do not know a heroine anywhere in English fiction that ranks with her for emotional vitality and intensity. She is depicted with so complete an understanding of the shameless prides of the emotional temperament as to be spared nothing in the nakedness of her drawing, and to need no sparing. Some of the scenes between her and Maurice, or Krafft, or Madelaine, or Ephie Cayhill, are fairly torn from life, their bleeding unassuaged and unassuagable. A woman of little beauty, she is so instinct with sex as not to need the added lure of loveliness. If her materialism turned Maurice's ideal love to hateful passion, his ideals, worn and wasted in her fire, shamed and humiliated her self-respect in love as no other love of hers had ever shamed it, and the struggle of their conflicting temperaments is a story of beauty turned to irredeemable ugliness, of ecstasy turned to unendurable pain.

Henry Handel Richardson's second book, *The Getting of Wisdom,* brought out a year later, is a far briefer book, on a lesser scale. It reads like the prologue to an unwritten novel, or, perhaps, a first study to one of two women in *Maurice Guest.* Laura Rambotham might be the sketch for the completed portrait either of Madelaine Wade or of Avery Hill. It is the story of a girl in her early teens at an Australian school for girls, unadorned with loveliness of

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environment or spirit, a bare presentment of the struggles of adolescent girlhood in unfriendly environment, but shot through with the same poignant insight into the human soul.

In *The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney,* Henry Handel Richardson, after seven years of silence, presents again a large stage, set with many people moving across a background as instinct with life as the people it projects. This background is Australia of the 1850's and 1860's; the people are Australian pioneers. *Richard Mahoney* will be called a different book to *Maurice Guest,* and it is in so far as Australia in its pioneer days differs from Leipzig of the 1890's, and its Irish, Scotch, English, American, Chinese, Jewish, Lascar, and ticket-of-leave pioneers are unlike the musicians and exiled American residents and music students of Leipzig. People who read novels for their plot stuff may well pass *Richard Mahoney* by, for it has none. In this long book nothing happens. Richard Mahoney comes to Australia in the gold rush of 1852, a young Irishman of twenty-five, a trained surgeon, to find that all the new land is not made of gold. Failing gold, he also fails of practice, and sets up a general store, through whose "slimpsy" doors passes all of life on Ballarat. He marries Polly Turnham—who is a markedly careful study in wives—and after the death of their only child sets upon a belated attempt at establishing a medical practice. He builds a house, borrows money, finds it difficult to repay the loan; while through his office, as through his general store, flows the life of Ballarat, in chance entrances and exits, and Polly makes her definite attempts to establish social prestige and gain valuable friends—for Richard. Finally the ugly land, the lack of understanding people, the whole boring effect of wasting life in ugly environment for nothing but money, and never enough of that—all this scrapes Mahoney's tired nerves raw, and his repressed and disappointed youth breaks out with a flare. He will leave Australia with Polly, in spite of Polly, for the old country, adventuring again, at forty-five, before the fear of life closes down on him, and it is too late. With the sailing of the ship outward bound for England, Book I of *Australia Felix* ends.

In people and background nothing more unlike *Maurice Guest* could be chosen. But in *Richard Mahoney* only the people and background are different. Here, too, as in Henry Handel Richardson's first novel, is the same sweeping comprehension of the meaninglessness of life to humanity while it lives it; the same clairvoyant insight into the intricate labyrinth of human instincts that make for reasoned and unreasoned action, each so often equally futile for the achieving of happiness or peace; the same extraordinary gift for the massing of selected detail, without confusion, for the soft or sudden illumination of soul and deed; the same sensing of the formlessness of life and the endless conflict between matter and spirit in the bodies and souls of men and women; the same vision into all of life that makes the essential aloneness of the human soul stand out with whatever tragic beauty its solitude gives it.

Maurice Guest and *The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney* are two books that discriminating readers should know, and "Henry Handel Richardson" is a name that, long since known on the Continent, through the various translations of *Maurice Guest,* should not any longer be unknown to America. The second volume of *Australia Felix* should find an eager and intimately friendly audience ready to receive it.

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A LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER*

A REVIEW

BY ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

As EVERY true American boy should be, I was "raised" on Uncle Remus and Mark Twain. At this remote date, I find it hazardous to conjecture which exerted the greater influence on my character. It can, however, be stated "without fear of successful contradiction," that each gave me unadulterated and measureless joy. A time came when I unmistakably outgrew Uncle Remus; he ceased to be a staple article of consumption in adult life. Not so Mark Twain; the habit grew on me to such an alarming extent that at last I became a hopeless victim. As a school-boy, I was startled one day to read in a current periodical the declaration by one of Mark Twain's English admirers, that "*Huckleberry Finn* was the best story written on either side of the Atlantic in the preceding twenty-five years." This dictum so strongly confirmed my own deliberate, if immature, conviction—which was much more downright, to the effect that this story was the best story *ever* written on either side of the Atlantic, or of the Pacific, for that matter!—that it awakened in me, for the first time, a sort of mild respect for literary criticism.

The reading of these letters brings back with poignant freshness a thousand memories associated with Mark Twain. How touched I was by his reluctant promise to his daughter, Clara, as he was about to depart for England in 1907, not to wear his white evening clothes in England, for fear of shocking the rigid conservatives of the British Isles. And how thunderstruck I was to discover, upon calling on him later at Brown's Hotel in London, that the streets were blocked each day with spectators at the hour when, clad in gorgeous bath robe and loose slippers, he nonchalantly lounged down the crowded thoroughfare to the Turkish bath parlours! Mark Twain was an incorrigible jester; he had his joke at all hazards. He had no faith in Oliver Wendell Holmes's dictum that "all reputable authors are ashamed of being funny." On the contrary, he gloried in it; and somehow, by some strange exercise of genius, brought it about that others gloried in it. As I read over, with a mild amusement, the early letters of this callow youth of the Middle West, as he evolved through "the various planes of the phases," as O. Henry put it—printer, steamboat-pilot, miner, journalist, editor—I find it troublesome to swallow (even now) the solemn-faced panegyrics of Mr. Paine. For him, Mark Twain is rather oppressive and awe-inspiring as a world-figure—even when, in describing to his sister, Pamela, a visit to a World's Fair exhibition in 1853, he says: "It would take more than a week to examine everything; and as I was only in a little over two hours, I only glanced at about one-third of the articles; and having a poor memory, I have enumerated scarcely any even of the principal objects." In this same letter, responding to an inquiry as to where he spent his evenings, he refreshingly says: "Where would you suppose, with a fine printers' library containing more than four thousand volumes within a quarter of a mile of me, and nobody at home to talk to?"

One of the real contributions of such a collection of letters is the entirely natural picture it presents of an almost miraculous development. In a book I once

*Mark Twain's Letters. Arranged with comment by Albert Bigelow Paine. New York and London: Harper and Brothers. 1917.

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wrote about Mark Twain, I expressed the opinion that American life affords no example of supreme success from humblest beginning so signal as the example of Mark Twain. The chastening and refining influence of his wife again appears in all its vividness—reminding me of something he once said to me: "I never wrote a serious word until after I married her. Her advice to me was: 'Don't give way to your invincible temptation to destroy the good effect of your story by some extravagantly comic absurdity. Don't thwart your purpose with an ill-timed joke.'" Another important contribution of these volumes is the confirmation of the evidence, already afforded by Mr. Paine's biography, of the tremendous debt Mark Twain owed to Mr. William Dean Howells for a kindly censorship and rigorous criticism that exerted an appreciably salutary effect upon much of his maturer writing. Mark Twain was a torrent of productivity—a cataract of literary energy. Invention never flagged. The crude product poured forth in an unending stream —awaiting the destructive influence of the rock-crusher, the winnowing of the sieve, the refining process of the pans. It would be interesting to know how much of Mark Twain's writing was so vague, unco-ordinated, or crude, as to render it useless for preservation in printed form. I wonder what per cent. of it had to be "killed" because it did not measure up, strictly, to a standard of excellence in humour inexorably maintained. It was surely this ruthless self-criticism, to which he was driven, often with intense suffering, by his wife, Mr. Howells, and others, which transformed the "comic writer" into the great humourist. Mark Twain's admiration for Mr. Howells's art as a writer and critic was superlative. In speaking of a certain scene in *The Rise of Silas Lapham,* he characteristically says: "That's the best drunk scene —because the truest—that I ever read. There are touches in it that I never saw any writer take note of before. And they are set before the reader with amazing accuracy. How very drunk, and how recently drunk, and how altogether admirably drunk you must have been to enable you to continue that masterpiece!" And again he writes to Howells: "If your literature has not struck perfection now we are not able to see what is lacking. . . . Only you see people and their ways, and their insides and outsides as they *are,* and make them talk as they *do* talk. I think you are the very greatest artist in these tremendous mysteries that ever lived."

These letters fully confirm the impression, derived from Mark Twain's published works, that he was a remarkable observer, a faithful reporter; and that his descriptions deserve study as extraordinary specimens of graphic narrative. His naïveté, his freshness in observation, his forthright sincerity are truly memorable. It was with him a cardinal virtue never to permit himself, to employ a phrase of Ibsen's, to be "frightened by the venerableness of the institution"—however stable or well established the institution might be. His robustness of judgment, his buoyancy of spirit, and his faith in the contemporary stamps his work with the seal of perennial youth. Some words I wrote some years ago occur to me now as I read this important collection of letters, which constitute a revelation of many aspects of the American civilisation which Mark Twain so broadly and so many-sidedly represented: "There is a 'sort of contemporaneous posterity' which has registered its verdict that Mark Twain was the greatest humourist of the present era. But there is yet to come that wiser posterity of the future who will, I daresay, describe Mark Twain as America's most expressive, most human sociologist in letters. He is the historian—the historian in *art*—of a varied and unique phase of civilisation on the American Continent that has passed forever. Future investigators into the sociological phases of that civilisation are predestined to discover priceless and veracious documents in the wild and rudimentary, yet sane and universally human, writings of Mark Twain."

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SOME CONDUCTORS AND THEIR BATONS

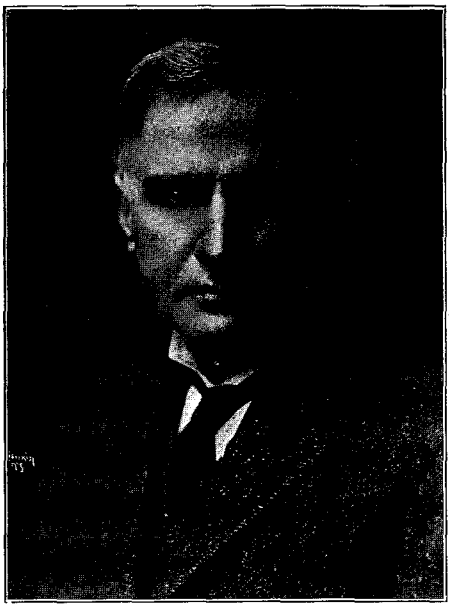
BY FREDERIC DEAN

TSCHAIKOVSKY'S RUSSIA

ON THE evening of Saturday, December 1st, in Carnegie Hall, Walter Damrosch conducted a performance of Tschaikovsky's *Symphonie Pathétique,* using the men of the Symphony Society of New York as his instrument of expression. I choose this form of statement, as it was peculiarly and emphatically a Damrosch night—the director was peculiarly and emphatically inspired. It seemed as if the great Russian composer were standing at his side, charging his soul with the elemental poesy of this monumental hymn of national sorrow, electing to inject personally into the conductor and through him into the men with whom he was surrounded, the Russian spirit of unrest, compelling them to utter, as never before, this cry of anguish that so adequately and completely pictures the helplessness, the transcendent sadness of the heart of Russia in this her hour of darkest despair. There is boundless tragedy in a Vereshtchagin canvas, intense personal grief in a Tourgénief story, but no artist has exalted national sorrow as has Tschaikovsky in this lamentation. His *Pathétique* has been played superbly by Safonoff and only less well by dozens of others, dozens of other times. Mr. Damrosch himself has often presented it with a fine regard for the love he bore the composer—his guest upon this very platform not so many years ago—but on this occasion there was a special devotion to the memory of his friend, a new reverence in his interpretation of his well-beloved, yet ever superbly new, instrumentation of Russia's prayer. The wood-winds sang with special plaintiveness; the strings soared to exalted heights and sank to tragic depths; the brasses sobbed with fresh despair; the crescendoes beat upon our hearts with new stress; at the diminuendoes we held our breath; after the last expiring sigh we seemed to see Russia, bruised, beaten, broken—a final wreckage past repair.

A BUNDLE OF STICKS

In a drawer in my study I have a bundle of sticks—batons that have been used by various conductor-generals of



WALTER DAMROSCH, CONDUCTOR OF THE SYMPHONY SOCIETY OF NEW YORK

the music world in their orchestral campaigns in the name—and for the cause—of their art. Some of these sticks are long, some short; some thick and heavy, others—notably the one used by Dr. Karl Muck—but a trifle larger and longer than an average lemonade straw. Here is the one used by Anton Seidl when he conducted the first American performance of the *Nibelungen Ring;* this elegant-looking affair is the one with which the elegant Tschaikovsky opened

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Carnegie Hall; this, with its leather thong, which held it to his wrist, was Arditi's, carried by him through many a performance of Italian opera in the old Academy of Music; another light one, splintered at the top, was broken by Theodore Thomas at his last New York appearance, when he conducted Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. This other long, light one was handled by Sir Joseph Barnby; that little bent bit of rattan was the one used by Hans Richter —both during London days, in St. James's and Albert Halls; the sticks of Nikisch and Gericke, Damrosch and Paur, Toscanini and d'Albert, Camille St. Saëns and Richard Strauss—and some two score or more others—are wrapped up in that little bundle, each as individualistic as the man who wielded it—everyone telling a differing story. They are ghosts of departed days—dreams of musical treats of the past.

For the present musical season there is being presented in New York a wonderful variety of feasts, each similar in intent if not in intensity to that presented by Mr. Damrosch on that particular Saturday night just mentioned—each prepared and directed by a wielder of one of these little emblems of power. All of the orchestras are giving more concerts than usual. The Philharmonic has arrived at the maximum number of four-and-forty—nearly eight times as many as it used to offer; the New York Symphony is doing double duty by playing in both Carnegie and the Aeolian Halls; the Russian Symphony will produce a larger number of exotics from their native composers than ever before; even the popular moving-picture houses —the Rialto and the Strand—announce "symphonic" menus for their patrons—patrons who are accustomed to take their entertainment through their eyes. In the matter of opera, too, we are to be regaled with more than the usual number of performances. Not content with the offerings at the Metropolitan, the city is to be invaded by a second opera company—from Chicago; a season of but four weeks is announced, but this double fortnight is to be packed with enough novelties for a longer stay by the visitors.

WHAT THE MUSICAL CHEFS ARE OFFERING

Now, what of the conductors of these varied musical bands—these chefs of rare dishes for our palates? Surely they are entitled to a special word of commendation and criticism. What manner of leaders are they? To what kind of musical pabulum are we being subjected? These be war times. Does this fact affect the builders of programmes? Is there a noticeable change in the compositions offered? Frankly, I think there is. A well-known singer expressed it very well the other evening. "Wherever I go this season," she said, "I am confronted by the old standbys—Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn—with a dash of Bach. It is as if we had been so overwrought by the excitement attendant upon the war that we could not stand so much of the modern tempestuous music and needed the quieting influence of the saner and less impassioned writers to soothe and comfort us in these days of storm and stress." Possibly she was right. The times are certainly out of joint and we *are* having many rehearings of the old-timers. Not long ago Mr. Stransky gave us a very peaceful afternoon with Papa Haydn, and both Mr. Damrosch and Dr. Muck have joined him in giving us more than one taste of Beethoven. Mr. Altschuler is excused from any of this old-time propaganda, as his men play nothing but Russian music. But, even at that, it seemed to some of us that Mr. Altschuler galloped a bit too fast upon his novelty nag at his first concert of the season. The other day I saw some music that had just come over from Russia—something new from Rachmaninov. The paper was so bad the music was well-nigh undecipherable. The publisher explained that it was the best paper obtainable. But it reminded me of these new compositions presented by Mr. Altschuler. They were possibly the best obtainable compositions just at this moment. But we

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must not cavil with whatever else was offered us, when we had the opportunity of hearing Madame Lubimova. Here is a sterling good artist, one fully able to cope with the technique of whatever she attempts and fully alive to the possibilities of the real essence of the composition. A beautiful woman, extremely gracious in manner, and a thorough master of her instrument; she should be heard often by the piano-loving New Yorkers. Madame was more generous to the Vassar College girls than to plain New Yorkers—to them she gave an entire programme of Russian novelties for the piano. It is hoped that she may be induced to repeat this programme in New York in the near future. For she comes with an exceedingly strong recommendation; she has been an intimate of these good writers for many years; she has had the opportunity of their own criticism and advice, and she plays their pieces as the composers would have them played. Here, then, is a pretty fair phonographic reproduction of the originals.

TAMARA LUBIMOVA, RUSSIAN PIANISTE AND SOLOIST, WITH THE RUSSIAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

THE RUSSIAN SYMPHONY SOCIETY

It was the sensitive Huneker who started the slogan, "Beware the Slav!" Tschaikovsky had paved the way and, in his wake, had streamed the rugged Russians with their bristling batteries of harmonics, weird and strange to the ear, but pulsating with a new life—a life that demanded attention if not affection, a life that frightened at times and caused pain—but it was at least real and as such straightway marched into our hearts and made itself welcome. The Russians are not those who knock timidly—they bombard. In this particular instance they made such a terrible hubbub that New York promptly surrendered and—demanded more! Now, the only way to secure more was to gather together a body of players who should play nothing but this Russian fire music and make them responsible for our hearing as much of it as we would; and, thus was born the Russian Symphony Orchestra, with modest Altschuler at its head as conductor. This was a dozen years ago. Since its organisation the orchestra has fully demonstrated its usefulness as a missionary in Russia's cause. There have been times when we thought that perhaps the works offered needed a little more polish before their presentation—but it might be justly questioned, Why polish that which is rugged in essence and temperament?

It has been in great measure a labour of love on Mr. Altschuler's part—this bringing out novelty after novelty—and occasionally we have found his musical dishes somewhat gamy, as at his last concert when was presented a programme which showed to what lengths the Slav has been driven in his extremities of war pangs. But even these ultra-modern bits of revolutionary music were at least interesting, and during his many years of service Conductor Altschuler has led us into some of the most exquisite musical fields that have been opened up to us. Haunting melodies, crashing dissonances that were but a part of the most colour-

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ful of orchestral mosaics; rhythmic cadences that set our whole being pulsating; long, strong sweeps of phrase that carried us away upon an irresistible tide, these are but echoes of the heart-music into which he has initiated us.

WHAT THE PHILHARMONIC STANDS FOR

When the Philharmonic Society gave its first concert down in the Apollo Rooms, over three-quarters of a century ago, its members little thought that the same organisation would be announcing its eleven hundred and eighty-fourth concert this month and that during all these years "going to the Philharmonic" would be one of the joys of the New Yorker, whether music-lover or plain Philistine. Musical societies of varying types have been formed in honour and disbanded in dishonour; orchestras have come and gone, but this sturdy band of true workers still holds to the traditions of long ago—a little changed in its policy as far as money matters are concerned, but still the same fine company of thoroughbred artists, united in purpose and in zeal, doing more for the musical uplift of the community and for its general education and entertainment than was ever thought possible in the days gone by.

As originally planned, the body known as "The Philharmonic Society" was composed of sixty-three men, bound together as no other body of musicians in this country. Each one of the sixty-three was an "actual member," that is, a professional player upon an orchestral instrument, and a member of the orchestral body as long as he was able to play his instrument creditably. He had paid the sum of twenty-five dollars to become such a member; he gave his services to every rehearsal and performance of the society, and he profited *pro rata* by every dollar taken in after all expenses had first been paid. At the end of the first year each member received the sum of twenty-five dollars as his individual part of the dividend declared—one thousand four hundred and sixty-two dollars; and at the end of the forty-ninth year the dividend amounted to fifteen thousand five hundred dollars, and each man drew the sum of two hundred dollars for his year's work.

As time grew on it was deemed best to change the plan of organisation. Some of the best men found it far from practical to devote so much time to rehearsals and public performances and dropped out; others were voted out and new blood was infused. The year that Walter Damrosch was conductor he inveigled Andrew Carnegie into acting as president of the society, hoping thereby that he (Mr. Carnegie) might see his way clear to divert one or more of his many millions into the society's treasury. But Mr. Carnegie said that he did not wish to pauperise the men who had stood by their guns so long and so manfully and declined. In 1911 the men were put upon a salary basis and a small endowment fund was started and has grown with the years, but it never amounted to enough to pay the yearly salaries, and there is a yearly deficit. This year the society has been hit severely by reason of the war.

JOSEF STRANSKY AND AMERICAN MUSIC

The position of "conductor" of such a body of men means more than that of musical director to many another orchestra. The traditions of the society, the dignity of the programmes selected, the care of preparation necessary with so long and so excellent a reputation behind this, its seventy-sixth season, all make for rare gifts in the man entrusted with the baton which is to guide these ninety musicians in their public performances. Josef Stransky is in his seventh year of service with the orchestra. He came to fill the place left vacant by the sudden death of Gustav Mahler, who was preceded by such musical giants as Safonoff, Anton Seidl, Theodore Thomas and the like. It was feared at his coming that Mr. Stransky might not fill out the robe worn by these great ones to the satisfaction of the captious public, but before the close of his first season he had dispelled such doubts and proven

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JOSEF STRANSKY, CONDUCTOR OF THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY

himself to be one of the elect. His programmes were found worthy to be classed with those of his predecessors; his grasp of the compositions selected for presentation has been equal to that of those who formerly wore the toga and the concerted work of his men has been in every way satisfactory.

Mr. Stransky speaks modestly about his work: "We have rehearsals practically every day during the season and our programmes are made up of music from every country—all nationalities are represented, with a strong leaning toward the new works of the young Americans. I have been in this country for seven years. I came to try it as an experiment. To-day I love it so much more than ever before that I am more an American than a European. American painters have become internationally honoured, American writers are known as the strong men of literature—of the literature of the world; American music is making rapid strides toward first place and we cannot be blind to the fact that we have right here a mine of musical delights. It shall be the pleasure of the Philharmonic Society to exploit these treasures and present them with the same measure of care and attention to detail that has served to make the society's offerings what they have ever been in the past."

Well spoken and well meant. Mr. Stransky puts American music in the same crucible as any other music and produces side by side Bruch's concerto for two pianos and Hadley's symphony *North, East, South and West.* And there are those who heard both and decided to give first honours to the young American.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY AND ITS IDEALS

Some of us prefer to be classed in the minority that does *not* care for the perfection of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—we occasionally demand a break in the *tempi*—here and there a (not too) discordant brass—a rugged splendour thoroughly incompatible to the smoothing-out process to which the Boston band was subjected by the metronomic Gericke.

It was once said that the Boston Symphony Orchestra was made by Wilhelm Gericke, but that it took Arthur Nikisch to breathe into it a living soul. Some of us remember that first taste vouchsafed us of the reality of Boston's supremacy as voiced in the first concert given in New York by the Boston men. Gericke lined up his sixteen first violins in front of the other players and *as one instrument* they played Haendel's *Largo.* There was not so much as a hair's breadth of a difference in the bowing—let alone any other discrepancy—among the entire sixteen. As a piece of virtuosity, it was an epoch-making "stunt," but for real music there were those who preferred the inspirational gifts of Nikisch—even if he did keep the poor horn-player waiting so long in the beginning of the Brahms symphony that he lost his breath and had none for the very telling note when the time came for his expression.

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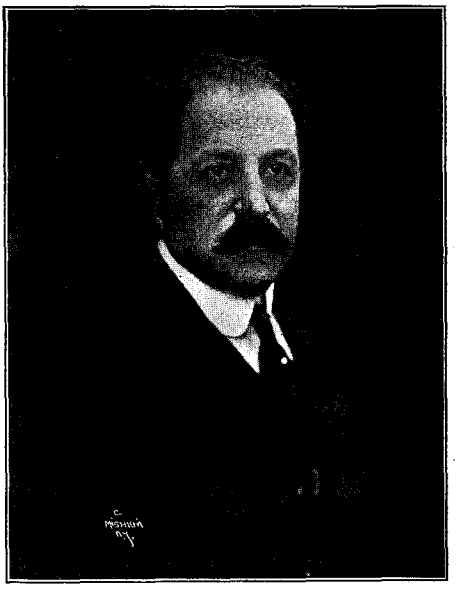
Possibly, of all the conductors that have been engaged by Colonel Higginson Karl Muck is the most refined in his readings, the most given to Greek-like shadings of meaning. Take the symphony last played by him in Carnegie Hall—Beethoven's Fifth—and recall the *whispered* passages of the strings and wood-winds. Call him, if you will, the Wendell Phillips of the orchestra—willing to sacrifice sonority to sentiment. Dr. Muck is a doctor of philosophy. He



PIERRE MONTEUX, CONDUCTOR AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

weighs the meaning of a musical phrase as he chooses the exact word for his sentence. As sensitive as Chopin, he would be shocked by a lack of perfect balance of tone in the differing choirs of his band. To the precision of Gericke and the soul of the Magyar Nikisch he has added the delicacy of a Meissonier. Under his wisplike wand the Boston Symphony Orchestra seldom have torrential outpourings of sound, but there are gradations of tone as delicate as the whispering of the summer wind.

THE EVOLUTION OF PIERRE MONTEUX

Last summer a series of popular concerts was given in that home of summer music—the St. Nicholas Rink in New York. But these were no ordinary "summer concerts" planned to entertain languidly the busy man—and woman—forced to stay in town during the hot nights, such as had been the mission of Franz Kaltenborn, of Anton Seidl, of Theodore Thomas and such as had called Straus, the waltz king, to cross the water and fiddle his adorable melodies into our grateful hearts; for this season had a special interest. It came at a time when all New York was under Khaki rule. The projectors of the proposition were wise enough to realise this and made their concerts a rallying-post for the khaki-clad soldiery, who were glad to have a bit of diversion, *provided* it were tinctured with something that smacked of "service." So, at these musical evenings there were addresses by men of military rank, who interspersed between the musical selections, rallying notes for the benefit of those already pledged to their country's service and for those who were not—but would like to be. The scheme worked like magic and kindled a great deal of enthusiastic energy.

At these concerts a new conductor, Pierre Monteux by name, fitted into the double rôle of musical and military director most admirably. He had served in the French army all through the struggle on the Marne and had seen enough trench warfare to give the necessary flare to the *Marseillaise* and other national anthems. Sincere in his appreciation of what was best in all schools, his Beethoven was reverently played, Mendelssohn had as clear a recognition as had Massenet and Debussy. But it was noticed that in his own French music he was at his best and that extra care was given to those moderns who are better known to us by their songs than by their symphonies. This is the man chosen by Gatti-Casazza to interpret the French operas at the Metropolitan.

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CLEOFONTE CAMPANINI, CONDUCTOR OF THE CHICAGO OPERA COMPANY

The spectacular revival of *Faust* was put in his charge with most gratifying results. His place is already secured.

RE-ENTER CLEOFONTE CAMPANINI

Cleofonte Campanini first came to notice in this country in a series of performances of Verdi's *Otella* in the Academy of Music. This was over a quarter century ago. What he promised then he fulfilled later. Oscar Hammerstein had him in mind when he planned to enter the grand-opera field. What a help the maestro was to him at the beginning of his venture is a bit of well-known history. There were lean days for Hammerstein during that first season —lean days that might have meant bankruptcy. But with each announced deficit Campanini took on new courage; extra rehearsals were called; more precision demanded; increased care was given to details. Charged with the responsibility of bringing before the public a number of novelties and in presenting new voices in old operas, Campanini had his hands full without the annoyance of thin houses and no money. But he never faltered, and finally the tide turned. Little by little the number and the enthusiasm of the patrons increased. The tawdry interior was fortunately small enough to make an evening at "the little opera house on Thirty-fourth Street" seem like a family gathering; an intimacy sprang up among the *habitués,* who missed anything rather than their nights at the Manhattan. The firm of Hammerstein and Campanini had won out.

What the maestro did for Hammerstein and New York a decade ago he has since been doing in Chicago. This month he is due to bring his operatic wares to a New York market. The very newest of the new are advertised—the newest operas by the newest of writers—to be sung by the newest of singers and in the newest of opera houses—the Lexington Theatre. And may all success attend his venture!

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THE CIVIL WAR AND AFTER*

BY LUTHER E. ROBINSON

THE lapse of the years since the Civil War has brought under dispassionate scrutiny an increasing mass of letters, diaries, and reminiscences to supplement the voluminous information preserved in newspapers and periodicals, statutes and addresses, state papers and despatches, public and private. The study and interpretation of this cumulative body of fact and opinion has been the work of many years of scholarly endeavour. Behind the effort the motive of accuracy of statement concerning events has smoothed the way for less clouded judgments respecting their meaning. Herein lies their intellectual and moral value for the future. The clearing of ill-feeling and predilections springing from the long ferment of contradictory ideals has followed with each new generation of men, with larger educational sympathy and economic transformation. The growth of the national spirit has been attended by the intellectual independence of which Emerson spoke, and by the passion for trustworthy investigation. Out of these have come not only successive appraisements of our great internal struggle to establish democracy with discipline, but also a desire to record and interpret the phenomenal expansion of American life and idealism which have since risen above the iconoclasm of war.

The civil conflict was the climax of immiscible forces which had strengthened with the extension of population and the national domain. The core of the strife was slavery. Moral sentiment in one group of States had grown hostile to its further propagation. Congress had become an arena in which statesmen, for and against, engaged their energies in sharp legislative strategy to fortify their respective positions on the great question in dispute. The contest found a brief quiescence in the Missouri Compromise. Then arose the evil genius of presidential ambition to rekindle the flame of sectional antagonism. Mr. Douglas, unconscious of the passion his proposal would engender, and insensible of the evil of slavery, invoked the Kansas-Nebraska act, presumably as a new step in the operation of democracy. His parliamentary tact was as clever as his argument was specious. Events inveigled him into the temptation to include the repeal of the Missouri Compromise as a feature of his programme. This plunge was the undoing of his hopes for the Presidency. The formation of the Republican party, the rise of Lincoln with his formula of national impermanence "half slave and half free," and the consequent breach in the Democratic party, instituted a new era of thought in which Douglas and his theories had no part. But he had staged the critical act of the drama which brought the North and South into irreconcilable attitudes of mind. Secession was the recourse of the South for the security of slavery; her action became the Nemesis of both the Confederacy and its "chief cornerstone."

As an episode in the annals of democracy the Civil War will long attract the pen of the faithful historian. Its interpretation will carry still greater significance with the spread of human experience in government. One is impressed with this feeling as one reads

* History of the Civil War. By James Ford Rhodes. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Honest Abe. By Alonzo Rothschild. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Uncollected Letters of Abraham Lincoln. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

History of the United States Since the Civil War. By Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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the latest work on the subject by that veteran historian, James Ford Rhodes. His new *History of the Civil War* has not been prepared as an abridgment of the last three volumes of his well-known history, which cover in greater detail the Civil War period. The last of those three volumes was published in 1904. Since that time the access of new sources of information has justified the new work. Notable among these sources are the *Official Records of the Union and Confederate Navies,* the invaluable *Diary of Gideon Welles,* Secretary of the Navy under Lincoln and Johnson, and General Wilson's *Life of John A. Rollins,* whom General Grant's latest biographer has aptly called "Grant's conscience." Mr. Rhodes has employed also the *Letters and Diary of John Hay* besides numerous late secondary sources, such as Thayer's *Life of John Hay,* Miss Nocolay's *Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln,* and the histories of recent writers extending over the same period. Apparently Mr. Rhodes's new volume is in no sense an amplification of his *Lectures on the American Civil War,* delivered at Oxford University in 1912. Rather it is based upon the three preceding volumes on the Civil War. It contains statements in the language of the older work. Like its predecessors, it is unusually well provided with a list of the best authorities, an ample table of contents, and a very complete index.

In general, Mr. Rhodes's historical work has the distinction of frequent citations from the sources interwoven with his text, and a style uniformly clear, dignified and familiar. There is always the presence of independent but never obtrusive personal judgment. His eye is ever upon his subject; and there is cheering absence of academic statement and the tendency to abstraction. With all his conscientious attention to authenticity, he gives us the desired effects of movement and proportion. The result is that he makes history concrete, instructive, and readable. Perhaps it would not be unfair to say that his charm of style and breadth of learning are nowhere found in happier combination than in his *Historical Essays,* published in 1909, a companion volume of which would be accepted with delight. On the other hand, these virtues are found at their low point of excellence in the *Oxford Lectures,* which imposed the necessity of great condensation in presenting a complex series of events which lend themselves successfully only to the art of narration or exposition. In this new volume he succeeds in uniting the excellences of the larger work as nearly as is attainable in not more than one-third of the space.

Aside from an adequate account of the circumstances out of which the war arose, the foreign and domestic problems involved, and the economic and social difficulties encountered, the dominant impression obtained from this new work may be well expressed in Lincoln's phrase, recorded in Welles's *Diary* and uttered soon after Hooker's defeat at Chancellorsville. Lee was planning to carry the theatre of war into the North. It was known that this enterprise would threaten the safety of Baltimore, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, and possibly Washington. The North, roused to a high pitch of excitement and hasty preparation, appealed to the President to supersede Hooker with McClellan. Mr. Lincoln shared the anxiety of the moment, but did not fancy McClellan for the emergency. "We cannot help beating them," he declared, "if we have the man. How much depends in military matters on one master mind!" This expression contains the crux of the obstacles which prolonged the war. Here, as in the larger work, Mr. Rhodes gives just and attractive emphasis to the significance of leaders on both sides of the struggle. How often men have asked why McClellan did not take the Confederate capital when he had penetrated within a few miles of his coveted goal? Why did he not pursue and destroy Lee's army after Antietam, or follow up his victory at Malvern Hill and completely disable the enemy? Mr. Rhodes tells us that McClellan had no love for

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a fight; that often he was not present when his army was in action; that he persistently over-estimated the force of the enemy, and continually carped at the administration for not providing him with reinforcements. Perhaps General Meade expressed the pith of the matter when he wrote that McClellan waited to have everything in perfect readiness before attacking, and that meantime "the enemy pounced upon him and thwarted all his plans."

If McClellan's "ideal completeness of preparation" was his psychological impediment and prolonged the war, he compensated somewhat for this defect by his skill in handling the engineering problems concerned with success in offensive warfare. Probably more fundamental still as an explanation of his mixture of success and failure are the words of General Grant: "If McClellan had gone into the war as Sherman, Thomas or Meade, had fought his way along and up, I have no reason to suppose that he would not have won as high distinction as any of us." McClellan's successor, Burnside, met his disaster at Fredericksburg. Hooker succeeded and met a similar fate at Chancellorsville. Hallack proved to be only a "good clerk," and Pope was the unlucky choice of a desperate situation. Meade himself had written: "We must expect disaster so long as our armies are not under one master mind." The next year, when Lee was marching hopefully into Pennsylvania, Hooker asked to be relieved. Meade took his place and was given an opportunity of exhibiting his own and the President's philosophy of leadership. All agree with Mr. Rhodes that the choice of Meade was excellent; yet after his success at Gettysburg, Lincoln was grievously disappointed at his failure to capture or disable Lee before the latter's escape across the Potomac. The various commanders of the Army of the Potomac had not developed the ability to handle a large army with skill and expedition. Not until Grant won his brilliant victories at Vicksburg and Chattanooga did the "master mind" appear, ably seconded by Sherman.

Mr. Rhodes expresses the common historical judgment when he ascribes military genius to Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson. From the beginning of the war the Confederacy possessed military leadership of a high order. Though not a discussion within the purview of this new volume, many readers will recall that in the matter of military spirit and leadership the South was in an important sense better off in 1860 than the North was. Both sides had indeed inherited a number of officers who had been trained at West Point and had seen service in the war with Mexico. But class distinction was peculiar to Southern society. The upper class had long been accustomed to military drill, and the use of arms was the habitual disposition of white men of both classes. The military academy was typical of the South. In the North the absence of class cleavage in the Southern sense, the presence of large and growing cities, and of varied industries, predisposed the people to occupations unassociated with the bearing of arms. In military matters it is not surprising that the North should find her adjustment, or even her "master mind," more tardily than the South. In the civil sphere Mr. Rhodes concedes to Jefferson Davis administrative ability, and on the testimony of his state papers great executive talent. He estimates Mr. Lincoln far higher as "a compeller of men." "The great man of the Civil War was Lincoln. Lacking him the North would have abandoned the contest. . . . Other rulers . . . have remorselessly crushed those who stood in their way. He said, I am not in favour of crushing anybody out. . . . We speak of the mighty Cæsar, never of the mighty Lincoln. But nobody speaks of the honest Julius, while Honest Old Abe will live through the ages."

The splendid tribute to Lincoln with which Mr. Rhodes closes his able volume is supported in detail in Alonzo Rothschild's *Honest Abe,* a new work which the author's untimely death ren-

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dered it necessary to leave unfinished. It will be remembered that Mr. Rothschild's *Lincoln, Master of Men,* published in 1906, presented Lincoln from the viewpoint of his mastery in the discernment and management of men, and brought the subject up to the nominating convention of 1864. The present volume presents Lincoln from the angle of uprightness, and illustrates this characteristic during many circumstances of his varied career. Honesty was the basis of Lincoln's conduct during the "pinching times of poverty" as well as during professional and official life. Although his mother is presented as a woman of integrity and gentleness, the quality of honesty in Abraham is emphasised as a paternal strain. Even Lincoln's father, the much-caricatured and improvident Thomas, seems to have been traditionally truthful. Lincoln's professional ethics has become a popular legend, especially the notion that he never undertook a law case for a client whom he believed to be in the wrong. There is abundant testimony that this was his general practice. Those familiar with the life of Alexander H. Stephens will be reminded of his assertion of a similar practice in his own life "to inquire into the facts and the law applicable" to a case and to decline it if it appeared the litigant was not "entitled to success." Mr. Rothschild gives interesting accounts of Lincoln's law practice, and presents the general facts about the "Effie Alton" suit, the McCormick reaper case, in which he first met Stanton, and the suit in which he appeared for the Illinois Central Railroad, earning his largest fee, four thousand eight hundred dollars. The author's death occurred too early for his use of valuable material, corroborative of some of his best exposition of Lincoln, such as is found in the volumes by Richards and Rankin. But his volume is greatly enriched by full historical and explanatory notes on each chapter. His son completes the book by an interesting memoir of the author.

Students of Lincoln will rejoice over the new volume of *Uncollected Letters* just published by Gilbert A. Tracey. Miss Tarbell furnishes an introduction to the collection. It contains about three hundred and forty-six letters, gathered from a variety of sources, many of them very brief military orders. They date from as early as 1836, the latest belong to 1865. A number fall within the period of the debates with Douglas. Some of these comment on Douglas's effort to hold the loyalty of Democrats on both sides of the slavery issue. There are letters to Trumbull, Chase, and O. H. Browning. The letter to Carl Schurz, written after the Democratic successes in the congressional elections in 1862, which Schurz ascribes largely to Mr. Lincoln's appointment of numerous Democrats to office, maintains that no such appointments had been made except those urged by Republicans and "opposed by none." These appointments include McClellan, "first brought forward by the Republican Governor of Ohio." One of the most interesting letters for the historian is that to General Steele and Military Governor Phelps of Arkansas, dated November 18, 1862, announcing the President's appointment of W. M. McPherson as his representative to encourage the loyal people in Arkansas to elect members of Congress, and possibly state officers, and asking that the "people be given a chance to express their wishes at these elections." Those seeking office were to be "gentlemen of character and willing to support the Constitution as of old." This letter bears upon the slowly forming plan of reconstruction which Lincoln was apparently shaping in his mind. Even more interesting is the letter to A. H. Stephens of January 18, 1860, exactly a year before the secession of Georgia. The letter contains Mr. Lincoln's refutation of Southern complaints against Northern attitude toward the States Rights doctrine, and contains these words: "Let me say right here that only the unanimous consent of all the States can dissolve this Union. We will not secede and you shall not." This letter contains an intimation of the elevation

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and argument Lincoln was to employ a month later at Cooper Institute.

What Mr. Rhodes has accomplished so satisfactorily for our history from the Compromise of 1850 to the end of the great war is to be continued by a *History of the United States Since the Civil War,* by Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer. This courageous undertaking is projected for five volumes, of which the first of over five hundred pages is just published. It begins with the assassination of President Lincoln and closes with the purchase of Alaska. It is a storehouse of detail; every page carries the evidence of comprehensive and discriminating research. Official publications, letters, speeches, and newspapers contribute their liberal shares of information. Welles's *Diary* does good service for this volume, and will undoubtedly contribute to the next following. The author holds a judicial restraint upon his own views. He is expert in searching for the events and the views of those sharing in the making of history. The period is a difficult one for the historian. Those who have treated it have done so with more or less generality; they have realised the danger of going astray in the maze of contradictory and passionate testimony, whether from the living or the dead. Mr. Oberholtzer's enterprise will command the greatest interest, not only because of the obvious difficulties, but because of the equally obvious need of a full and disinterested record of the rich and diversified expansion of our life and institutions, our wealth and our world influence, since the period of triumph in political solidarity. Popular prejudices have faded before the advance of the common intelligence, American idealism has become highly socialised, constructive, dynamic. We feel the need of a closer connection with the epical achievements of the last half century, and our sympathies favour such a presentation as this new work promises in its initial volume.

The succession of Johnson to the presidential office, the pursuit and punishment of Mr. Lincoln's assassins, the disbanding of the veteran armies, the arrest and disposition of Confederate leaders, the desolation left in the wake of war, the great public indebtedness—these form the introduction to President Johnson's policies. Like Mr. Rhodes's, Mr. Oberholtzer's vision of American achievement embraces more than politics. In this volume we are given, in proper alignment and proportion, the growth of cities, of transportation, of expanding industries and population. The great West, with its varieties of soil, climate, and resources, rises in power and influence. The romantic experience of its first settlers, the conquest and control of its Indian tribes, the establishment of trade relations with the Far East by way of the Pacific, are described. The beginnings of very many discoveries and inventions are traced, including petroleum, the introduction of Nobel's nitroglycerine, the sewing machine, and new devices useful in mining or in navigation. The author pictures the amusements and fashions of people, as their diverse modes of living stretch out from Saratoga and Atlantic City to the wild life of pioneer miners in Colorado or Wyoming. But the focal theme of the volume, never neglectful of the social forces contemporaneously in action, is the unhappy task of Reconstruction.

Here again, as in all well-written history, it is a study of policies through personalities. Johnson, untrained in mind and in government, followed with fidelity the path indicated by his great predecessor, left inchoate by reason of the immediate burdens of war and the sudden tragedy which ended his life. Johnson was out of sympathy with the governing class of the South, whence he had come. His amnesty proclamation struck at the wealthier social class by withholding pardon from persons possessing property to the amount of twenty thousand dollars. Replying to a group of Virginia gentlemen protesting against this exception, he bluntly riveted upon them responsibility for the attempt to subvert the Union. "I know how the

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thing was done," he asserted. "You rich men used the press and bullied your little men to force the State into secession." He spoke, observes the historian, as a "poor white" for the "poor whites." Despite his unpopularity, there was much to respect in Johnson's sincere and narrow philosophy. Helper's *Impending Crisis,* a decade before, was a significant if unscholarly attempt to speak for this class. Mr. Oberholtzer could have cited in support of the President's indictment the valuable testimony of the Vice-president of the Confederacy. In his *Recollections* Mr. Stephens declares that "the Southern mind was influenced and misguided by a class of public men, politicians not statesmen, newspaper editors and preachers, who possessed far more ambition and zeal than wisdom and knowledge. By their power over the passions and prejudices of the multitude they precipitated the Southern people into reassumption of their independence as States more as an escape from anticipated wrongs than from actual grievance."

But Johnson's difficulties were destined to rise out of the North, not from the South. What to do with the negroes became the most perplexing and potent of manifold issues. Lincoln had hoped for a solution in colonisation. The impracticability of this plan and the substitution of the idea of citizenship brought on the breach between the President and Congress. Johnson would bestow suffrage upon the freedmen gradually, imposing a literacy or property qualification. The radicals, headed by Sumner, Chase, and Stevens, demanded unqualified suffrage. Many Northern men sympathised with the President's view. Chase, now Chief Justice, visited the South to encourage the radical policy. General Sherman told him that the adoption of his suffrage ideas "as a fixed policy of government to be backed by physical power will produce new war, which from its desultory character will be more bloody and destructive than the last." Few realise to-day the intensity of bitter feeling which this crucial issue of Reconstruction produced at the North. No one has surpassed Mr. Oberholtzer in giving to the story its human and realistic touch. The President was strongly supported by the moderates. His opponents in Congress defied him by offering to the South the Fourteenth Amendment. The President sought to strengthen his following by his "swing around the circle," speaking to great crowds from New York to Chicago and St. Louis. This move and its effects suggest to us now an amended version of Lincoln's military philosophy; it shows how much depends in politics upon a great and engaging personality. Johnson's vituperative and ill-considered expressions, as he unsparingly denounced his "adversaries," fell upon disappointed followers, many of whom, through inaction or hostility, strengthened the ranks of the radicals. Johnson's lack of refinement and moderation, in spite of his sincere desire to do justly, must figure largely in any judgment of the factors that led at last to his impeachment. The outcome of this event Mr. Oberholtzer reserves for the succeeding volume. He leaves us with the issues and the protagonists well in mind, and closes with an account of the troubles in Mexico and the purchase of Alaska.

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IDEALS AND ALLEGIANCES*
IN CURRENT FICTION

BY H. W. BOYNTON

SOME of us may have wondered (and perhaps ceased to wonder) if the war had definitely done for that promised trilogy of which *The Duchess of Wrexe* was the first member. Mr. Walpole seemed there to have embarked upon a pretty large undertaking, though we may not have been quite sure what that undertaking was. In calling his trilogy *The Rising City,* he seemed to have something in mind that was a good deal broader and more inclusive than London Town; nothing less than the City of Life, the metropolis of the human soul, as modern minds and hands are building it. Now comes, rather unexpectedly, the second part of the work, *The Green Mirror.* Its last pages, it appears, were written in August, 1914, immediately upon the outbreak of the war. Shortly thereafter began Mr. Walpole's service in the Russian Red Cross. That brought us *The Dark Forest,* which is still, to my mind, the finest novel in English written since the war and *out* of the war—the finest, certainly, as a work of literary art. Meanwhile *The Green Mirror* had lain untouched until a convalescence of the author's, late in 1915, when it underwent some revision. Another year and a half were to pass before it was issued, with a dedicatory preface from Mr. Walpole, still in Russia. He half-deprecates the book: "We are now," he says, "in a world very different from that with which this story deals, and it must, I am afraid, appear slow in development and uneventful in movement, belonging, in style and method and subject, to a day that seems to us already old-fashioned." Heaven forbid that it should already be a day not worth interpreting as Mr. Walpole has here interpreted it! Like *The Duchess of Wrexe,* it records the passing of a régime. The Duchess, you will recall, was the last of the aristocrats, the feudal rulers of social England: the essential prop, in particular, of that Beaminster edifice which looks so imposing until, with her long-deferred collapse, it is seen to have been a house of cards. The Trenchards of the present story represent another phase of England's strength and weakness. There is a point of contact in the Trenchards' acquaintance with the Rachel Beaminster who married Roddy Seddon. "Rachel Seddon was a Beaminster, and although the Beaminster power was now broken, about that family there lingered traditions of greatness and autocratic splendour. Neither Rachel nor Roddy Seddon was autocratic, but Katherine could not trust herself entirely to them. It was as though she was afraid that by doing so she would be disloyal to her own people." In the main, however, the Trenchards and their allied Faulders are not afraid of outsiders, since they are not conscious of them in any way. This is the contrast their chronicler repeatedly draws. The Beaminsters have represented a social autocracy proudly and desperately hold-

*The Green Mirror: A Quiet Story. By Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Missing. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Priest of the Ideal. By Stephen Graham. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Witness. By Grace L. H. Lutz. New York: Harper and Company.

The World and Thomas Kelly. By Arthur Train. New York: Scribner and Company.

Seth Way: A Romance of the New Harmony Community. By Caroline Dale Owen (Mrs. Charles H. Snedeker). Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Major. By Ralph Connor. New York: George H. Doran Company.

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ing to their pre-eminence; the Trenchards represent that upper middle class family solidarity which, at the beginning of the century, presented a buffer of complacent indifference between itself and the rest of the world. For the Trenchards and the Faulders there *is* no world outside of themselves. They dwell in that "feather-bed element" of safe and isolated comfort described by Dostoyevsky in the passage used as motto for the book. In being shaken out of it, they themselves are to pass. This comes about through the intrusion into the family circle of a young Englishman whose temperamental differences from the Trenchard standards have been emphasised by a long stay in Russia. Philip Mark, having inherited a competence, returns to England with the intention of joining the comfortable English squirearchy, and of marrying just such a girl as the Katherine Trenchard with whom he at once falls in love. He rouses in her a passion which is for a long time at war with her devotion to her family. They accept him on what is virtually a year's probation, but they distrust and secretly dislike him, in his character of outsider. Mrs. Trenchard, who is the embodiment and champion of the Trenchard idea, as the Duchess of Wrexe was of the Beaminster idea, sets herself against him from the start. She determines that her Katherine shall never escape her, and that before the year is out Philip shall either be got rid of or utterly absorbed. Chances are in her favour: Katherine is very much a Trenchard in many ways, she cannot bear to give up anything of her family possessions; also Philip has a vein of amiability which makes him the natural prey of strong wills. He comes very near being smothered in the feather bed. It is Katherine who, at the eleventh hour, shows herself at last to be more a woman even than a Trenchard, and finds escape for them both. Mrs. Trenchard is implacable, but her world (like the green mirror of the Trenchards, with its symbolic shattering at the hands of the younger generation) is hopelessly broken. As for the new world, the new "city" that is rising yonder, she can only turn her face away from it, and pretend that it is not there. Not so the younger generation: Katherine and Philip have their glimpses of it; young Henry at Cambridge has his vague and noble dreams: "He knew nothing of the past; he knew nothing of the future; but he saw his City rising, so pure and of marvellous promise, before his eyes. . . ." This is in the year 1903. How far, we wonder, was Mr. Walpole's third and concluding narrative to bring us along the road to the astounding present? What chance is there that we shall ever know? As always with this writer, one turns these pages with a continual sense of contact with a beauty and a dignity in form and substance such as are rare among Mr. Walpole's chatty and documentary contemporaries of the "younger British school."

From Mrs. Ward also, in a day of blunt and hasty literary manners, we receive always a gift of dignity and grace. It may be rather hard to realise that she is the same story-teller who in the late Victorian period of her début, thirty years ago, seemed to her audience somewhat advanced and daring. She is not more timid now; but the world has moved faster than she, and the medal for valour is no longer awarded to the novelist who gently questions the conventions of religion or society. *Missing* is a piece of story-telling as pure and simple as one need look for nowadays. Mrs. Ward has written earnestly and discerningly of the war; in this book she merely takes toll of it in the form of an effective romantic situation. An attractive English girl (of the "Victorian" type) becomes a "war-bride." Her young husband is presently reported "missing." Nothing is heard of him for a year or two, and he is supposed to be dead. Meanwhile a handsome and accomplished young baronet has become devoted to Nelly, whose ambitious and designing sister does what she can to advance the intimacy. Nelly is very feminine, very much of the clinging vine sort, and Sir William is nothing

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if not an oak. Things seem to be drifting toward the desired consummation, from the sister's point of view, when she learns that the war-husband is alive in a Paris hospital. Concealing the news from Nelly, she goes to Paris, finds him deaf and dumb from shell-shock, and apparently dying; and for the sake of Nelly's prospects, refuses to identify him as her brother-in-law. But this, of course, does not end matters. At the moment when Nelly is about to give herself to Sir William, the truth is revealed to her. The husband has made a partial recovery; Nelly casts off her sister and turns her back on the well-meaning baronet, and has a few days of reunion with her hero before death parts them. What is to be her future? That is left to our surmise: "Nelly had been an old-fashioned, simple girl, brought up in a backwater of life. Now she was being drawn into that world of the new woman—where are women policemen, and women chauffeurs, and militant suffragists, and women in overalls and breeches, and many other strange types. The war has shown us—suddenly and marvellously—the adaptability of women. Would little Nelly, too, prove as plastic as the rest, and in the excitement of meeting new demands, and reaching out to new powers, forget the old needs and sweetnesses?" Or would the feminine instinct, the need of a mate, prevail, and award her in time to the faithful Sir William? We do not know; but one thing her creator is sure of—that her experience has not been without its broadening and deepening influences, that the war and its lessons have not been wasted even upon this childlike nature: "She only knew that she was uplifted, strengthened—to endure and serve."

Priest of the Ideal is described by the publishers as the "first novel" of that accomplished physical and mystical adventurer, Mr. Stephen Graham. Well, nobody can deny it, since nobody can tell you what a novel is not, until he has accomplished the still more precarious feat of telling you, beyond peradventure, what it is. If a novel, whatever it may be in a secondary way, is (as I believe) first of all a story, not overmuch can be said for the present exhibit. In a sense, Mr. Graham's "priest of the ideal" is merely another of those pseudo-Christs whom every modern novelist seems to feel free to create in his own image; and the action in which he is concerned is very tenuous and impalpable indeed. An hypothetical (and preposterous) Yankee, after the outbreak of the war, but during the period of American neutrality, makes for England upon an amazing mission. Washington King is a descendant of the father of his country, is described as a gentleman, and has (in streaks) the manner and speech of the American of the London music halls. He is backed by a syndicate of "some billions of dollars," to dicker in England for whatever he can get in the way of "spiritual atmosphere." He represents an America not greatly interested in the fate of Europe, but ready to buy from her, in her time of need, any sort of old treasure, such as, say, a cathedral or two. His argument is that Europe, and especially England, is overburdened with treasures of that sort, many of which she has no longer any real use for. Why not let them go (for a suitable consideration) to that Western land which is so well provided with money and so deplorably poor in atmosphere? "I have *carte blanche* and a blank cheque," says Washington King to anybody that will listen to him. "I can buy what I like, and pay what I think fit. Our idea is that there must be in England a great number of historical monuments, buildings, manuscripts, paintings, furniture, and what not, that has ceased to have any particular significance or cultural value for you. You have a superfluity of castles, abbeys, monuments, historical buildings, belonging to the time when our ancestors and yours lived peacefully and undivided in the good old country. But we have none of these things. Our landscape is full of new houses, new monuments, new churches, and it has no cultural or spiritual value." Well, then!

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Our purchaser of antiquity is armed with many letters of introduction, but chance directs him to the one man in England who can best interpret her ancient treasures: Richard Hampden, her unfrocked "priest of the ideal." It is Hampden's mission, so far as the surface story goes, to show King what a fool he is: how impossible it is to find anywhere in England a real spiritual or "cultural" treasure that she can afford to part with, or is willing to part with. In connection with their rambling from shrine to shrine of old England, these pages present a vast deal of detail about the early English Church and her spirit, and quite enough of sermonising on the part of the ineffable Hampden. King, in the end, is to come out of his dream of a vague æsthetic mission for benighted America, and to offer his life for England. Hampden does not quite do that; but he does not enforce his rights as a conscientious objector, and makes his mark at the front as a spiritual leader of men, before death takes him as a sacrifice to the Cause. His idealism has a curious feministic twist, so that, not content with believing "the womanly is the highest revelation of beauty in love," he must assert that "at the last the male will disappear and there will be only the spiritually feminine, the bride of Christ." *Absit omen!*

The Witness is a story of sincere religious feeling based upon a simpler kind of mysticism. With Mr. Graham the ancient symbolisms of churchly observance, the old usages, the old shrines, the old creeds even, not only body forth the faith but are an essential part of it. His priest of the ideal is a conscious product of the past, an initiate who, to be sure, is also an interpreter. The young prophet of *The Witness,* Paul Courtland, is of very different origin and inspiration. He is an American undergraduate, healthy and normal—an "all-round" man. He is popular, athletic, a good scholar and a good fellow. He has no money matters to worry about, and up to the threshold of his senior year, nothing has touched him very deeply. In his dormitory, as it happens, is an underclassman, Stephen Marshall. There is nothing against him except his over-blamelessness and unconcealed piety. The "gang" therefore feel bound to take him in hand and haze him out of his virtue. Paul Courtland takes no active part in this process, but he is a bystander while Marshall is being mauled, forced into ridiculous clothing, and taken to a performance of a malodorous play. There is a fire in the theatre, and Marshall, after prodigies of service in saving others, perishes in the flames. Courtland sees the last of him: and at that moment something happens to himself. Like the apostle Paul, he sees a light, is, above all, conscious of a Presence which never thereafter altogether deserts him. He has had no religious breeding, the experience falls in with no formula of his past, and is therefore all the more real to him. His attempts to convey the experience to his college intimates are fumbling and vain. They can make nothing of him except that the shock of the fire has been too much for him; he is evidently "batty" and must be side-stepped for a while till he pulls himself together. The point of view and the lingo of the undergraduate world are conveyed with extraordinary verisimilitude. Indeed, though the text of the narrative is here and there a bit formal or florid, the dialogue thrown out is uncommonly natural, from the uncouth slangery of the college boys, through the smart chatter of the girl Gila to the delightful back-country speech of "Father and Mother" Marshall. Gila, the gilded siren who can look like a Solveig, is to give our Paul Courtland much sorrow and suffering. That he is so slow to see through her is perhaps the "thinnest" part of the book. From her, in the end, as from all other fatal causes of doubt and temptation, the Presence is to free him; and there is, of course, another girl who is his right mate. We leave them devoting themselves to a religious enterprise as remote as possible from any that would commend itself to Mr. Graham's "priest." Courtland, after some study of theology, finds the

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deserted church building of an odd sect called the "Church of God," buys and fits it up and starts a new sect of his own named the "Church of the Presence of God." He has dreams of reforming and humanising the whole neighbourhood, socially and industrially, as well as religiously. Perhaps it is fortunate that we are not called upon to follow the course of his experiment in detail. Such a man ought to succeed; and the story of his aspiration is in itself a fine and sincere thing.

The World and Thomas Kelly is another story of American youth finding its way out of the muddle. The author, who is a prominent lawyer, has written various books, out of expert knowledge but in popular form, about criminals and the courts as well as a number of successful stories of mystery and detection. This, I think, is his first attempt at the serious interpretation of life as he has known it. The hero evidently belongs to Mr. Train's own generation, and there must be a good deal of direct memory involved in his account of the Boston of the eighties and nineties. Tom Kelly might have belonged to the author's own class at Harvard. No reader who (like the present writer) was brought up in the Boston of that day will turn these pages without an absorbed and delighted recognition of that older, shabbier, more homelike, and on the whole, more characteristic Hub. There is a curious pallour or woodenness about most of the recent fiction that has taken Boston for its scene. That, perhaps, is the trouble: it has "taken" Boston rather than found itself there. One has no such feeling in reading this story. Here we are in the old place, the Boston of Papanti's dancing class, of the crowded rehearsals in the old Symphony Hall, of street-lamps lighted by hand, and horse-cars that jogged slowly out to Cambridge. It is all remembered with a sort of friendly irony, an affectionate recognition of its quaintness and relative simplicity. That was a Boston still looking over its shoulder in grieved surprise at the aliens, and especially the Irish, who were crowding it from all sides. This had something to do with the fact that Thomas Kelly, though he was born on Newbury Street of an old and not undistinguished Boston family, grew up to find himself an outsider. Another cause was his rather feckless father's marriage with a common, good little woman who had been fatally born in Chelsea. The father had died not long after the birth of the boy. The mother did her best; and after a not unwholesome if commonplace boyhood, Tom Kelly finds himself a Freshman at Harvard. He is a boy of good mind and manners, but of no extraordinary outlook; and his first three years are embittered by his resentment at the secondary social position to which he appears to be condemned. Then comes a sudden success in athletics, in itself a sort of fluke; and presently Tom finds himself a member of one of those exclusive little clubs toward which he has yearned from afar. The sudden elevation goes to his head, he drinks too much, plays and spends too much; and at the moment of his graduation (which he achieves by a margin none too wide) he is not more than a rather selfish young "rotter." He has little notion of tackling life in earnest. His success in tennis wins him an invitation from one of his clubmates to spend a month at Newport before the national tournament. There, among the richer and faster set (which, Mr. Train is careful to explain, does not represent Newport at its best), he becomes an easy favourite and takes the primrose way. The story concerns his year of purgation and its happy issue—an issue, it must be reluctantly owned, somewhat hastily and sentimentally contrived.

A story of exceptional quality, both as embodying an interesting phase of American social history, and in its character of fiction, is *Seth Way*. The author, Caroline Dale Owen, is presumably a descendant of that visionary genius, Robert Owen, among whose many schemes for reorganising society was the founding of the famous Com-

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munity at New Harmony, Indiana. Owen himself has his important part in the story, and the greatness and the noble folly of his character are painted with affectionate humour. The hero, however, is a young mountaineer, who has been early roused to scientific research, and makes his way to New Harmony chiefly for the sake of studying under the masters whom Owen has succeeded in importing from Europe. The prosperity of the Community was based upon those sublime fallacies which have doomed all similar socialistic experiments before and since. Human nature and human differences could not be determined by any set of rules, however broad and magnanimous their tenor. Owen had expected a few chosen spirits to rally to his standard: he found himself swamped from the outset by cranks and parasites—all those who are bound to be attracted by any movement that appears to offer the twin benefits of free speech and conduct, and free board. He himself had too many irons in the fire, in England and elsewhere, to act as the permanent working head of the Community; and his sons, active and zealous as they were for the cause, were unable long to hold it together. So we see it gradually splitting up and disintegrating, until New Harmony finally ceases to be an institution and becomes a place—a place, however, in which certain big residual traces remain of what has, after all, been a great-hearted experiment. The writer conveys successfully, and with much of the demure humour of *The Blithedale Romance* in its study of the similar Brook Farm experiment, the fine and heroic absurdity of the attempt. But this is more than a chronicle of a lost cause; it is an interesting romantic story as well. Most of the incidents, varied and picturesque as they are, the author has taken direct from the fact. "All the improbable things in this story are true," she says. "The probable ones were invented by me." Certain names have been changed; especially the central figure, Seth Way, is drawn after the geologist Thomas Say: "But I have not dared to make his character so perfect nor his attainment so swift as were Say's. In fiction they would not be believed." He is a fine fellow, at all events, a hero somewhat of the John Ridd order (plus brains)—a big, simple-hearted, chivalrous boy, who after due tribulations is rewarded, in the proper way, with the heart of a girl as brave and quixotic as himself. Next to interpreting the present, there is no finer task for our novelists than the rescuing and embodiment in fiction of such episodes of our American past. It was worthy of Cooper and of Hawthorne; Mr. Howells, the other day, gave a fine example of it in *The Leatherwood God,* beside which *Seth Way* quite deserves to be placed.

America is still in the making, and there is pioneering and settling still to be done. The frontier of "civilisation," however, has moved steadily toward the Northwest. There, in many districts of the plains and the "bush," ranching and mining industries are still in their primitive phases. There, as well as in the cities, the problems of the melting-pot are to be met and solved. There the delicate adjustment between the interests and the prejudices of the two dominant "native" races, the French and the English, must be maintained under conditions of uncommon difficulty. There, also, a steady inflow of German, Scandinavian and Slav immigrants and, by no means least important, of settlers from the States, has increased the strain upon the assimilative powers of a new country. And in the foreground of all the fiction dealing with this region is an element fresh from Little England, the England of Oxford and Bond Street, which tries to maintain its snobbish standards in the face of raw necessity and plain commonsense. The reckless "remittance man," the honest but London-bound younger son of the British aristocracy, are always present as a foil and an obstacle to the sturdy democratic progress of our northern neighbours. All this complex, experimental society has been repeatedly depicted, in the light of romance, by such story-tellers as Harold

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Bindloss and "Ralph Connor." None of its familiar elements are missing in *The Major*. The writer, a firm believer in the national character and destiny of Canada, here shows how much the war has done toward assuring its solidarity. More particularly, this is the story of a youth of solid English stock, of the second generation in Canada, who, out of a profound hatred of war, and a stubborn disbelief in the possibility or the necessity of the present war, is roused to a sense of militant Quaker inheritance by enlisting for foreign service. The contrast is strongly brought out between his devotion to Canada, and the ready apostasy of a young German-Canadian, also of the second generation, whose years of education in Germany have made him more Prussian than the Prussians. He knows that the war is to be, and has no qualms in turning traitor to his Canadian allegiance in the name of the Fatherland. The story-teller is successful in welding all this material into the substance of a spirited romance.

POMPEII

BY ANNE McCORMICK

O CITY desolate upon the sea,
Thy shrunken streets are cloisters of old dreams,
Austere and secret. In thy muted streams
Flows silence like a voice. The mystery
Of all the patient past looks out at me
From vacant windows; and in slanting beams
Of unperturbèd sunlight stirs and gleams
The shining dust of ancient pageantry.

I see dead children playing in the sun;
I hear dead lovers whisper as they pass;
The clamour that I fled is strangely one
With this bright peace. The same breath moves the grass
That stirs far cities;—O insatiate Breath
Of Life's reiterance, denying Death!

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SOUTH AMERICAN LITERATURE FOR 1917*

BY THOMAS WALSH

THE events of the war have contributed their share of importance and interest to a rather remarkable production of works dealing with the life, letters and trade of our brethren of Latin America. What our economists and trade-experts have long been urging upon us has been brought home in an unmistakable manner by the facts of the European blockades and the sudden intimacy of mutual trade dependency among the Americas great and small. It has been feared that the activities of some of our pan-American associations would result in South America in the dubious manner of so many missionary endeavours, which have accomplished only the greater estrangement of the natives with the assertion of northern superiority and importance; this has been caused in part by an overanxiety to present North America to the South as the model to be taken in all things, without proper regard for the excellence of certain Iberian standards and the proven methods of Tropical civilisation. It is well to have our popular literature, for instance, disseminated in Spanish and Portuguese; the works of such authors as Jack London and O. Henry are already having a certain vogue among folk who are not unschooled in the works of our Longfellow, Cooper, Hawthorne, Bryant and Poe; but would not a proper reciprocity suggest that in the United States we should learn something at least of the great works and names of Hispanic letters?—the poetry and prose of a Bello, a Mitre, a Pombo, a Chocano and a Valencia—before we go much farther in this talk of brotherhood and equality?

Miss Annie Peck, in her handy volume *The South American Tour, a Descriptive Guide,* appreciates the importance of taking the North American in person to see this new world, that in conditions and sentiments is so different from our own. If Miss Peck is not always so broadly sympathetic with the Latin American point of view as she might be, she is at least an intelligent and industrious guide and provides the tourist with a sort of Baedeker, not altogether without the real Baedecker's occasional flippancy and lack of reverence for the non-Germanic viewpoint.

Miss Peck has many humourous reminiscences, notably the reference to the women-conductors of Valparaiso and Santiago:

> Having heard of these before arriving, I was expecting to see trim, young women, with possibly a coquettish eye at times upon some of the gentlemen patrons, as occasionally happens in some of our cheap restaurants, but no! Staid indeed are the women-conductors in Valparaiso and Santiago, and far from handsome. Plainly dressed in a sort of blue uniform with white aprons, they

*The South American Tour. By Annie M. Peck. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Quito to Bogotá. By A. C. Veatch. New York: George H. Doran Company.

British Exploits in South America. By W. H. Koebel. New York: The Century Company.

The Brazilians and Their Country. By Clayton Cooper. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Brazil To-day and To-morrow. By L. E. Elliott. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The City of the Discreet. By Pio Baroja. Translated from the Spanish by Jacob F. Fassett. New York: Alfred Knopf Company.

The Cabin. By V. Blasco Ibanez. Translated from the Spanish by Francis Haffkine Snow and Beatrice M. Mekota. New York: Alfred A. Knopf Company.

Masterpieces of Modern Spanish Drama. Translated from the Spanish. New York: Duffield and Company.

Plays by Jacinto Benevente. Translated from the Spanish by John Garrett Underhill. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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are obviously of the so-called labouring class, of rather stolid appearance, perhaps, mothers of families and closely intent upon their duties. It appears that during the War of '70-'81, so many young men joined the army that women were drafted into the service. Performing it in a satisfactory manner, they continued to be employed, though not to the total exclusion of men.

The South American Tour contains also a good index and a valuable bibliography of the countries covered, from which we regret to see omitted, Colombia, Venezuela and the Guianas, which, however, properly belong to the West Indies Tours.

For the Republic of Colombia Dr. A. C. Veatch provides a careful and detailed text and guide in his *Quito to Bogotá.* He leads the way by saddle from the capital of Ecuador to the capital of Colombia, through the magic lands of Cauca and Cali, the country of Jorge Isaac's charming heroine "Maria." His is the careful study of a trained traveller, geographer and geologist, and it is prepared with a sympathetic touch that must please all lovers of these northern regions of South America. Dr. Veatch gives this charming picture of the great Colombian poet Guillermo Valencia, who some years ago retired to live in his native city of Popayan in the Valley of the Cauca:

> There is one four-wheeled vehicle in Popayan, the great state coach belonging to Dr. Valencia, which has been brought to this place at what must have been a very considerable expenditure of energy. Accordingly at noon on July 24th, the time fixed for our departure, the great coach stopped before the door of our house with a liveried coachman holding the reins of its two horses, which looked as if they did not particularly relish their unaccustomed task and would infinitely have preferred saddles. When we were all seated the great coach moved off with its attending cavalcade of horsemen, slowly over the rough cobble-stones and amid the excitement of the populace, passed along the Plaza de Calda out the Calle del Humilladero and over the picturesque, many-arched bridge spanning the Rio Molino, to the new cart-road which leads northward from the city. The slow and steady progress of the carriage gave us a very delightful hour's chat with Dr. Valencia, who is an accomplished linguist, and we learned with much interest that he had a very wide and intimate knowledge of the English writers and that his favourite authors were Scott and Kipling, complete sets of whose works he had in his library.

Mr. W. H. Koebel, the author of many valuable books on South America, has added to his list a singularly attractive volume of studies, *British Exploits in South America.* He divides his accounts among the navigators, traders and buccaneers, the British in Colonial South America and in the early part of the nineteenth century, many of his stories making the tales of fiction seem pale and without action, by contrast. This is the book of an author full of his subject and evidently forms the result of many years of note-taking and much general and special reading. It is a permanent contribution not only to South American literature, but is also a noteworthy addition to the shelves of general romance and adventure. Reading of these Irish, English and Scottish pioneers of the South makes one wish for a similar book that will relate the exploits of our own Americans among the Latins below the Equator. A great book is here presented as finished and another suggested for the future.

The Brazilians and Their Country, by Clayton Cooper, is a well-written account of several years' residence and study of the conditions of life and trade in the great Lusitanian domain of South America. Mr. Cooper gives an agreeable and ample account of all we should wish to know of his chosen field; he speaks of Brazilian courtesy and the sentiment that affects even their business and official relations; he notes their theories and experiments in racial interbreeding, and the different typical qualities of the great and almost independent states of which Brazil is to-day constituted. We have as a result a history

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with science, observation, and experience combined in a really valuable volume.

Brazil To-day and To-morrow, by L. E. Elliott, deals also with the former empire of the Portuguese. Its arrangement of material is admirable and a great deal of patient study and research is evident in its pages. There is also an ample consideration of the arts and letters of Brazil that will satisfy the student of these particulars. Miss Elliott sees nothing in these rumours of the German colonies as hostile centres in Brazil; she shows that while extended over a large territory their numbers are not above a few hundred thousand, as the immigration ceased in 1859, and hence most of the so-called Germans are really native-born. Their stubborn maintenance of their language and ancestral habits of life do indeed differentiate them from the rest of the Brazilians.

Some translations of works, that are important to the critics of South America and formative of their thought and ideals of life, have made their appearance very recently. *The City of the Discreet,* by Pio Baroja (translated from the Spanish by Jacob F. Fassett), will particularly interest the North American who has visited Cordoba in Spain and gone through its ancient mosque and across its Roman Bridge and few paseos in the manner of a tourist. To such, the revelations of Pio Baroja's novel will come with striking force. Here is seen in the clear pitiless light of a decaying city the unveiled features of the types created by this decay and abandonment. The novel is hardly matter for babes and children, but strong meat for men and students of life. Mr. Fassett is to be congratulated on his version of this fine novel, which shows us the best features of the modern Spanish realistic school.

The Cabin (La Barraca), by V. Blasco Ibanez, is not so successful, although it purports to present a very detailed account of the lives of the Valencian peasant, dwellers in a land that is a beautiful memory in the mind of many travellers. Mr. Ibanez's narrative style has all the faults of Spanish rhetoric, and to the mind of an American reader his utterance seems always retarded by phrasing and sluggishness of the detail. It is strange to find in all his account of these Valencian peasants no reference to the soulfulness that is supposed to lift their days from routine existence to a high scale of peace and contentment. "The Cabin" is an unlucky piece of property for the owners and tenants of the story, and in spite of some bloody scenes at the close the reader is left cold and unsatisfied.

Another timely and important publication of the year was *Masterpieces of Modern Spanish Drama,* translations of *El Gran Galeoto* of José Echegaray, by Eleanor Bontecou; of Benito Perez-Galdos's *The Duchess of San Quentin,* by Philip M. Hayden; and Angel Guimerá's *La Pecadora,* by John Garrett Underhill. We have here in English well-rendered versions of the greatest productions of the modern Spanish stage. If there seems some disproportion of merit, it is entirely due to the extraordinary literary and dramatic quality of *The Great Galeoto,* which leaves the other dramas, great in themselves, somewhat in the shadow of its pre-eminence. *The Great Galeoto* has been produced often enough on the American stage to leave little excuse for any ignorance of it on the part of the intelligent public; *The Duchess of San Quentin* and *La Pecadora* are interesting variants on the theme of *Magda* and *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,* in which a woman changing her social conditions causes upset and havoc to those associating with her in a smaller sphere. These plays are supremely worth the reading; they are a permanent contribution to our dramatic literature and will long represent a fruitful period in an art that seems already to have passed into an historical state.

Charles Scribner's Sons have also maintained this good work with an excellent edition of some of the best *Plays* by Jacinto Benevente, translated from the Spanish by John Garrett Underhill. These four plays show Benevente's range from the serio-comic of *His Widow's*

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Husband (shortly to be presented on the New York stage), to the fantastic *Bonds of Interest* and the realistic *Evil Doers of Good* and the tragical *Ill-Belovéd.* Mr. Underhill does yeoman's service in the cause of the Spanish stage, showing us how very much we have to learn in America from dramatists already popular in Spain and South America.

A very important place in the relations of North and South America has been taken by "The Pan-American Division of the American Association for International Conciliation." This organisation, under the able guidance of Dr. Peter H. Goldsmith, has not only formulated plans for an interchange of thought and aspiration between the two Americas, but has organised and issued *The Inter-America Magazine,* which on alternate months in English and in Spanish presents the best and most salient features of our thought from one end of the hemisphere to the other. Recently have been published *Henry Clay and Pan-Americanism,* by John Bassett Moore; *The University as a Factor in American Relations,* by Nicholas Murray Butler, *The Next Step in Inter-American Relations,* by Peter H. Goldsmith; and *The Secondary School and the University,* by Ernesto Nelson, of the Argentine Republic. The Pan-American Division also announces a number of volumes dealing with the arts of our country and some volumes of translations from Latin American literature for our further instruction.

From Bogotá, known, not without reason, as "The Athens of South America," have recently arrived two interesting publications: one, the official complete edition published by the Colombian Government of the *Poesias,* of Rafael Pombo, edited by the distinguished scholar-poet of Colombia, Dr. Antonio Gómez Restrepo; the other, the *Derecho International Privado* (International Law), by Dr. Julian Restrepo-Hernandez, Professor of International Law in the Colegio Mayor del Rosario of Bogotá. This latter work must have special interest for the student of international jurisprudence, representing, as it does, the mind of scholarly South America on the mutual relations between nations. There are many points of special interest for the publicist, and we note a very vigorous denunciation of the separation of Panama under the patronage of former President Roosevelt and the statement concluding that "Meanwhile Panama is not, as far as Colombia is concerned, as to its authorities or its people, a nation independent and sovereign. It is still the Department of Panama, an integral part of our territory in rebellion and under the military occupation of the enemy of Colombia."

Dr. Restrepo-Hernandez has also published recently a comprehensive series of *Lecciones de Antropología* (Lessons in Anthropology), which has special interest, in that it follows and interprets the science according to the Thomistic teachings, as well as proclaiming the doctrine of equal rights for women in South America. To the revelation of the cultivated thought of his country these works of Dr. Restrepo-Hernandez bring a most valuable contribution.

In the *Poesias* of Rafael Pombo we have the presentation of the life-work of a great poet, a lover of both Americas and long a resident in the North—who may also be said to be the last, and not the least, of the great Romanticists of Latin America. The friend and correspondent of Longfellow, Bryant and other North American poets, he gave to his own work something of the breadth of his own travels and personal experiences. All South America was *intrigued* for years over the anonymous authorship of his poems called *Edda;* his most famous ode is an address to our Niagara, while another much quoted poem deals with the ravishing beauties that passed his hotel along Broadway. We have in Pombo a superior to Nathaniel P. Willis—an intermediate figure, perhaps, between Longfellow, Bryant, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox, whose earlier poems Pombo and the world at large were accustomed to admire. He has translated many American poems

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into Spanish and even left some charming original work in English, of which we can only quote his lines to his mother:

Couldst thou portray that face whose holy spell
Still sheds its peace o'er all the loved at home?
'Tis mine so long in other lands to roam
That her smile only I remember well.

Dr. Antonio Gómez Restrepo has done his filial work with great ability and industry, and his edition places Rafael Pombo in a secure niche of the poets' Pantheon of South America.

THREE BOOKS OF THE MONTH*

I

Sidney Colvin's "John Keats"*

It is now thirty years since Sir Sidney Colvin contributed his monograph on Keats to the English Men of Letters Series. During these three decades, the reputation of the poet has steadily increased throughout the English-speaking world; for, as Rossetti said in an inspired moment, the name of Keats was "not writ but rumour'd in water, while the fame of it along Time's flood goes echoing evermore." The lapse of time has also brought to light many documents and a great deal of correlated information that were not available when Monckton Milnes prepared his interesting memoir or when the late Mr. Buxton Forman compiled his valuable edition of the complete works of the poet. Through all these many years, Sir Sidney Colvin has devoted the leisure moments of his life to an extensive survey and intensive study of the field of scholarship comprising Keats himself and every other matter that relates to Keats in literary history. The result of this long and faithful service to a subject fully worthy of a lifetime of devotion is now summed up and uttered in a massive volume of six hundred pages, which erects a lasting monument to one of the great men of modern times. This careful, thorough, tactful, and exhaustive work renders obsolete all previous expressions of opinion upon Keats; it deserves, indeed, to be labelled with the final word, "definitive"; and it is pleasant to record the fact that it has been timed to appear on the hundredth anniversary of the publication of the first volume of the poetry of Adonais.

This book is much more than a biography. Indeed, the story of the whole career of Keats might be told completely in a few hundred, or a few thousand, words. His active and creative life was compressed within a period of six years. His first considerable poem was written in the spring of 1815, when he was only nineteen years of age; and his work was laid aside forever at the outset of 1821, when he was scarcely more than twenty-five. His brief life was uneventful; and nothing need be added to the record of it, except some wondering account of his birth and bringing-up, and a final chapter dealing with his "posthumous existence" and his death in Rome. Amid these facts, there is no room for a mere biographer to move about in.

But Sir Sidney has supplemented the biographic record with a full account of many other matters that are pertinent. The present volume offers also a complete concordance to the works of Keats, which constitutes a monument of literary criticism. The author employs, throughout, that method which was de-

*John Keats: His Life and Poetry; His Friends, Critics, and After-Fame. By Sidney Colvin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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fined by the master-critic, Matthew Arnold, as "scientific," or "historical." Thus, in connection with his criticism of *Endymion,* the author offers an exhaustive study of the various mutations in the technique of the pentasyllabic couplet that have occurred throughout the age-long history of English prosody. He is equally industrious in tracking down the sources—in pre-existent books, or works of painting or of sculpture—from which this acquisitive but scarcely cultured poet derived the incentive, or the inspiration, for many of his compositions. In fact, the entire history of English poetry—accompanied by many lightning-glimpses of the history of art in general—is here summarised and centred in a study of the works of Keats.

The drawing of the character of Keats is enriched and vivified by the composition of a vaster background which depicts, in orderly arrangement, the many famous men with whom this obscure apprentice to a surgeon was destined, during the brief years of his active life, to establish an intense and tingling contact. The value of these incidental bits of portraiture may be indicated by the following quotation, which depicts the "gentle Elia":

> Lamb, noticeable by his neat, sombrely clad small figure on its spindle legs and his handsome romantic head; by his hurried, stammering utterance and too often, alas! his vinous flush and step almost as titubant as his tongue; but most of all by that airy genius of insight and caprice, of deep tenderness and freakish wisdom, quick to break from him in sudden, illuminating phrases at any moment and in any manner save the expected.

Particularly interesting is the analytic study of the case of posterity against Lockhart and Wilson for their respective shares in the unwarranted attacks on Keats directed through the pages of *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.* Sir Sidney's attitude toward Lockhart—who was a big man in his way, despite the fact that he was frequently misguided—is studiously catholic and reveals that generosity that comes of understanding.

The chapter devoted to the "deliberate and creeping progress" of the poet "to the grave," which records also the pathetic ministrations of the ever-memorable Joseph Severn, is so touching that even now—a century away from the narrated facts—it can scarcely be read by any lover of the life that lived and flared and flickered out in Keats without a genuflexion of the spirit and a pouring forth of that libation of tears which is granted only at great moments.

If this monumental volume is, in any way, disappointing to the present commentator, it is only because Sir Sidney Colvin—actuated by his trained and careful sense of literary values—has avoided sedulously many manifest temptations to assert and to insist upon the prime importance of his hero. The over-emphasis of sheer enthusiasm is—in the long run—more to be desired than the under-emphasis of scholarly restraint. Whenever a critic is confronted by a great man, it is better by far to say too much than to say too little. And, to my mind—if I may be permitted, for a final moment, to shift the point of view from the third person to the first—Sir Sidney says, if anything, too little in praise of Keats.

The great thing to be remembered about any man is his Religion,—or what, because of his experience in life, he has gradually grown to think about the universe in general. The religion of Keats is summarised and uttered in the last two lines of the *Ode on a Grecian Urn.* This gospel is either true or false. If false, it is of no account, and will gradually falter and finally fade from the recollection of mankind. If true, it formulates one of the most momentous utterances that had been delivered to the world throughout two thousand and two hundred years of human history. Either Keats was right when he agreed with all the great Athenians, grouped and constellated around Pericles, in the summary and absolute assumption that Truth and Beauty are identical; or else the Puri-

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tans were right in their assumption that Beauty is inimical to Truth. The determination of this question is even more momentous than the determination of the present war between the forces of Treachery and the forces of Faith. But this question, which—to my own less guarded and less tactful mind—appears to be of prime importance, is never once approached in the whole six hundred pages of this otherwise exhaustive volume. I should like to hear less of the life and the environment of Keats—even less about his poetry—and more of his religion; for to me this man—untimely born, untimely dying—this creature of the godlike face and the more than godlike utterance, has rescued us from the preceding outer darkness of more than twenty centuries and appeared as a shining priest to lead us back to what we knew, in ancient Athens, before the world grew weary and grew old. I care comparatively little about Keats the poet: what seems to me immortally important is Keats the apostle.

But this, of course, is merely an explosion of what is called so carefully in science "the personal equation." It is much more sage to follow the procedure of Sir Sidney Colvin:—to state the facts, and indicate the truth, and modestly withdraw while history records the verdict. For the reticence—as well as the completeness—of this monumental work of literary history and criticism, I acknowledge an almost unexceptionable admiration. An incidental, but important, point to be recorded is that Sir Sidney Colvin is a master of English prose. The gift of style has now become so rare that those who run have little time to recognise it while they read. But this author —this prince of gentlemen and scholars —has learned, through the devotion of a lifetime, the gentle art of setting words alluringly together; and the present book will, therefore, be remembered, in the years to come, not only as a monument to Keats but also as a monument to a man whose long and loving life has evermore been lighted by the torch of loveliness. *Clayton Hamilton.*

II

Dorothy Scarborough's "The Supernatural in Modern English Fiction"*

The last place one would look for a "best-seller" would be among doctors' theses; yet this book, which more than earned the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Columbia for its author, has such a general appeal that it may conceivably have a large sale. It is at once scholarly and popular; it exhibits extensive research, has a good index, is well-shod with footnotes, and yet both in subject and in treatment it is adapted to the reading public. A huge army of spooks is drafted from the history of fiction, and paraded before the gentle reader. The introductory chapter is anything but dusty in style. One feels that this work has been a labour of love. Miss Scarborough loves her ghosts, her demons, her hobgoblins, and has resurrected many from forgotten graveyards.

Ghosts have always been common in drama and prose fiction; in Elizabethan plays they reached a *reductio ad absurdum* in Chapman, one of whose stage directions is "They dance about the dead body, and exeunt." Shakespeare of course was just as far ahead of other authors in his treatment of spirits as he was in handling mortals. He gave them their due, and no more, well realising that the familiarity-contempt adage applies to ghosts even more emphatically than to human beings.

Miss Scarborough begins with the Gothic romance in the eighteenth century, and closes with the year 1917. She shows, with a wealth of illustration, the influence that spirits, the Devil, and the supernatural in general have had upon the novel. An immense number of contemporary writers are called in as witnesses, and the modern attitude toward the spiritual world—distinct from that of the eighteenth century—is convincingly set forth in the most attractive manner. For a resurrectionist, she is the

*The Supernatural in Modern English Fiction. By Dorothy Scarborough. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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most cheerful person I have seen these many years. She is, I might punningly remark, full of high spirits. After alluding to *Patience Worth,* she remarks: "It is astonishing how many ghosts are trying to break into print these days. And, after all, what do the poor things get out of it? No royalties, scant praise, and much ridicule when their style fails to come up to specifications."

The fact of it is, the modern novelist has had his range extended boundlessly. His field is the world, but the world now embraces the spiritual as well as the material, as shown in such abiding masterpieces as Kipling's *They* and Henry James's *Turn of the Screw,* two of the finest ghost stories ever written. The child's love of hobgoblins has changed into a mature thirst for authentic spooks. Miss Scarborough speaks of William De Morgan's *An Affair of Dishonour,* and of *A Likely Story,* but I could wish that she had devoted some attention to *Alice-For-Short,* where real ghosts appear—for the late Mr. De Morgan was a firm believer in them. And although Julian Hawthorne is discussed, no mention is made of his best yarn of the supernatural —*Archibald Malmaison.*

This is a valuable and entertaining book. Many readers will be surprised to see what a grip the supernatural has always had on literary art, and will follow the history of its influence in these pages with constantly increasing attention.

She ought to have read the proof more carefully. Inasmuch as F. P. A. —how we all miss him!—has taken such innocent delight in pointing out typographical errors in THE BOOKMAN, it may not be an impertinence to mention some of those I have found in this handsomely printed volume:

Thomas Lovell Beddoes has a hard time. On page 53 the possessive is given as Beddoe's; on page 115 he is called Robert Lovell Beddoes. She gives our friend Vachel Lindsay an extra "l" on page 217; Hawthorne's Dr. Heidegger is misspelled on page 184; the great Irishman is called Singe on page 240; Ann Radcliffe gets an extra "e" frequently; Poe has his middle name misspelled in the index; Mark Twain is made to spell Connecticut with an extra final "t" on page 122, nor is the title of that story there cited given in full, which may cause some folks trouble in looking it up in library catalogues; Oscar Wilde did not spell his hero "Dorian Grey," as given on pages 32, 60, 121, 134, but "Gray." Which leads me to remark that the adjective is commonly spelled "gray" in America and "grey" in England. Somehow I think "grey" looks much *greyer* than "gray."

William Lyon Phelps.

III

BLANCHE COLTON WILLIAMS'S "A HANDBOOK ON STORY-WRITING"*

This freshly wrought text-book on the technique of the short story is the result of seven years' experience teaching classes in Hunter College and Columbia University. Dr. Williams, whose instruction has proved fruitful to many well-known short-story writers, has long felt the need of a text-book for the use of beginners, as well as advanced practitioners of the art, and this volume, unique in its way, is based on the peculiar needs of the present-day writer as she has studied them in her classrooms.

I recall a morning last winter which revealed to me more of the possibilities inherent in such instruction than I had hitherto suspected possible. Experience with many story writers who had completed courses in short-story writing under competent critics had left me frankly sceptical as to the value of endeavouring to teach the technique of a developing and changing literary form. It seemed to me that such instruction administered to complacency rather than culture, if insincere, or floundered in a morass of definitions and classifications, if sincere. And the last state of the pupil seemed worse than the first.

I had confided my scepticism to a

*A Handbook on Story-Writing. By Blanche Colton Williams. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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short-story writer, whose best work in its kind is not rivalled by many in America to-day, and he confessed that he was a student in a Columbia University extension course at that time. I expressed surprise, and questioned him as to its value for his own artistic development, whereupon he invited me to visit his class with him, and discover its value for myself. What I found in this class was a free play of critical intelligence, taking actual stories as its point of departure, rather than arid classifications and theories,—a free play of intelligence upon the part of the pupil as well as the teacher, and an alert consciousness of immediate values in daily action. Here was a true academy, in which the teacher learned from the pupil an equal forum of challenge and resolution, in which unchanging standards were never forgotten, but in which the visible event retained its significance.

It is because of this spirit that Dr. Williams's training is as significant a milestone in the history of the American short story as the training of Professor Baker has been in the history of the American drama. You will find the concrete embodiment of her influence in many of the best stories published in America to-day, whether they appear in the *Atlantic Monthly, The Century, Scribner's Magazine,* or the *Metropolitan,* or in some periodical more obscure to the public consciousness, but no less conscientious in the quality of its standards. And if you seek the body of critical intelligence upon which this influence is based, you will find it here, lucidly ordered and minutely chronicled, in Dr. Williams's *Handbook on Story-Writing.*

I have no hesitation in saying that this volume is one of the two best text-books available for the student of short-story writing, and of these two, I regard this as the more helpfully thorough and catholic in its relation to our own day and its needs. The book's value is largely due to its continual reference to illustrative examples, and its wide range of allusion offers well-nigh limitless ground for objective study. These allusions are not limited to the classic stories of Poe and de Maupassant and Kipling, but the contemporary stories of our own magazines are drawn upon for illustrative material.

Opening with a chapter on Definitions and Characteristics, Dr. Williams proceeds to a thorough psychological analysis of the inception of the short story, and reinforces her own conclusions with those of many story-writers.

Of the four chapters on Plot, which are among the most valuable parts of the book, one is devoted to preliminaries. The distinctions between the anecdote, the incident, and the short story, are carefully recorded, and the relationship of one to another is made clear. A second chapter is devoted to the problems of struggle and complication. The various types of struggle are pointed out, as well as the methods of developing each type. The discussion of complication is thoroughly lucid, and Dr. Williams's analysis of the various lines of interest is most graphic. The value of secondary lines of interest is pointed out, and the student is shown how to handle them. A third chapter is devoted to problems of actual composition, and here special pains have been taken by the author to explain the technique of linking incidents, and the use of minor crises or climaxes. The fourth chapter on plot is devoted to an exposition of story types dependent on plot order, and the logical principles and distinctions here laid down by Dr. Williams are a fresh and much-needed contribution to a perplexing subject.

The seventh chapter of the book is devoted to a study of the point of view. This has been too little considered in the past, and for the reader's good fortune I find this one of the most carefully conceived chapters in the volume. Particularly noteworthy are the expositions of the value and danger of omniscience, and of the relation of the point of view to the shaping material.

The eighth chapter is a study of the *scenario,* with a most complete exposition of character differentiation, setting, and

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transition. Throughout her volume Dr. Williams has made her philosophy clearer by pointing out the analogies between the short story and the drama, and the points of likeness are of special significance in this chapter.

Two chapters are devoted to the subtleties of characterisation. The laws of characterisation in the short story and the novel are discussed fully, and their parallel qualities and differences contrasted. The management of trait, character in development vs. character at a crisis, description, and the problem of selection are painstakingly made clear to the student. The three methods of characterisation,—the descriptive method, the analytic method, and the dramatic method are exposed at length, and their relations to one another and the possibility of their combination discussed.

The eleventh chapter is devoted to dialogue, its relation to conversation and monologue, the value of growth in dialogue, and its use to further action and portray character. There is a clear exposition of talking in character, and of dialect.

The emotional element in tragedy and comedy is the subject of the twelfth chapter. Its office and tools, the value of restraint in tragedy, attendant circumstances, motives, situations, incongruity, burlesque, humour of character and situation, irony, and surprise are luminously analysed.

A chapter is devoted to the problems of local colour and atmosphere, and another chapter to the elements of composition depending upon the division of the short story into beginning, body, and end. Finally, as an example of a definite type embodying all the principles involved in the preceding chapters, the ghost story is studied minutely in a classical example.

The volume concludes with a bibliographical appendix, with lists of short-story indexes, books on the development and technique of the short story, collections of short stories, and, best of all, a long and most suggestive list of short stories for study and criticism. This list reveals a wide and catholic range of interest. I do not think that this bibliography is well arranged, however, for general effectiveness, and in a later edition of the book, I would suggest that the exact source of each story should be more precisely indicated. This criticism also applies to the body of the book, where stories are frequently used for illustrative purposes, without any other clue to their origin than the title. While they can eventually be found in the bibliography, the amateur's search would be less arduous, if the author's name were always associated with the title. To the list of volumes in which short stories are indexed, the monumental "Standard Index of Short Stories, 1900-1914," by Francis J. Hannigan, of the Boston Public Library, must be added. With its thirty-eight thousand entries, it is the only useful volume in its field.

Edward J. O'Brien.

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THE BOOKMAN RECOMMENDS

In this department the editors each month will endeavor to select from among the previous month's publications those volumes in each classification which seem in their opinion to be most worthy of recommendation to BOOKMAN *readers. The editors will be happy to answer any questions in their power regarding these books and indeed regarding any books concerning which* BOOKMAN *readers may desire information.*

Art

The Sources of the Power of Music. By Ella White Custer. Portland, Maine: The Mosher Press.

An appreciation in six chapters.

Modern Water-Colour, Including Some Chapters on Current-day Art. By Romilly Fedden. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. With Illustrations. $2.00.

A painter's ideas and opinions set forth to help students—the outcome of experience rather than theory.

Biography

Portraits and Backgrounds. By Evangeline Wilbour Blashfield. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

A consideration of four representative women, not only as to their biographical interest, but as to their reflection of the manners, ideals, and in general the historical features of the periods to which each of these striking figures belongs.

Madame Adam (Juliette Lamber). By Winifred Stephens. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Eight illustrations.

A biography giving a picture of the influence which a brilliant woman may exercise in the world of art and politics, throwing light upon the present situation in France and the prospects for the future.

The Life and Art of William Merritt Chase. By Katherine Metcalf Roof. With Letters, Personal Reminiscences and Illustrative Material. Illustrated with Reproductions of the Artist's Work. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.00.

A full and interesting discussion and collection made by a pupil of the great artist at his request.

The Private Life of Marie Antoinette. By Jeanne Louise Henriette Campan, First Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen. With illustrations. Vol. I.

Memoirs in a new edition revised by F. M. Graves, with personal recollections illustrative of the reigns of Louis XIV, XV, XVI.

Audubon the Naturalist. A Hitsory of his Life and Time. By Francis Hobart Herrick. New York: D. Appleton and Company. In two vols. Illustrated.

The first complete record of the gifted ornithologist, animal painter, and writer.

Abigail Adams and Her Times. By Laura E. Richards. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.35.

An authentic record based on diaries and letters, of especial interest to girls.

The Middle Years. By Henry James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. With photograph. $1.25.

The author's reminiscences of his early London life, with sketches of his daily life and surroundings, embodying their charm of novelty for him.

Business

Money Making for Boys. By A. Frederick Collins. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.00.

Actual practical schemes by which a boy may make and save money whether in city, village, or backwoods.

Domestic Science

Salads and Sandwiches. By Mary M. Wright. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company.

A book of recipes requiring little in the way of materials but which produce delightful dishes.

Preserving and Pickling. By Mary M. Wright. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Company.

Two hundred recipes with directions.

The Food Problem. By Vernon Kellogg and Alonzo E. Taylor. With a preface by Herbert Hoover. $1.25.

A setting forth of the character and scope of the food problem as it now immediately concerns us, and an indication of the possible and most promising methods of its solution.

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Education

The Exceptional Child. By M. P. E. Groszmann. With a medical symposium from a number of eminent specialists. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A non-technical and exhaustive presentation of the situation, with ways and means of coping with the problem.

The Permanent Values in Education. By Kenneth Richmond. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.25.

An examination of the educational systems of the leaders of all nations, with practical deduction and discussion.

Drama

Amateur and Educational Dramatics. By E. Hilliard, T. McCormick, and K. Oglebay. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $1.00.

A volume on how to make amateur dramatics successful, for clubs, church organisations, and general societies.

The Art Theatre. A Borzoi Book. By Sheldon Cheney. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. With sixteen photographs of productions. $1.50.

A discussion of its ideals, its organisation, and its promise as a corrective for present evils in the commercial theatre.

Aucassin and Nicolette. Done from the old French by Michael West. New York: Brentano's. With music and decorations. $3.50.

Remarkable for the beauty of the illustrations and elaborate decorations.

Economics

Reclaiming the Arid West. The Story of the United States Reclamation Service. By George Wharton James. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. With over sixty illustrations. $3.50.

A practical treatment of this problem, for the homeseeker and layman.

The Foundations of National Prosperity. Studies in the Conservation of Permanent National Resources. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

A discussion of conservation, not only as a need of to-day and to-morrow, but as a permanent, all-around condition.

Essays

Days Out and Other Papers. By Elizabeth Woodbridge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25.

This out-of-doors author here writes of indoor topics and personal characteristics —sketches some of which appeared anonymously in magazines.

There's Pippins and Cheese to Come. By Charles S. Brooks. Illustrated by Theodore Diedricksen, Jr. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.00.

Informal and humorous essays formerly appearing in the *Yale Review* and the *New Republic*.

Fiction

An American Physician in Turkey. By Clarence D. Ussher and Grace H. Knapp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.75.

A story of adventure by a medical missionary who was caught in Turkey at the outbreak of the war.

And the Captain Answered. By Octave Thanet. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A war story in which the son of a pacifist mother and of military forbears makes the decision.

Michael. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

The story of Michael, who, it will be remembered, comes into Jerry's life. Another London story in which the fortunes of Jerry's brother, Michael, are characteristically developed.

My Story: Being the Memoirs of Benedict Arnold: Late Major-General in the Continental Army and Brigadier-General in that of His Britannic Majesty. By F. J. Stimson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $2.00.

An original achievement in fiction, purporting to be Benedict Arnold's autobiography, in this form really conveying a historical novel of Revolutionary times.

Gulliver's Travels. Edited by Padraic Colum. Presented by Willy Pogány. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

A new edition with lining and decorations.

The World and Thomas Kelly. By Arthur Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

A novel of the very rich in Boston and Newport.

Sister Carrie. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: Boni and Liveright. $1.50.

A new edition of this novel of middle class New York and Chicago life.

Seth Way. By Caroline Dale Owen (Mrs. C. H. Snedeker). Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

A romance of the New Harmony Community.

The Story of Sugar. By Sara Ware Bassett. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. 75 cents.

A story of two boys in a New England school, in which they learn all about sugar.

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Castaway Island. By Perry Newberry. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. $1.75.

A story of primitive tropical life in which a boy and his companion are shipwrecked on an island near the equator.

The Wonder of War in the Air. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. With 42 illustrations from photographs and sketches. $1.35.

A timely American boy's story of adventure, combining narration and technically accurate information.

Christmas Tales of Flanders. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. Illustrated by Jean de Bosschère. $3.00.

Popular tales and legends throughout Flanders and Belgium, translated by M. C. O. Morris and published for the first time in English. Flemish nursery rhymes.

The Major. By Ralph Connor. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $1.40.

Another typical Connor novel, in which the young Canadian citizen turns soldier.

Days of Discovery. By Bertram Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.50.

A series of episodes describing the child's adventurous, experimental advances into life, attempting to adjust himself on a working basis with society, as represented by his incomprehensible parents, the servants and other absurd grown-ups.

The Gambler and Other Stories. By Fyodor Dostoyevsky. From the Russian by Constance Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

The ninth volume in the new series of Dostoyevsky stories, containing some of the author's most popular work written in his youth.

Trueheart Margery. By Norma Bright Carson. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.35.

The first full-length novel of the editor of the *Book News Monthly*.

The Next of Kin: or Those Who Wait and Wonder. By Nellie L. McLung. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25.

Stories and sketches revealing the Canadian men and women's reaction to war.

The Green Mirror. By Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

A quiet story reflecting the life of a conservative family into which there comes the intrusion of many changes.

General Literature

Le Morte D'Arthur of Sir Thomas Malory and Its Sources. By Vida D. Scudder. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

An interpretation and study based on fifteen years' work, in which the author is guide rather than pioneer.

Passages from the Journal of Thomas Russell Sullivan, 1891-1903. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Written at the bachelor quarters of the author in Boston after he had given up his business for literary work.

John Keats. His Life and Poetry, His Friends, Critics and After-Fame. By Sidney Colvin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. With Numerous Illustrations. $4.50.

A renewed and detailed study of Keats's life and activity by the author of the monograph in the English Men of Letters Series.

Mark Twain's Letters. Arranged with comment by Albert Bigelow Paine. New York: Harper and Brothers. 2 Vols. Illustrated. $4.00.

A complete collection of great interest to those who wish to pursue the subject more exhaustively from the strictly personal side than would be possible from the biography.

The Greek Genius and Its Influence. Select Essays and Extracts. Edited with an introduction by Lane Cooper, Ph.D. New Haven: Yale University Press. $3.50.

Selections from the interpretations of a few moderns—an effort to promote interest in "Greece, the nurse of all good arts."

Life and Architecture. By Lafcadio Hearn. Selected and edited with an introduction by John Erskine. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.50.

The letters here collected are most representative of Hearn's individual taste and the adventurous note in his criticism.

The Less Familiar Kipling, and Kiplingana. By G. F. Monkshood. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

Information about the early, the suppressed, and the less known works and shorter writings of the great author—especially intended for collectors of Kipling's works.

Pan Tadeusz; or, The Last Foray in Lithuania. By Adam Mickiewicz. Translated from the Polish by Professor G. R. Noyes of the University of California. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.25.

The epic of Poland: a story of life among Polish gentlefolk in the years 1811 and 1912, in twelve books.

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Adventures and Letters of Richard Harding Davis. Edited by his brother, Charles Belmont Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $2.50.

A full and interesting record that will be welcomed by the many friends of this author.

History

A Short History of England. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Company. $1.50.

A characteristic survey of the history of England, with stimulating theories and problems presented.

France, the Nation and its Development. Great Nations Series. By W. H. Hudson. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Illustrated. $3.50.

The first of a new series of modern histories—studies of human progress dealing with the people, the customs, the art and literature—in fact all the conditions of life and the development of civilisation.

Twentieth Century France. By M. Betham-Edwards. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Illustrations reproduced by express permission. $4.00.

The social, intellectual, and territorial expansion of France since 1900, with an interesting chapter on "the Frenchwoman."

History of the Civil War. By James Ford Rhodes. New York: The Macmillan Company. Maps. $2.50.

An absorbing story of the Civil War, based on fresh study and material.

With Cortes the Conqueror. By Virginia Watson. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. With illustrations in colour and decorations.

The story of the conquest of the Aztecs, —an imaginative rendering of the facts of Prescott's narration.

China. Her History, Diplomacy, and Commerce, From the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By E. H. Parker. Revised Edition. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

An up-to-date version of Chinese life and history, by one of the best living authorities.

Juvenile

The White Blanket. By Belmore Browne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. With illustrations from original drawings by the author. $1.25.

The story of an Alaskan winter—for boys.

The Boy Who Went to the East. By Ethel C. Brill. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

Quaint folk-tales of the Indians, retold in form suitable for children; they throw interesting light on customs of primitive life and thought of the earliest Americans.

The Funnyfeathers. By Lansing Campbell. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Illustrated and decorated. $1.50.

An animal comedy for little folks, with attractive lining and decorations.

The Enchanted Bird and Other Fairy Stories. By Antoinette DeCoursey Patterson. Illustrated. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company.

A collection of fairy stories that will please children.

The Happifats and the Grouch. Story and pictures by Kate Jordan. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Linings, decorations and illustrations. $2.00.

Another of this well-known author's delightful stories.

All Around the Sun-Dial. By Caroline Hofman. With pictures by Rachael Robinson Elmer. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

A collection of charming verses for children, with illustrations in colour of unusual interest as well as decorations in black and white.

Camp Fire Girls and Mt. Greylock. By Isabel Hornibrook. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. Illustrated in colours. $1.35.

Adventures in the Berkshire Hills, fitting girls for the new organisation, "The Minute Girls of 1916," for emergencies in peace or war.

A Little Maid of Ticonderoga. By Alice Turner Curtis. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. $1.00.

The story of a happy little girl who, as the daughter of a sturdy American pioneer, helps Ethan Allen and his American patriots.

The Boy with the U. S. Weather Men. U. S. Service Series. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. Illustrated. $1.35.

A new book of the series, exploring the world of the air—written in co-operation with the officials of the U. S. Weather Bureau.

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Miscellaneous

Effective Public Speaking. The Essentials of Extempore Speaking and of Gesture. By Joseph A. Mosher, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

A complete guide to the art of speaking in public, with selections for analysis and delivery.

The American Girl. By Winifred Buck. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.00.

Advice to girls along many modern lines.

The Heart of the Puritan. By Elizabeth Deering Hanscom. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

Selections from letters and journals to afford a revelation of the Puritans' daily life and conversation, and of the inner temper which governed their public acts.

Among Us Mortals. By W. E. Hill and Franklin P. Adams (F.P.A.). Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.00

A selection from the series of pictures appearing in the *New York Sunday Tribune*, with characteristic comment by F.P.A. of "The Conning Tower."

A Modern Purgatory. By Carlo De Fornaro. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25.

A picture of the prison life and the spiritual experiences of the journalist and artist who served a sentence for criminal libel against the late President Diaz.

Fifteen Thousand Useful Phrases. By Grenville Kleiser. New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company. $1.60.

A book to supplement the dictionary and synonym book.

George Eliot and Thomas Hardy. A Contrast. By Lina Wright Berle. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50.

An analysis and comparison of the power, aims, methods, and lasting appeal of the two great English realists.

A Handbook on Story Writing. By Blanche Colton Williams, of Columbia University. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.

Practical principles, with helpful exercises and bibliographies, by a teacher whose student's story found a place among the best fifty short stories out of 2,500 published in 1916.

Poetry

Others. An Anthology of the New Verse. Edited by Alfred Kreymborg. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.25.

A second issue of the anthology of 1916, the success of which encourages its becoming an annual feature.

Lustra. A Borzoi Book. By Ezra Pound. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

Poems on modern subjects, with "translations" from Chinese manuscripts, and some earlier poems.

Beggar and King. By Richard Butler Glaenzer. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.00.

An exceptional first volume of verse.

Terse Verse. By Walt Mason. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company. Frontispiece and decorations. $1.30.

Rimes in the form of prose, many of which are reprinted from newspapers.

Anthology of Swedish Lyrics. From 1750 to 1915. Translated in the Original metres by Charles Wharton Stork. Scandinavian classics, Vol. IX. New York: The American-Scandinavian Foundation.

A collection from the later Swedish lyrics, some of which have appeared in various magazines.

The Red Flower. Poems Written in War Time. By Henry Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 50 cents.

Except four poems, those contained in this volume were written after the author had left his diplomatic post in Holland.

Songs of the Stalwart. By Grantland Rice. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.00.

A collection of the author's best poems, by the man whom Irwin Cobb has called the successor to James Whitcomb Riley.

Politics

The Irish Issue in Its American Aspect. By Shane Leslie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

A contribution to the settlement of Anglo-American relations during and after the Great War.

British Foreign Policy in Europe to the End of the Nineteenth Century. By H. E. Egerton. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

A book dealing with British foreign policy and putting forward the views of past British statesmen.

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The Fight for the Republic in China. By B. L. Putnam Weale. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. With illustrations. $3.50.

A semi-official statement of China's case to the world, and a concise, reliable and thoroughly interesting account of the Chinese Republic by a noted authority on Far Eastern affairs, who occupies an important position under the Chinese Government.

Early Diplomatic Relations Between the United States and Japan. 1853-1865. By Payson J. Treat, of Stanford University. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press.

The Albert Shaw lectures on Diplomatic History, 1917.

The Evolution of Prussia. The Making of an Empire. By J. A. R. Marriott and C. Grant Robertson. New York: Oxford University Press. With maps. $2.25.

The story of the rise and development of the Hohenzollern dynasty as a connected whole and with due regard to the claims of historical scholarship.

Li-Hung-Chang, Makers of the Nineteenth Century Series. By J. O. P. Bland. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.00.

About the man who laid the foundations of a foreign policy for China.

Religion

The Gospel of Buddha. Compiled from Ancient Records by Paul Carus. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. Illustrated. $1.00.

Selections from the sacred Buddhist books, making its teachings easily accessible to the layman.

The Historical Development of Religion in China. By W. J. Clennell. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

A contribution to a better understanding of the Chinese by the English-speaking peoples, being a concise presentation of the Chinese attitude toward religious beliefs during the last three thousand years.

Science

The Human Side of Birds. By Royal Dixon. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. With four illustrations in colours and thirty-two from photographs. $1.60.

From a new angle—a study of the disposition, character, emotions and "thought processes" of birds.

Non-technical Chats on Iron and Steel. By LaVerne W. Spring. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. With two hundred and ninety-four illustrations and diagrams. $2.50.

The story of the iron industry as it has evolved to the present day, when thirty thousand pounds of steel are turned out by a single Bessemer converter every seventeen minutes during the twenty-four hours of the day.

Travel and Description

A Loiterer in New York. Discoveries made by a Rambler Through Obvious Yet Unsought Highways and Byways. By Helen W. Henderson. New York: George H. Doran Company. $4.00.

A history of the romance and art of Manhattan by a true art critic without the pretensions of a critic; with many attractive illustrations by Maxfield Parrish.

Touring Great Britain. By Robert Shackleton. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated with photographs.

An attractive narrative of travel.

Pioneering Where the World Is Old. By Alice Tisdale. New York: Henry Holt and Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

The experiences of a man and woman during an interesting sojourn in Manchuria.

The Hill-Towns of France. By Eugénie M. Fryer. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Illustrated with fifty pen-and-ink drawings and over twenty-five photo-engravings. $2.50.

A series of descriptive and historical sketches of some of the most storied, romantic and beautiful places in Europe.

Vanished Halls and Cathedrals of France. By George Wharton Edwards. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Company.

Another book as noteworthy as *Vanished Towers and Chimes of Flanders,* with similar beautiful illustrations.

Voyages on the Yukon and Its Tributaries. A Narrative of Summer Travel in the Interior of Alaska. By Hudson Stuck, Archdeacon of the Yukon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. With maps and illustrations. $4.50.

The second of this author's brilliant books of travel.

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Over Japan Way. By Alfred M. Hitchcock. New York: Henry Holt and Company. With nearly a hundred illustrations. $2.00.

An entertaining and informing book of travel.

The Book of the West Indies. By A. Hyatt Verrill. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Profusely illustrated with maps, a glossary, and compendium of information. $2.50.

A book for the tourist, on the people, the history, the present-day life and the resources of the islands, by an authority of many years' standing.

The Balfour Visit. Edited by Charles Hanson Towne. New York: George H. Doran Company. 75 cents.

A little book telling how America received her distinguished guest; and the significance of the conferences in the United States in 1917.

Diplomatic Days. By Edith O'Shaughnessy. New York: Harper and Brothers. Illustrated. $2.00.

Personal reminiscences of interesting people and picturesque scenes by the author of *A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico.*

War

The Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution. Reminiscences and Letters of Catherine Breshkovsky. Edited by Alice Stone Blackwell. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Frontispiece. $2.00.

A record of the forces that created a new Russia, by an outstanding figure of the Russian revolt who has spent thirty of her seventy-three years in Siberia and has been under police surveillance since her twenty-third year.

The Note-Book of an Intelligence Officer. By Eric Fisher Wood. New York: The Century Company. $1.75.

Another book of Major Wood's in which he tells of the fighting in which he took part, and gives authoritative information as to how the soldiers are transported, housed and trained.

The Smiths in War Time. By Keble Howard. New York: John Lane Company. $1.40.

Two of Mr. Howard's most popular characters answer the question in this humourous story, "What can I do to help my country in war time?"

From Montreal to Vimy Ridge and Beyond. The Correspondence of Lieut. Clifford Almon Wells. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.35.

The story of a young soldier killed in action—letters of nobility and heroism written to his mother.

My Home in the Field of Mercy. By Frances Wilson Huard. New York: George H. Doran Company. With drawings by Charles Huard, official painter of the war to the sixth army of France. $1.35.

The story of the rehabilitation of the Home in the Field of Honour into a home of mercy and succour for the wounded French.

My German Correspondence. By Professor Douglas W. Johnson. New York: George H. Doran Company. 50 cents.

Letters between a German and an American professor, presenting the obliquity of the German mind.

Some Naval Yarns. By Mordaunt Hall. With a preface by Lady Beatty (formerly Miss Ethel Field of Chicago). New York: George H. Doran Company. 75 cents.

Accounts of the work being carried on by the various departments of the Royal Navy to-day.

The Soul of the Russian Revolution. By Moissaye J. Olgin. New York: Henry Holt and Company. Illustrated. $2.50.

A readable but scientific book by a Russian journalist who has been on the inside of all the important Russian revolutionary movements of the past seventeen years.

The Eyes of the Army and Navy. Practical Aviation. By Albert H. Munday, Flight Lieutenant, R. N. New York: Harper and Brothers. Illustrated by diagrams, photographs and tables. $1.50.

The intricate problems of aviation are explained and simplified by the author of this little book.

Is War Civilisation? By Christopher Nyrop. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.25.

Not a theoretical discussion of the question, but a setting forth of facts by which the author makes a practical contribution to the answering of the question.

America at War. By Professor W. F. Osborne. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.00.

Letters from Washington by the Special Correspondent to the Manitoba *Free Press,* beginning with April, 1917.

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THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of November and the first of December:

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City	Christine	Salt of the Earth
New York City	The Luck of the Irish	A Reversible Santa Claus
Albany, N. Y	The Dwelling Place of Light	All in It
Atlanta, Ga	The Dwelling Place of Light	The High Heart
Boston, Mass	The White Ladies of Worcester	Extricating Obadiah
Boston, Mass	Extricating Obadiah	The Dwelling Place of Light
Boston, Mass	Green Mirror	Salt of the Earth
Baltimore, Md	Salt of the Earth	Extricating Obadiah
Baltimore, Md	The Dwelling Place of Light	Christine
Chicago, Ill	The Dwelling Place of Light	Long Live the King
Cincinnati, Ohio	Long Live the King	Christine
Denver, Colo	Christine	His Family
Des Moines, Iowa	Prairie Gold	The Major
Detroit, Mich	The Major	The Indian Drum
Detroit, Mich	The Dwelling Place of Light	The Soul of a Bishop
Indianapolis, Ind	The Dwelling Place of Light	Missing
Kansas City, Mo	Vanguards of the Plains	The Red Planet
Los Angeles, Cal	Under Fire	The Dwelling Place of Light
Louisville, Ky	The Dwelling Place of Light	The Secret Witness
Milwaukee, Wis	The Dwelling Place of Light	The Long Lane's Turning
New Haven, Conn	Extricating Obadiah	The Major
New Orleans, La	Christine	The Dwelling Place of Light
Norfolk, Va	In Happy Valley	The Dwelling Place of Light
Philadelphia, Pa	Christine	Salt of the Earth
Philadelphia, Pa	Missing	The Dwelling Place of Light
Philadelphia, Pa	The Dwelling Place of Light	Christine
Pittsburgh, Pa	Extricating Obadiah	Understood Betsey
Portland, Me	Extricating Obadiah	Red Pepper's Patients
Providence, R. I	Long Live the King	Extricating Obadiah
San Antonio, Tex	Missing	The Red Planet
San Francisco, Cal	Christine	His Family
San Francisco, Cal	The Dwelling Place of Light	The Coming
St. Paul, Minn	The Major	Anne's House of Dreams
St. Louis, Mo	The Indian Drum	The Light in the Clearing
St. Louis, Mo	Missing	We Can't Have Everything
Seattle, Wash	Christine	Long Live the King
Toronto, Ont	The Major	All in It
Utica, N. Y	His Last Bow	Extricating Obadiah
Worcester, Mass	Extricating Obadiah	Christine

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
The Coming	Neapolitan Lovers	The Soul of a Bishop	The Rise of David Levinsky
The Forfeit	Missing	The Golden Triangle	The High Heart
The Major	Christine	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow	Carry On
Scandal	Missing	Calvary Alley	Paradise Auction
Missing	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow	The Major	His Last Bow
Christine	His Last Bow	The White Ladies of Worcester	The Major
His Last Bow	Christine	Barbarians	Webster-Man's Man
Missing	The Sin That was His	Calvary Alley	Red Pepper Burns' Patient
His Last Bow	Missing	The White Ladies of Worcester	Bab: A Sub-Deb
Beyond	The Soul of a Bishop	In Happy Valley	The White Ladies of Worcester
Missing	The Major	Dwelling Place of Light	Under the Witches' Moon
Long Live the King	The Soul of a Bishop	Salt of the Earth	The Dwelling Place of Light
The Dwelling Place of Light	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	We Can't Have Everything	Fanny Herself
Extricating Obadiah	Dwelling Place of Light	Salt of the Earth	Anne's House of Dreams
Christine	Salt of the Earth	Anne's House of Dreams	Extricating Obadiah
Christine	The Major	In Happy Valley	Calvary Alley
Salt of the Earth	Calvary Alley	Dwelling Place of Light	Long Live the King
Long Live the King	Christine	Temperamental Henry	The Indian Drum
The White Ladies of Worcester	Beyond	Calvary Alley	Long Live the King
In Happy Valley	Christine	Extricating Obadiah	A Country Child
His Last Bow	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow	Calvary Alley	Missing
Missing	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Definite Object	Mistress Anne
Christine	Carry On	All in It	Missing
Beyond	The High Heart	The Soul of a Bishop	Calvary Alley
Extricating Obadiah	The Indian Drum	Long Live the King	His Last Bow
Extricating Obadiah	Salt of the Earth	Red Pepper's Patients	Calvary Alley
The Light in the Clearing	Dwelling Place of Light	Finished	The Soul of a Bishop
Calvary Alley	The Luck of the Irish	Green Fancy	His Last Bow
The Secret Witness	Carmen's Messenger	Missing	Salt of the Earth
The Soul of a Bishop	Long Live the King	The Light in the Clearing	The Coming
Salt of the Earth	The Second Fiddle	The Red Planet	We Can't Have Everything
Limehouse Nights	Fanny Herself	Christine	His Own Country
Christine	The Dwelling Place of Light	Salt of the Earth	The Road to Understanding
Red Pepper's Patients	Sunny Slopes	Extricating Obadiah	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
The Light in the Clearing	The Red Planet	The Dwelling Place of Light	Long Live the King
Webster-Man's Man	The High Heart	Salt of the Earth	The Soul of a Bishop
Dwelling Place of Light	White Ladies of Worcester	The Red Planet	Anne's House of Dreams
Dwelling Place of Light	Vanguards of the Plains	The Major	Missing
Dwelling Place of Light	The Major	Anne's House of Dreams	The Secret Witness

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BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

Joseph H. Choate. Theron G. Strong.
Militarism. Dr. Karl Liebknecht.
A Journal from Our Legation in Belgium. Hugh Gibson.
All in It. Ian Hay Beith.
Fighting for Peace. Henry Van Dyke.
My Home in the Field of Mercy. Frances Wilson Huard.
The Origin and Evolution of Life. Henry Fairfield Osborn.
Carry On. Coningsby Dawson.
Over the Top. Arthur Guy Empey.
My Four Years in Germany. James W. Gerard.
At the Front in a Flivver. W. Y. Stevenson.
Under Fire. Henry Barbusse.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 622 and 623) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book	standing		1st	on	any	list	receives		10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"		8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"		7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"		6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"		5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"		4

1. The Dwelling Place of Light. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.60..... 205
2. Christine. Cholmondeley. (Macmillan.) $1.25 156
3. Extricating Obadiah. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.50 117
4. Missing. Ward. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50. 101
5. The Major. Connor. (Doran) $1.40. 85
6. The Salt of the Earth. Sidgwick. (Watt.) $1.50 73

A COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS MENTIONED IN THE FOREGOING REPORTS

All in It. Ian Hay.
Anne's House of Dreams. L. M. Montgomery.
At the Front in a Flivver. W. Y. Stevenson.
Bab: A Sub-Deb. Mary Roberts Rinehart.
Barbarians. Robert W. Chambers.
Beyond. John Galsworthy.
Calvary Alley. Alice Hegan Rice.
Carmen's Messenger. Harold Bindloss.
Carry On. Coningsby Dawson.
Christine. Alice Cholmondeley.
The Coming. J. C. Snaith.
A Country Child. Grant Showerman.
The Definite Object. Jeffery Farnol.
The Dwelling Place of Light. W. Churchill.
Extricating Obadiah. Joseph C. Lincoln.
Fanny Herself. Edna Ferber.
Fighting for Peace. Henry Van Dyke.
Finished. H. Rider Haggard.
The Forfeit. Ridgewell Cullum.
The Golden Triangle. Maurice Le Blanc.
Green Mirror. Hugh Walpole.
His Family. Ernest Poole.
His Own Country. Paul Kester.
His Last Bow. A. Conan Doyle.
The High Heart. Basil King.
In Happy Valley. John Fox, Jr.
The Indian Drum. W. MacHarg.
Joseph H. Choate. Theron G. Strong.
A Journal from Our Legation in Belgium. Hugh Gibson.
The Luck of the Irish. Harold McGrath.
Limehouse Nights. Thomas Burke.
The Light in the Clearing. Irving Bacheller.
The Major. Ralph Connor.
The Long Lane's Turning. Hallie E. Rives.
Long Live the King. Mary R. Rinehart.
Missing. Mrs. Humphry Ward.
Mistress Anne. Temple Bailey.
My Home in the Field of Mercy. Frances W. Huard.
My Four Years in Germany. J. W. Gerard.
Mr. Britling Sees It Through. H. G. Wells.
Mystery of the Hasty Arrow. A. K. Greene.
Militarism. Dr. Karl Liebknecht.
Neapolitan Lovers. Alexandre Dumas.
Over the Top. Arthur Guy Empey.
Origin and Evolution of Life. H. F. Osborn.
Paradise Auction. Nalbro Bartley.
Prairie Gold. Iowa Authors.
Red Pepper's Patients. Grace Richmond.
The Red Planet. William J. Locke.
A Reversible Santa Claus. Meredith Nicholson.
The Rise of David Levinsky. A. Cahan.
The Road to Understanding. Eleanor H. Porter.
The Sin That Was His. F. L. Packard.
Scandal. Cosmo Hamilton.
The Second Fiddle. Phyllis Bottome.
The Secret Witness. George Gibbs.
The Soul of a Bishop. H. G. Wells.
Sunny Slopes. Ethel Hueston.
Temperamental Henry. Samuel Merwin.
Under the Witches' Moon. Nathan Gallizier.
Understood Betsey. Dorothy Canfield.
Under Fire. Henri Barbusse.
The White Ladies of Worcester. F. Barclay.
We Can't Have Everything. Rupert Hughes.
Webster—Man's Man. Peter B. Kyne.
Vanguards of the Plains. Hill-McCarter.

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